THE DESEGREGATION DECISION: TEN YEARS AFTER

Articles by Ralph McGill and Harry S. Ashmore

Saturday Review

MAY 16, 1964 25¢

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The New York Stock Exchange Specialist.

If you're interested in buying or selling stock, it's worth your time to understand how he might help.

When you buy or sell a round lot (usually 100 shares) of stock in the two-way auction market of the New York Stock Exchange, you probably want your order executed quickly and you surely want a fair price.

To get both, your transaction is often helped along by a man called a Specialist.

Every stock on the Exchange is assigned to a Specialist. The following may help you understand him and his role in your transaction.

■ He is a Member of the Exchange. Therefore, he is subject to many rules and regulations, developed through years of experience.

■ The Specialist, as his name implies, specializes in a specific group of stocks at one of the trading posts on the floor of the Exchange. There are approximately 350 Specialists.

■ He helps supply liquidity to the market. "Liquidity" is the ease and speed with which stocks normally flow between buyers and sellers in an orderly market.

■ For example, when you want to sell your stock "at the market" and there is no one to buy (no demand), the Specialist is expected, within practicable limits, to make a bid for his own account, reasonably close to the last sale price. This way he makes up for the temporary disparity between supply and demand. Similarly, he often takes the seller's role when you want to buy.

The result is that your transaction can usually be made in minutes at a price close to the last sale.

■ Or suppose there's an unusually large gap between what is asked for a stock and what someone is willing to pay. Then the Specialist might try to break the deadlock by making a higher bid or lower offer.

Though he doesn't keep prices from going up or down, he helps keep the market fair and orderly, aiming to prevent big jumps and declines in prices from one sale to the next. Exchange studies indicate that over the past five years, on an average, about 88% of all transactions were at the same price as the previous sale or within a quarter point.

■ Another major role for the Specialist is to act as a broker's broker, executing orders placed with him by other Exchange Members. If, for example, a broker receives an order to sell a stock at $50 when $47 is the highest bid in the market, he leaves his order with the Specialist, who tries to execute it when and if the price rises to $50. (He is paid part of the regular broker's commission, with no extra charge to the investor.)

The unique thing about the Specialist is that, most of the time, he buys for his own account when public investors are selling, and sells when they are buying. An Exchange study indicates that last year some 83% of his dealings—when related to the last different price—were purchases at declining prices or sales at rising prices.

Like any businessman, he hopes the risks he takes and the judgment he applies will make things work out profitably, for both the individual investor and himself.

Buying and selling a round lot in a fair and orderly market, with ease and speed, is usually taken for granted as part of the American way of doing business. The Specialist is one reason why it works so well.

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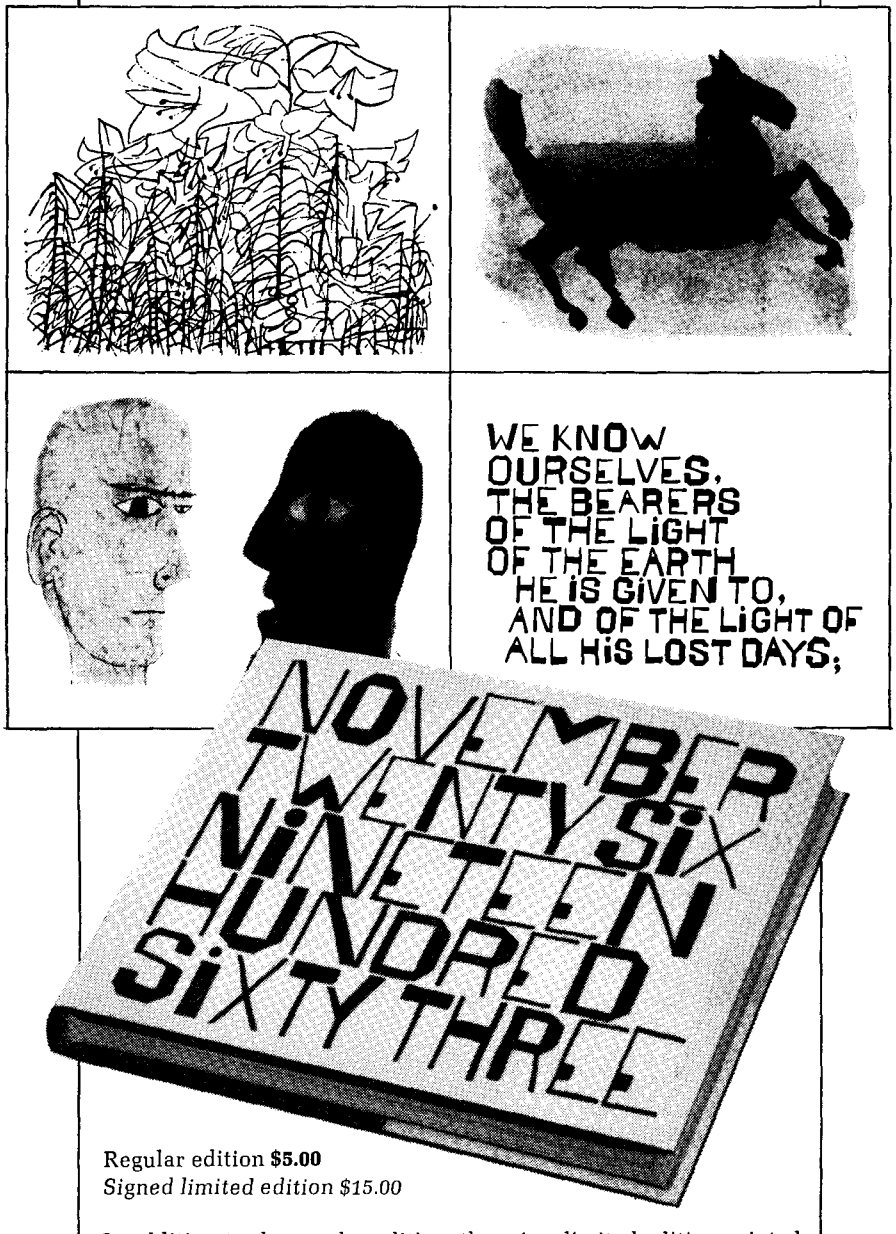
Remembering the day after President Kennedy's funeral... November Twenty Six Nineteen Hundred Sixty Three! It is the day after "the bugle and the rifles, the mourners turning away." But in our hearts we still grieve, remembering "the young dead body carried in the earth, into the first deep night of its absence." ● In New York, a young poet from Kentucky writes of his loss—of all our loss; his name, Wendell Berry. In New Jersey, a noted artist reads the poet's words and is profoundly moved; his name, Ben Shahn. And from this unpremeditated meeting of hearts and minds a book is born, entitled simply: NOVEMBER TWENTY SIX NINETEEN HUNDRED SIXTY THREE. ● This unique, this beautiful book—at the very least a collector's item—has just been published. Each right hand page contains a stanza of Mr. Berry's memorable poem, *in Ben Shahn's own unexcelled calligraphy.* And facing each stanza is a *new Ben Shahn drawing,* while the book itself, designed by the artist, is enclosed in a lovely slip case.



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Saturday Review published weekly by Saturday Review, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York, N.Y. 10036. Chairman of the Board, J. R. Cominsky; President, Norman Cousins; Vice President and Treasurer, Nathan Cohn; Vice President and Secretary, W. D. Patterson; Advertising Director, Robert A. Burghardt; Manager of Advertising Sales, Harry T. Morris; Circulation Director, R. F. Goodman; Circulation Consultant, Bert Garmise; Assistant to the Publisher, Marion Urmy; Advertising Promotion Manager, William Donald Garson. Subscription $8 a year. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Vol. XLVII, No. 20. May 16, 1964. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing offices. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature." © 1964 by Saturday Review, Inc. All rights reserved under the Berne and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. Reproduction in whole or in part of any article without permission is prohibited. Printed in the United States of America. Unsolicited manuscripts cannot be returned unless accompanied by a properly addressed envelope bearing sufficient postage. **Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies, and changes of addresses to Subscription Department, SATURDAY REVIEW, 25 West 45th Street, New York, N.Y. 10036.**
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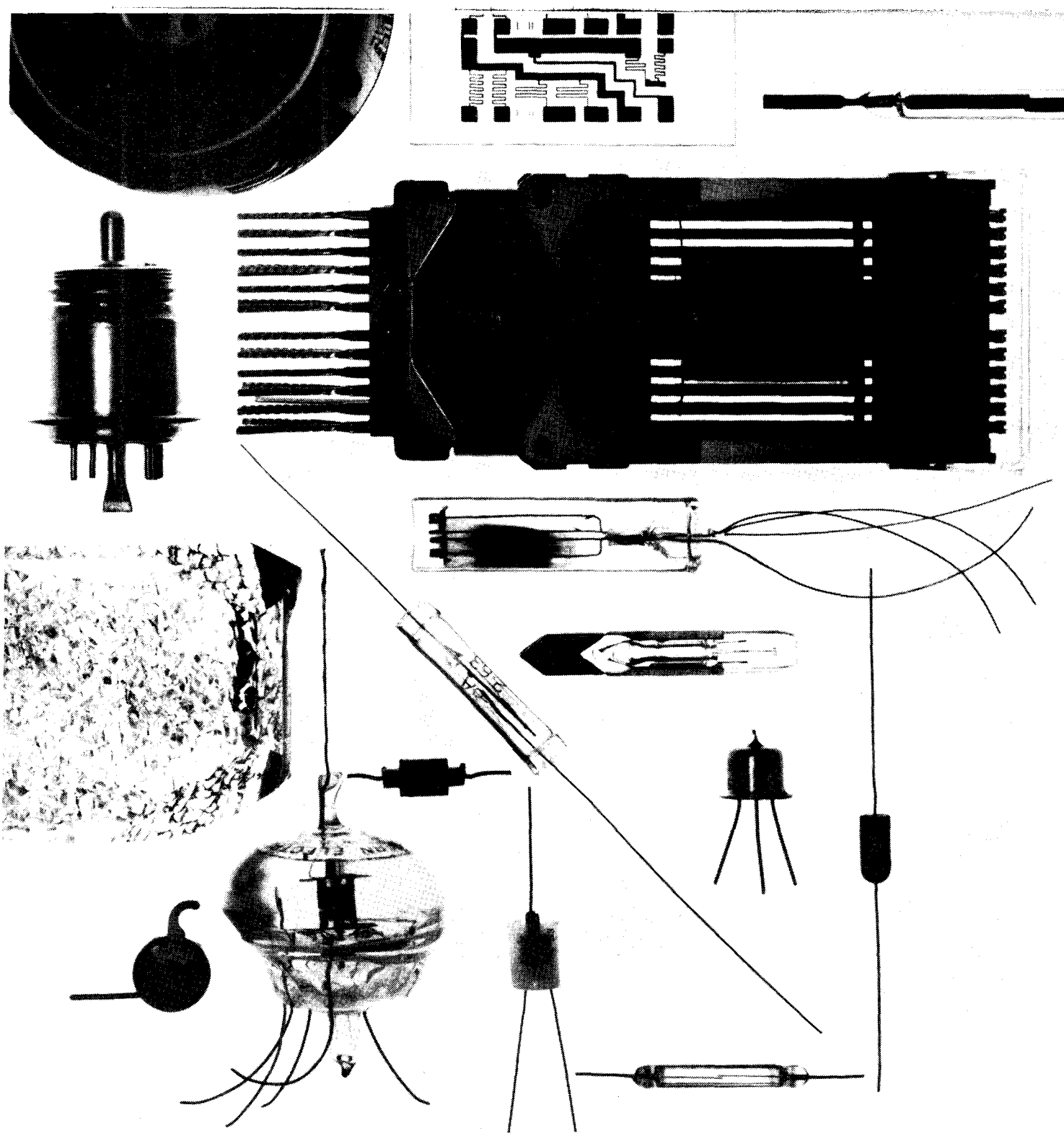

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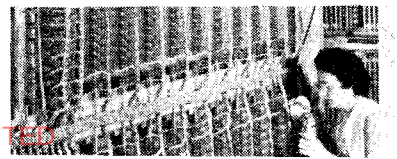

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Edited by Martin Levin

Happy Thought

THE world of poetry has changed a good deal since the days of George Gordon, Lord Byron, and Alfred, Lord Tennyson. Imagine, today, a poet named T. S., Lord Eliot—with a bushy beard, writing poems that rhyme and that can be understood at the first reading.

Not only the world of poetry but the world itself has changed since Robert Louis Stevenson wrote

> The world is so full of a number of things.
> I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings.

In the first place, the famous lines are from a poem called "Happy Thought," and no poet today, unless he is trying to get a laugh, would stoop to a title like that, would he?

In the second place, the world is so full of things now—people and automobiles and the like—that some of us are not any too happy about it. And some of the things the world is full of, such as smog and inflation and fallout and Communists, had probably not occurred to Stevenson.

But the greatest change has come with regard to kings. In Stevenson's day, kings ruled most of the countries of the world, sitting securely on their thrones and accepting the homage of their subjects. A wave of the hand or a nod of the head, and their every wish was granted, whether it be another precious jewel in their crown, the execution of a surly retainer, or replacement of an old mistress with a brand-new one.

Now, however, such kings as have not made their getaway to the Riviera live in constant fear of a Communist plot, a coup by Army generals, or occupation by U.N. forces. With inflation always a threat, they are worried about whether they have stashed away enough money in Swiss banks to take care of them if they are exiled. With the dwindling of royal families, they lie awake nights wondering where they can find a prince who will marry their daughter, who is now over thirty and getting no prettier. As for mistresses, they haven't been able to find a new one, since all the attractive young girls in the kingdom were given a screen test and hustled off to Hollywood.

Yes, there have been great changes since the nineteenth-century poets. But with the world as full as it is of the things it is now full of, and with kings as worried and insecure as they are today, Stevenson's lines were never truer. I'm sure we are all as happy as kings, and it doesn't look as though much improvement is in sight.

—RICHARD ARMOUR.

Room at the Top

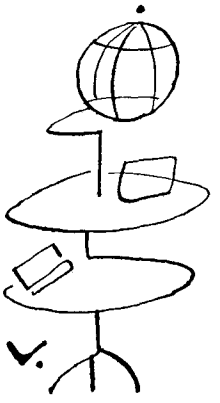
How to Build a Great University

WHEN I was young, the Fourth of July was years away from Christmas. Before that, life was even slower. Oxford had hundreds of years to become great. So had Cambridge, the Sorbonne, Heidelberg, and a dozen other places sprinkled charmingly over the European landscape. They gathered traditions at a snail's pace and waited for the Pope to issue a bull that would establish their status as universities. Since these bulls were slow in coming, many excellent scholars died waiting.

Now that we are hurtling on from place to place at 2,000 miles an hour, scholars die going but never waiting. Bald Hill College is established one morning and before the registrar has had time to take out his ballpoint, the campus is swarming with students eager to present their credentials. By now the college has several traditions, and by evening the PR man sends out a press release announcing that Bald Hill has become a Great University.

The next gesture is a bid to Top Men. Now, ordinary people think Top Men are geniuses, but they are not. Geniuses are impossible to live with. You cannot entice them with a Top Salary because right away they want to know what they have to do for that kind of money, and whatever you tell them they dislike.

A Top Man, on the other hand, has a price. If the going price for Top Men is $20,000 a year, he will ask for that and get it. If some other Great University offers him $25,000 he will go at once. But a genius scarcely ever moves; his home is such a clutter that he couldn't move unless the whole house were put on skids, and that's expensive and probably against the law.



Once the Top Men arrive at the Great University, they begin creating copy for the PR man. Top Men are usually very good at teamwork because they have more experience in that than in anything else. Top Man A, for instance, got his first job at $10,000. His friend Top Man B, got his first job at $11,000. Since then they have been exchanging jobs, increasing their Topness with each shift. Now that they are both at Bald Hill, they will work together for the greater glory of the institution.

In the early days, a scholar would add to the glory of the institution by attracting brilliant students. The master scholar and his fledglings used to walk along the shaded paths and engage in scholarly discourse. The greater the number of students who came to walk, the livelier the discourse, and the greater the glory of the university.

But today the Top Man does not teach. In fact, he does not consider teaching an important function of a university, and he is told at once that he will not be asked to teach. He is hired to impress, not just any old body that happens to be hobbling past the Great University, but to reflect a favorable image toward the foundations from which all blessings flow. The more Top Men busy reflecting, the more swift the flow of blessings.

Hence Top Man A and Top Man B put their heads together in order to encourage the Bumblemeyer Foundation to give them a $100,000 grant for an Interdisciplinary Project. The project is designed to find out what the feeding of algae to chickens will do to the total social structure of an underdeveloped society. Since both A and B are economists, they will hire a chicken expert, a statistician, and a sociologist who is to analyze the social structure of the society which is feeding on chickens that were fed on algae.

In no time at all, the money is granted. Top Men A and B, the chicken expert, the statistician, the sociologist, their wives, and their children fly to Africa to await the arrival of the chickens and the algae from the United States. The algae unfortunately wither enroute, and the company sending the chickens assumes they are for immediate consumption and goes through the bother of killing and freezing 500 grade A fryers.

Meanwhile, back at Bald Hill, the administration, on the strength of its brilliant Top Men, has successfully raided Lone Valley U. of half its faculty.

—R. G. ENGELMANN.

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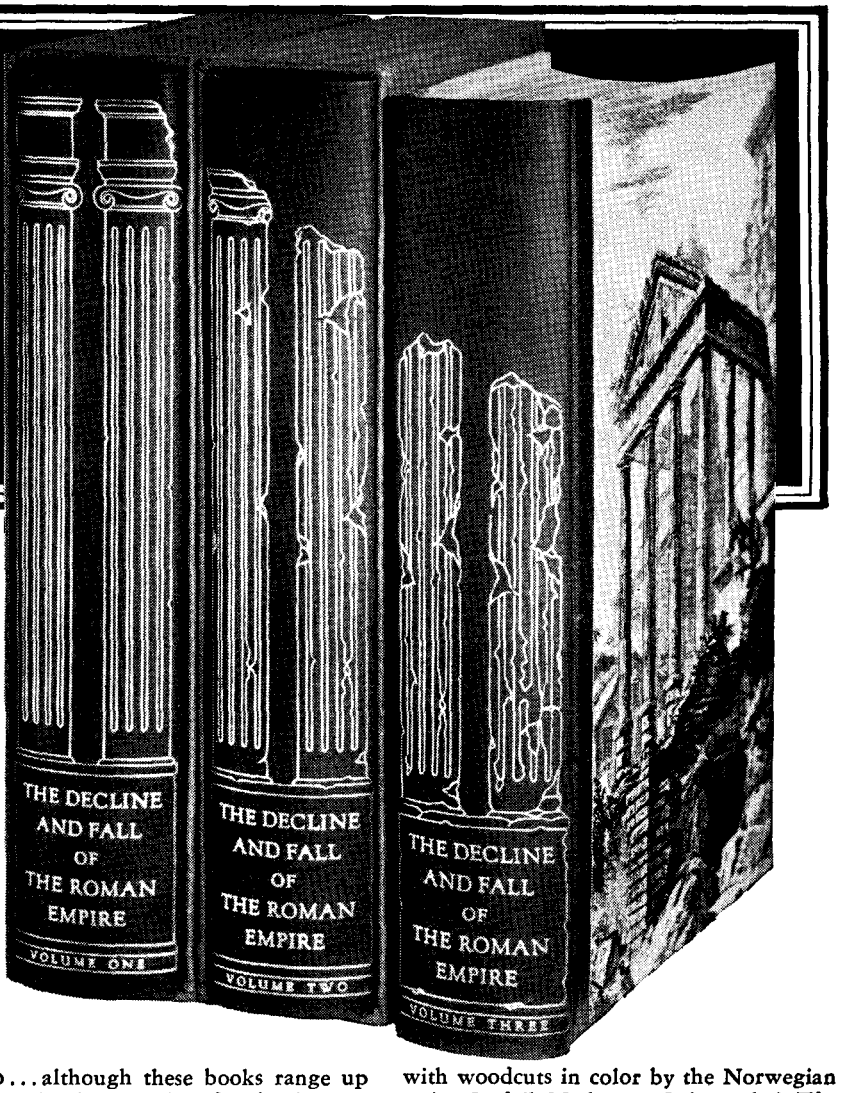
THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE
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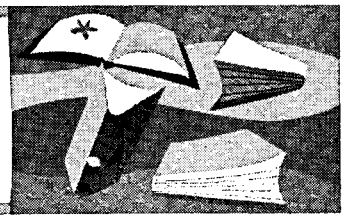
Trade Winds



Coffee is a subject that is occupying the mind of reader Alexander Swirksy these days. He says he wonders about a person who might stir the sugar into his coffee with either hand.

"Would you say," he writes, "that a person of this sort is ambidextrose?"

Chiropodists are of some concern to reader Maxwell Nurnberg, especially the one he talked with on a subway re-

cently. It seems he was part of a convention of chiropodists, and they were all on their way to see a preview of *What Makes Sammy Run?*

Dogs have preoccupied author Richard Gardner so much that he completed an entire book for Doubleday called *The Secret of Cooking for Dogs.* One of his special delicacies: Tripe Delight Fantastic.

Dogs have also been on the mind of reader Sidney Brody, who writes to tell us he has heard that an actor turned down a role in *Lassie* because it was a bit part.

And reader Morton Marcus writes from the West Coast that he heard an unreliable report that a script from another famous canine star was turned down because it had the title *Tin Foiled Again.*

Careers are often difficult to choose at the start of a freshman year. Reader Don Blumenthal reports that when he asked his son what he wanted to be, the reply was: "An informed source."

Water polo has been brought to our attention by reader William Kriebel. He claims he saw a man throw his wallet into a pool full of fish that tossed it back and forth from one end of the pool to the other.

"It was a case of carp-to-carp walleting," he explains.

Politics are on the mind of reader Abner White. Inspired by a recent TRADE WINDS item, he suggests a British election slogan: "For Home the Bell Tolls."

Traffic commentators on the radio are confusing to reader Gus Krell. He can't quite figure out what they mean when they say: "The Brooklyn Bridge is moving slowly. . . ."

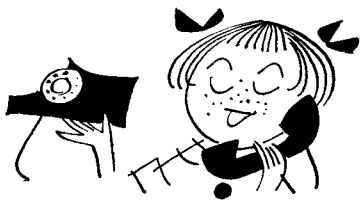
Crazy, mixed-up words are keeping reader Elizabeth Stein busy. She recently viewed an educational film in which the narrator described the type of girl who had the makings of a future teacher: "While in high school she was a first-grade student."

Vassar is back again, with no connection with *The Group.* Reader Harry Coleman came across a rhymed invitation to an alumni fund-raising benefit that read:

Take your head off your antimacassar
And send a nice fat check to Vassar.

Libraries have been drawn to the attention of reader-editor Fred Kerner. He tells us about a sign in the Atlanta Public Library, as quoted by *Variety*: "Books Do Not Pause to Deliver a Message from Their Sponsor."

Children and their relationships with the telephone have been brought to the attention of Mrs. Edward Reed. She was



advised by a neighbor that her seven-year-old daughter had said with great relief: "Oh, I'm so glad mother doesn't have to come to the phone, because she isn't here."

Japanese art takes a long time to arrive in this country. Reader Mary Reay had been waiting for a good many weeks before the pictures she ordered from Tokyo finally reached her. When they did, her daughter remarked: "I knew someday your prints would come along."

Vaults are called to our attention by reader Ida Selavan, who sends us an advertisement for a burial vault, com-

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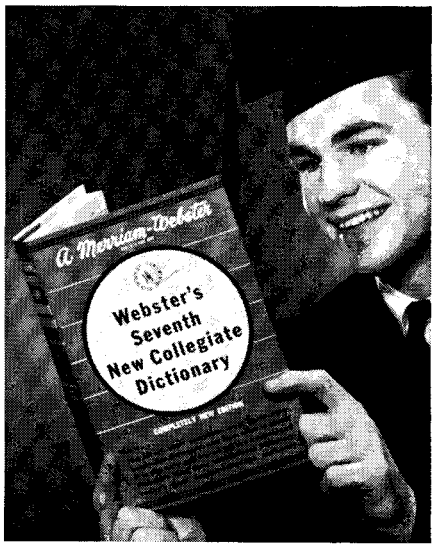

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plete with the Good Housekeeping seal of approval. The small print around the seal reads, of course: "If product or performance defective, replacement or refund to consumer."

Lincoln is of interest to many people, and Gerald Raftery, school librarian and author of *The Natives Are Always Restless* (Vanguard), tells us about a special case. A fifth-grader charged into the library and said: "Have you got a book about John Wilkes Booth? I'd like to get his side of the story."

More printed instructions have come to the attention of reader Carrie Sackriter. She sent away for a coat, which arrived with the buttons in an

envelope. On it was printed: "In order to have the buttons placed properly, would you kindly sew them on yourself."

The YMCA of Chicago must have had something else on its mind when it ordered a book from Grove Press recently. The purchase order read: "1 (only) *Waiting for Bardot*—S. Beckett (Paperback)."

Groans are all that can possibly come out of all this, or as reader George M. Davis writes: "Any columnist who writes about this sort of nonsense must take fiendish delight in spiting the fan that reads him." —JOHN G. FULLER.

SOLUTION TO LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1570)

MARYA MANNES:
(IN DEFENSE OF)
JABS AND FOOTWORK

(From Herald Tribune *Book Week*, Feb. 2, 1964)

I am grateful to any poet who not only allows me to understand what he is saying but who says it with wit and skill and gaiety. I don't care if he writes about a car, a woman, or a platypus, just so long as his eye is fresh, his rhythm lively, his rhyming deft.

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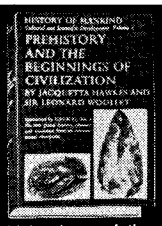

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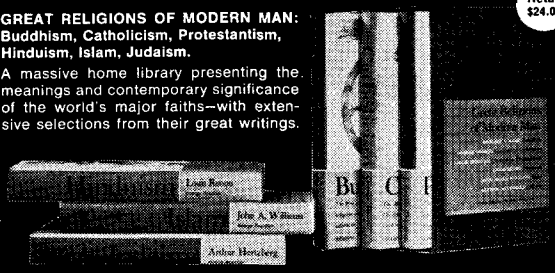

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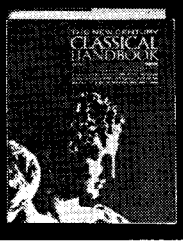

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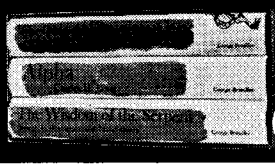

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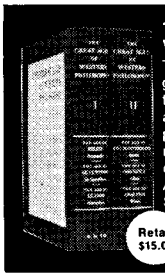

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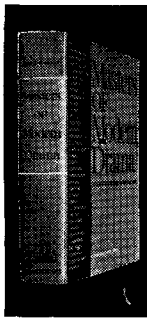

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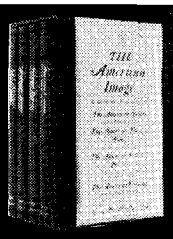

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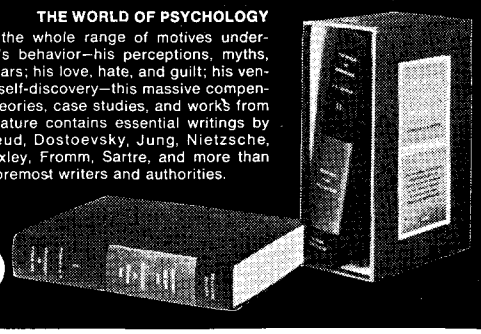

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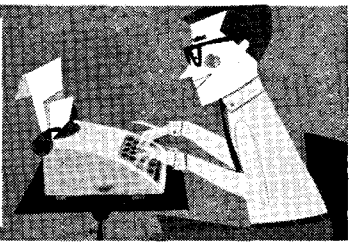
Top of My Head



That Same Wax of Ball Again . . .

LAST summer I was engaged to write a one-hour special comedy program starring this glamorous bouquet of names: Jack Benny, Danny Thomas, Garry Moore, Lucille Ball, Andy Griffith, and Phil Silvers.

I am not going to single out any certain name, but one of these stars gave me plenty of trouble. If I play my cards right, I may never have to write for her again.

These six television personalities are all under the sponsorship of one advertiser and appear weekly for separate products in their own respective half-hour niches. To herald the opening of a new season a week before their first shows appeared, General Foods gathered them all together into one huge bowl to serve up a mighty chef's salad. It was only natural that some ham should have slithered in.

It was at once discernible to the writers that to accommodate this array of disparate talent the script concept would have to include two important factors. One, a plot in which they would all be concerned. Two, jokes distributed in equal portions among the six performers. Give one comedian, working with a group of other comedians, fewer lines than the others and you have an actor on your hands who, as rehearsals go along, sinks lower than the second f in Schrafft's.

The plot we came up with was a simple and workable one. Five of our stars see a news item in *Variety* that General Foods has just hired Phil Silvers to do a new half-hour show.

"It is rumored," says our *Variety* story, "that General Foods may drop one of the other five." If that sounds contrived, it was. We put a piece of paper into the typewriter and contrived it. I don't quite know what critics mean when they write that a story line was contrived. I like to think it was conceived. We certainly went through enough labor to bring it into the world.

IN due course an outline in some depth was written and presented to the advertising agency, and there was joy in all the cubicles up at Benton and Bowles. They phoned to say they had engaged as producer a man from the theater with a long list of distinguished plays he had nurtured through their out-of-town tryouts to Broadway successes—Leland Hayward. Mr. Hayward and I were to make the trip to the West Coast and articulate our outline to the stars. Which we did, to unanimous approval. The agency men were quite pleased, and at lunch Ed Ebel, vice-president of General Foods, insisted I have a second dessert.

Then back we came and the script was written. You know that line about everything being fine at the theater until the curtain went up? In the purified vernacular of television, all heck broke loose. Miss Ball found it highly incompatible with her public image to pretend that she would worry about losing her job to Phil Silvers because everybody knows she is president of Desilu Productions. She wanted a slight change—the script to state explicitly that she is president of Desilu and she wasn't worried.

Well, this played hell with our premise—excuse it, I'm getting steamed up now. We watered the plot down to "although Miss Ball was president of Desilu and was not worried about losing her job she would pretend to have some concern for the other stars who might lose their jobs and she would help get rid of Mr. Silvers." Some of the enchantment of doing the show was now slipping away. But it got worse. My good friend Jack Benny, when he saw the changes, reminded us that everybody knows he's quite wealthy and he wouldn't be worried about losing his job either. To keep it from spreading through the cast, Mr. Hayward explained that they were playing the parts of people about to lose their jobs—a crisis with which viewers can all identify.

The point was finally made and the script went into rehearsal. Word came back to us from the Coast that Miss Ball, who evidently wasn't finding it very rewarding laugh-wise to be the public image of president of Desilu, had ordered other changes into the script—among them a scene with Mr. Silvers known in burlesque as "Again I Turn"—ending with the pie-in-the-face bit, in which the president of Desilu pretended to be an old scrubwoman.

AFTER the show went on the air I heard to my sorrow that some viewers found this scene quite hilarious. This I can attribute to only one unfortunate thing—Miss Ball happens to be one of the country's most talented and prolific comediennes.

The other Sunday night Miss Ball appeared in an hour show with Bob Hope. She played, of all things, the president of Desilu. Also, she was an actress for Desilu. She appeared in one scene as the actress trying on a top hat, white tie, and tails.

"This is what I wear in the magic act, isn't it?" she asked the tailor. "Where are the tricks?"

"In the suit," he replied, as the public image of the Desilu president went off gaily to a board of directors' meeting.

Well, if there was a message in a television program, this was it. No sooner had she arrived at the meeting than she removed the top hat, and there, nestling in the hutch of all that red hair, was a rabbit. Desilu stockholders will please not assume that this is her public image.

Also, the very next night the president of Desilu appeared in her usual weekly show. The premise: "Lucy takes a job as a summons server to earn vacation money." —GOODMAN ACE.

For free brochure on money-saving Fiat Overseas Delivery Plans
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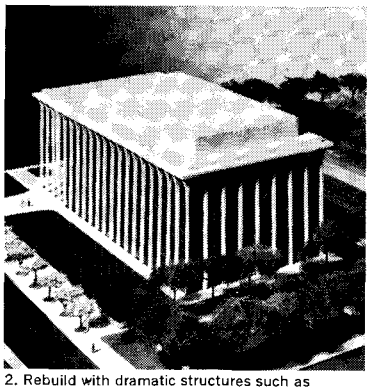
Easy-to-follow instructions for building an All-America City

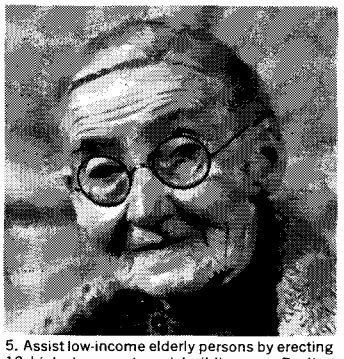
1. Demolish pockets of blight. (Wrecking crews leveled the Gateway skid-row district, 24 square blocks in downtown.)



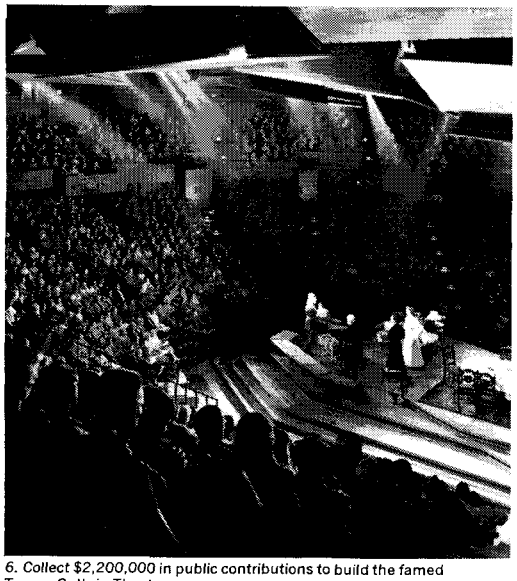
2. Rebuild with dramatic structures such as the Northwestern National Life Building, designed by Minoru Yamasaki.

3. Pump $51,200,000 into construction of new hotels and motels including the fabulous Sheraton-Ritz.

4. Attract professional major league baseball and football teams . . . build one of America's finest stadiums.

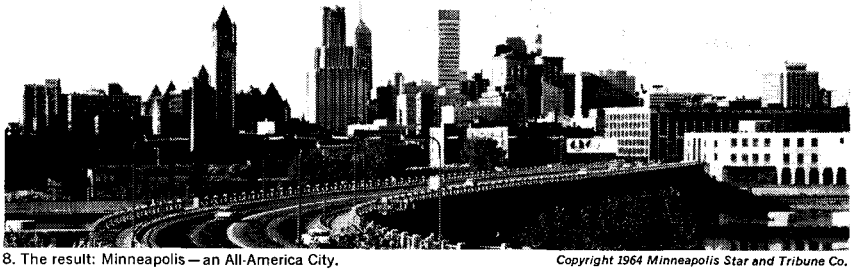


5. Assist low-income elderly persons by erecting 12 high-rise apartment buildings on 7 sites throughout the city.



6. Collect $2,200,000 in public contributions to build the famed Tyrone Guthrie Theatre.

7. Revitalize downtown with plans to convert Nicollet Avenue—main shopping thoroughfare—into a curving, tree-lined mall.



8. The result: Minneapolis—an All-America City.

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We salute Minneapolis, selected for the second time as an All-America City by the National Municipal League. We are proud to serve the citizens of this progressive city in our nation's 14th market.

MINNEAPOLIS STAR EVENING

Minneapolis Tribune MORNING SUNDAY

500,000 COMBINED DAILY 650,000 SUNDAY • JOHN COWLES, *President*

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SR's Checklist of the Week's New Books

Americana

THE ANGEL AND THE SERPENT: The Story of New Harmony. By William E. Wilson. Indiana Univ. Press. $6.95.

HOW TO IDENTIFY BENNINGTON POTTERY. By Richard Carter Barret. Stephen Greene. Hardbound, $3.50. Paperback, $1.95.

THE MAD DOCTOR'S DRIVE: Being an Account of the First Auto Trip Across the U.S.A., San Francisco to New York, 1903; Sixty-four Days in a Winton Motor Carriage. By Ralph Nading Hill. Stephen Greene. Hardbound, $3.50. Paperback, $1.50.

A MUSEUM OF EARLY AMERICAN TOOLS. By Eric Sloane. Wilfred Funk. $6.50.

THE NEW VERMONT GUIDE. By Walter R. Hard, Jr., and others. Stephen Greene. $1.50.

Crime, Suspense

BETTER OFF DEAD. By John and Emery Bonett. Doubleday. $3.50.

IN THE LAST ANALYSIS. By Amanda Cross. Macmillan. $3.95.

A STRANGER TO HERSELF. By Brad Williams. Doubleday. $3.50.

Current Affairs

LOCAL GOVERNMENT AND POLITICS IN UGANDA. By Fred G. Burke. Syracuse Univ. Press. $7.50.

THE SECOND AMERICAN REVOLUTION. By H. Wentworth Eldredge. Morrow. $6.95.

WINNING WITHOUT WAR. By Amitai Etzioni. Doubleday. $4.95.

Fiction

ALL IN FAVOR SAY NO. By Robin White. Farrar, Straus. $4.50.

AND WAIT FOR THE NIGHT. By John William Corrington. Putnam. $5.95.

THE ANNOTATED UNCLE TOM'S CABIN. Edited by Philip Van Doren Stern. Taplinger. $7.50.

CANDY. By Terry Southern and Mason Hoffenberg. Putnam. $5.

DEATH AS A WAY OF LIFE. By Francisco Ayala. Macmillan. $4.95.

THE HIGHER THEY FLY. By Christopher Hodder-Williams. Putnam. $4.95.

THE MAN JUST AHEAD OF YOU. By Robert M. Coates. Morrow. $4.

MAN ON FIRE: A Novel of the Life of St. Paul. By LeGette Blythe. Funk & Wagnalls. $4.95.

THE PRINCESS IN ENGLAND. By Michael Campbell. Orion. $4.95.

RASCALS' HEAVEN. By F. Van Wyck Mason. Doubleday. $6.95.

A SUMMER BIRD-CAGE. By Margaret Drabble. Morrow. $3.95.

History

THE GENTLE CRITIC: Theodor Fontane and German Politics, 1848-1898. By Joachim Remak. Syracuse Univ. Press. $4.75.

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Miscellany

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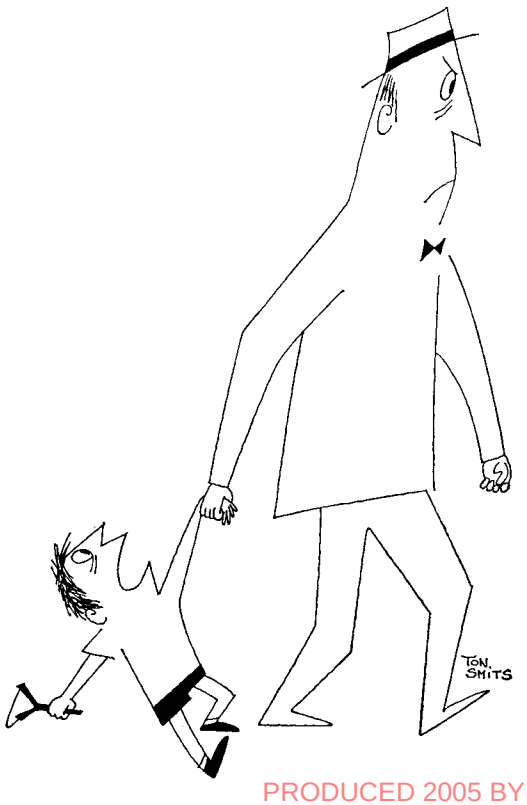
ANYONE CAN FLY. By Jules Bergman. Doubleday. $4.95.

DIABETES AS A WAY OF LIFE. By T. S. Danowski, M.D. Coward-McCann. $4.50.

FOR BETTER GARDENS. By Roland A. Browne. Doubleday. $4.95.

NEW YORK: People and Places. Text by Percy Seitlin. Photographs by Victor Laredo. Reinhold. $12.50.



THE PERSONALITY OF THE DOG. Edited by Brandt Aymar and Edward Sagarin. Crown. $4.95.

Personal History

FATHER JOE: God's Man in London's East End. By Joseph Williamson. Abingdon. $3.95.

THE LONG ROAD HOME: The Autobiography of a Maverick. By James P. Warburg. Doubleday. $5.95.

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TO COME AND GO ON. By Marion Flood French. Abingdon. $2.

A WAY HOME: The Baptists Tell Their Story. Edited by James Saxon Childers. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $3.95.

Shakespeare

SHAKESPEARE 400. Shakespeare Quarterly-Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $5.

SHAKESPEARE IN A CHANGING WORLD. Edited by Arnold Kettle. International. Hardbound, $5.50. Paperback, $1.95.

WHAT HAPPENS IN SHAKESPEARE. By C. B. Purdom. Roy. $5.95.

Sociology

THE HUMAN SHAPE OF WORK: Studies in the Sociology of Occupations. Edited by Peter L. Berger. Macmillan. $5.95.

Theater

NOTES AND COUNTER NOTES. By Eugene Ionesco. Grove. $5.50.

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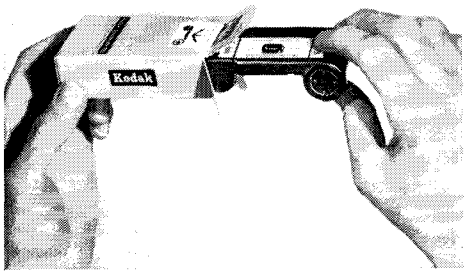

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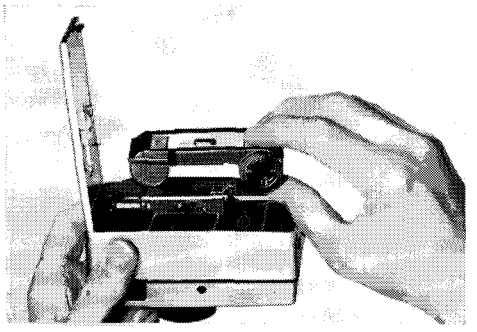

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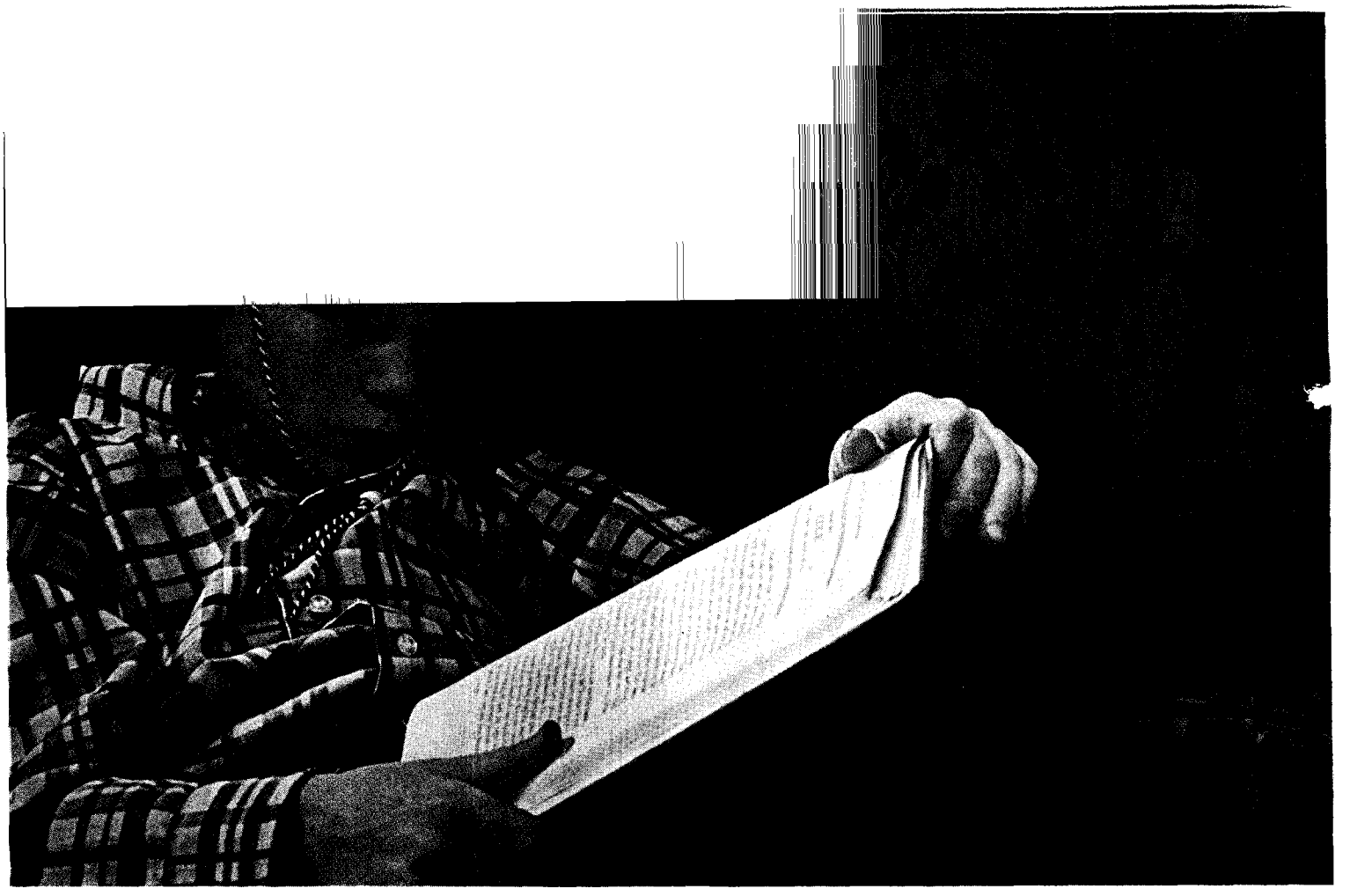

"Send me a man who reads!" *A series by International Paper*

How to use TV to get your child to read more

Westerns, space programs, newscasts, even weather reports can start your children reading more. Here's how you can supply an additional nudge.

IF CHILDREN had voted in the 1956 election, Davy Crockett would have been their choice for president.

It all started with one television program. Within a few days, kids were talking like him, dressing like him and ransacking libraries and bookstores to find out more about the King of the Wild Frontier.

How to lend a helping hand

Peter Pan, Cinderella and Wyatt Earp caused similar reading booms after their TV debuts.

What happened? Television sparked an interest that only books, with their great range, could fully satisfy.

If *your* child doesn't start searching for books on his own, don't be dismayed. Here are some ways you can give him a helping hand.

Watch TV *with* your child occasionally. And keep a dictionary or encyclopedia near the TV set. When he starts popping questions, you can help him look up the answers then and there. (His teacher or local librarian can recommend the best reference books for his age.)

As you talk over the programs with him, you'll soon learn his pet subjects. Whatever they are—from the Wild West to the Milky Way—you can help him find exciting books about them at the library.

Help him get "the whole story"

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Saturday Review
May 16, 1964

WHEN PUBLISHERS GO PUBLIC

An author and bookman suggests some reasons why Wall Street's recent whirlwind romance with Publishers' Row is waning

By WILLIAM JOVANOVICH

NOT LONG AGO the financial community, as it calls itself in a vaguely utopian way, discovered book publishing. For investors, it became a popular "new" industry like electronics or plastics. During a period of three years ending in 1962, owners of publishing houses were offered the chance to "go public," that is, to convert their proprietorship into shares that would be traded (and priced) on the stock market. The result was that many of them turned from their more or less obscure pursuit of gain to the open market of public finance, where, they were to learn, money is handled with a certain *élan* if with less realism. However profitable this may have been for publishers, it is hard to know what possessed Wall Street, for obviously it had overestimated the immediate prospects of a relatively small industry.

In time the possession passed and publishing stocks fell precipitously. No doubt the decline affected a number of investors who, as Oscar Wilde said of men and women in marriage, entered into an alliance because they were either tired or curious and were in both cases disappointed. It was up and it was down. And for the publisher it was strange to be so abruptly exalted and deprecated, yet it *was* an experience and, accepting at least one premise of modern fiction, it is a good thing to have an experience.

Before a company is allowed to place its shares for public sale it must take part in a curious tribal rite known as the "due diligence meeting," attendance at which is required by the Securities and Exchange Commission of all novitiates in the stock market. One is supposed to have exercised "due diligence" in making known the nature and proclivities of his enterprise. I recall that meeting with what may properly be called mixgivings. Not realizing that it was a formal, if not a solemn, occasion, I came downtown without a prepared address. I began my impromptu remarks with the subject of the scandalous piracy by nineteenth-century American publishers of the works of Charles Dickens and Mrs. Trollope and others of their English contemporaries. Then I passed—though it can hardly have been gracefully or even consequentially—to the nature of present-day publishing, and at last concluded by reflecting that, were it not already in use, that singular phrase "almost never" would certainly have been invented by Wall Street traders. Having exercised some degree of diligence, if not of caution, I went back uptown. Two weeks later the stock opened at $23.50. Later it was selling at $40. Success doth make cowards of us all, and especially of the newly rich. Nowadays I speak to investors formally: that was quite enough said about Mrs. Trollope.

BOOK publishing is an excellent industry in which to invest money, but who can venture how much one should invest, or when? (I once asked the broker James Rich when was the best time to buy stocks. "When you have the money," he said.) Generalization is deceptive, given the usual idiosyncracies of publishers. One can speak only for himself in answering the questions that investors frequently put to publishers. What is being done in research and development? What is the future of teaching machines? Will paperbacks render hard-cover books obsolete? Will a few large firms dominate the book business?

Research and development is one of those oracular phrases that promise more than they mean: it sounds engagingly scientific even when applied to matters that cannot be weighed or measured. In a large manufacturing business there is reason for the existence of a separate department given to research. In a publishing house, however, such a department would be superfluous. A good publisher's main business is research in, or receptivity to, ideas, no less than the encouragement and development of talent. This is at once the germ and the fruit of his effort.

IN a single year a publisher may include in his list as many as eight "first" novelists. Probably he will lose money on each book, but consider that John Updike and J. D. Salinger were once "first" novelists. The writer must begin somewhere; so must the publisher. Before *By Love Possessed* James Gould Cozzens published eleven novels and each of them was, although moderately profitable to the author and publisher, antecedent to one of the largest-selling books of the twentieth century. A publisher ought, in short, to harness contradictory qualities by gambling patiently. Not everything, it hardly needs to be said, issued from American publishing houses is the result of a worthy risk, nor is it literature. There are numerous "made" or "packaged" books that are conceived and produced for people who really do not read. One recognizes them instantly and conveniently by their titles—*Sexual Satisfaction in Marriage, How to Take Ten Strokes Off*

William Jovanovich is president of Harcourt, Brace & World. This article is adapted from his forthcoming study of book publishing, *Now, Barabbas*, which Harper & Row will publish in August.

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Your Golf Game, Pictures of the Civil War. To specialize in such books is neither interesting nor responsible publishing, nor is it in the long run profitable. There is an aphorism, so worn it has become a cliché, that one ought to publish authors and not single books. Fine houses adhere to this principle in the main, and while they publish general lists that include popular books that will scarcely endure the season, they also devote themselves to criticism, history, poetry, drama, and serious fiction by young writers.

Into such books goes a publisher's search and from them comes an eventual profit. A backlist of hundreds or thousands of titles will sell steadily year after year. It will, moreover, bring in a higher rate of profit than new books because the "starting-up" cost of older titles has long since been amortized and expensed. As much as 60 per cent of a trade (or general book) publisher's current sales can be derived from his backlist, which includes all titles in print that are more than a year old. For example, each of Sinclair Lewis's major novels sells on an average 3,000 copies a year, with no expenditure on advertising or promotion, and this sale from titles that were originally published more than thirty-five years ago is quite apart from the considerable revenues derived from paperback editions. Not every publisher enjoys the sustenance of such a backlist, nor, conversely, is everyone sensible to the necessity of close budgeting on new titles. So it is that the average trade publisher would show a net loss at year's end were it not for the proceeds he gains from the sale of subsidiary rights to his books—income from book clubs and paperback reprints mainly—or what is ironically known in the trade as "other income."

THE usual inquiry about research and development is not made to the general book publisher, of course, but to the textbook publisher, who is concerned with a more measurable and more predictable audience than prevails for trade books. This is an audience that is defined, indeed circumscribed, by institutional systems. Schools and colleges create courses of study for which certain kinds of textbooks are needed, and the publisher is expected not only to fulfil present needs but to anticipate new ones. In both expectations he is informed and sustained by the particular nature of American education, which, in Henry Adams's phrase, is governed by the principle of acceleration.

The American, who likes to regard himself as Crèvecœur saw him, as the new man, would seem to renew himself not only by changing his environment but also by improving his means of learning about environment. We are a people who trust to education and have done so from the beginning. America was in a unique measure founded by educated men—how many Cambridge men were trading with the Indians in 1630?—who recognized that the first necessity was not to glorify their good fortune but to increase it by provision and use. An astonishingly large proportion of American social and political ideas has been devoted to education. Even the American radical—Henry George, Eugene Debs, Thorstein Veblen—has tended to believe that social evils arise not so much from man's neglect of other men but of himself, of his ability, through learning, to control his environment—the greatest vested interest is not property but ignorance. The American rich now leave their harvests to education, creating libraries and scholarships and laboratories rather than endowing religious orders or erecting *Hofburgs*. If one comes to equate social progress with education, then he will in some part accept the peculiarly indigenous nature of the philosophy of William James and John Dewey, the pragmatic philosophy that holds that knowledge ought to increase speculation about the real rather than the unreal (a contrast, if you will, between the scientific and the religious forms of experience).

Given this tradition of attempting to educate the whole of society, which in the past decade has been intensified for reasons of international competition, the American publisher can anticipate an almost unlimited market for educational books. It seems likely that this market will grow at a rate of 15 per cent a year during the next decade, far faster than the rate of population growth. The profound motivation of our adherence to the educational idea suggests that the demand for books and other teaching materials cannot be seriously diverted or lessened by the vagaries of business trends or cycles. Is such optimism in itself typically American? I suppose so. Whether or not he accepts this view, the responsible textbook publisher will perceive that his market is not only growing but changing.

Some of the ways in which we learn about our environment have already been transformed. The arithmetic and mathematics of a decade ago have largely given way to new techniques and concepts, and the parent of a fourth-grade child finds himself embarrassed by the simplest homework. There is the possibility, too, that we shall alter drastically the approach to learning our language. It seems probable that the conventional "prescriptive" grammar and syntax that have been

"I'm afraid this is goodbye, darling.
He wants to move back to the city."

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part of the school and college curriculum for the past half-century will now be largely abandoned in favor of the more accurate and more extensive descriptions of the English language that emerge from the scholarship of Whitehall, Fries, and others. Now a publisher can, of course, wait for someone to submit a manuscript that renders the new linguistics into a readily teachable form. He will do better to commission and help direct the writing of such a work, and thus perform the kind of research that is made practicable by his close relation to scholars and teachers.

THE textbook publisher has several means of access to the schools and colleges. His salesmen call upon thousands of institutions in the ordinary drill of their duties. Their primary duty is to sell books, yet by the very nature of their product, and by the inclination of their customers, they gather significant information on the trends of educational courses and so inform the editors of textbooks, who are ultimately responsible for whatever publishing may contribute to the advancement of education. It is, admittedly, a nice course that the editor must steer between the sometimes too rigid choices of advanced scholarship and conventional teaching. The editor who looks at five competing books and then with the aid of a compliant author produces a sixth book accomplishes something—not much but something. He will have published a book that is immediately outdated as well as second-rate. Too many textbooks are made this way, and the most convincing proof of imitation, though perhaps the least harmful result of it, is the persistence of factual errors from book to book, from revision to revision. In an article in *Harper's,* Martin Mayer mentions that "elementary texts dealing with geography typically teach the nonsense of 'frigid, temperate, and torrid zones,' which has been out of date for roughly four centuries." A responsible editor will maintain a curiosity about ideas in education and will, however slowly or painfully, attempt to persuade his employers to risk, experiment, and improvise. Yet even in his boldest moments he will also be sufficiently realistic, and literate enough, to recognize that the function of textbooks is to *introduce* students to the disciplines of learning.

The choices are not always as hard or contrary as I have suggested, nor is an editor forever engaged in examining the goals of education. He is, in fact, more often concerned with improving the techniques of his craft. The most important single thing in publishing is the English sentence, and the editor who cannot contemplate it again and again with a sense of wonder has not yet

"It's times like this, baby, when I wish I hadn't switched to pop art."

gained respect for the complexity of learning. (The English sentence becomes the French sentence in France, but it should remain the English sentence in the United States. One is appalled by the recent suggestion of the Mayor of New York City that Spanish-speaking immigrants from Puerto Rico should not be required to learn English in order to pass certain public examinations. This is liberalism gone mushy, a tolerant conviction that everyone has a right to be handicapped.) Much is made these days of "communication" and "the language arts," but such jargon is the luxury of school administrators, not of editors, who are constantly confronted with the necessity to make clear and accurate the basic units of meaning. This is, no doubt, too rigorous and elemental a view, but one likes to recall that Gibbon said that once he got right the first sentence of *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* the rest followed.

Teaching machines seem to have lit the imagination of a number of investors in publishing houses, not alone because gadgetry appeals but possibly because there persists the suspicion that books are neither as cheap nor as convenient as they might be. Following World War I it was anticipated that films would become important in the classroom, but this was too sanguine. Films were expensive; the equipment was cumbersome; the old reels were flammable. Soon after World War II the hope for an expanded, even dominant, use of audio-visual materials rested on the availability, in addition to films, of the less costly media of filmstrips, recordings, tapes, and overhead projectors. None of these devices has become a *main* means of teaching in the schools and colleges, nor has any seriously affected the currency of textbooks. Next came educational television, which is perhaps the most publicized and most mishandled learning device of our time and one that may barely survive at the hands of its supporters. Consider the consequence when an airplane commissioned by the Ford Foundation flew over an Indiana town in order to telecast teaching sessions to three Midwestern states: thousands of teachers had to interrupt their regular schedules in order to accommodate it. A solution to that particular annoyance was found in broadcasting prerecorded programs on a less rigorous schedule, but of course it was hardly necessary to employ aircraft in order to make "canned" teaching films available to schools.

Most recently the teaching machine has won supporters, some of whom have persisted in confusing the mechanical object itself with the technique of learning that is known as "programing." In 1958 I talked with Professor B. F. Skin-

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ner, of Harvard, about his work with paper discs (and tapes) that were designed to move past a little window in a machine and reveal to a student hundreds of simple questions in a sequential order. The subject being presented—a college psychology course, in one instance, or English spelling—was fragmented, as it were, into very small and easily comprehended learning steps, with the result that as the student gave his answers (recorded on a separate tape in the machine) the chances of their being incorrect were slight and the student's inducement to learn—or, in Skinner's terminology, his reinforcement or "reward"—was continual. Later Harcourt, Brace commissioned the construction of a more complex machine than Skinner's earlier one and at the same time engaged Joseph C. Blumenthal to write a "program" (that is, a block of subject matter broken down into a sequence of small learning steps) that was to be printed on tape for use on the machine. Still later, Harcourt, Brace abandoned its experiments with machinery and, having on its hands Blumenthal's completed program on English syntax and grammar, published it as a book, *English 2600*, naming it after the number of teaching questions it contained. Several years later this remains, in schools, the most widely used single product of the teaching-machine era.

Enough time has elapsed, I should think, to evaluate publishers' experience with teaching machines and programed learning. The machines themselves have tended to be either cumbersome and expensive or almost pointlessly rudimentary. Placed in a separate room of a school, a battery of machines requires scheduling and superintending by teachers, and this can be onerous as well as self-defeating, because it takes teachers out of classrooms. Placed within a classroom, the teaching machine is really out of context, for it is not a *group* learning device; no two students will proceed through a program at the same pace, and there is no provision for the teacher to guide and implement the learning of several students simultaneously.

Of course, the innovation that Professor Skinner and others have brought about is not in the creation of machines but in the creation of programed learning, the presentation of information and concepts in certain logically perceivable patterns. While the teaching machine may prove to have a role as a tutorial device in the home (although I myself doubt this), its *method* of teaching seems to be best presented in the classroom in book form. Even here technological advancements are needed. Most programed books are still designed with six or eight "frames" on a page, that is, outlined spaces for type that are perhaps an inch deep and four inches wide; the frames are a descendant of the little windows on the teaching machines, not unlike the buggy-whip holders on the first automobile carriages. Some way must be found to conserve space on the page, for a major drawback of programed books is their costly production. Quite apart from technics, perhaps the most serious mistake that publishers made when they first undertook programs was to ignore the principles of sound publishing. They were importuned to believe that programing was best achieved by allying a writer, a teacher, an editor, and a psychologist to produce a single program; yet we all should know that committees do not write good books. A programed book can be no less than a book.

While it is not likely that there is a secure place for the teaching machine in American schools and colleges, audio-visual devices are not necessarily compromised by this. The development of "language laboratories" has, for example, been a major advance in the teaching of foreign languages to students at all age levels. Projectors of all kinds are becoming more convenient and inexpensive to use, as are tape recorders. Yet the fact is that such devices are ancillary to the main medium for teaching, which is printed expository prose. The book is a marvelously efficient device: portable, durable, inexpensive, and adapted for use by one person or by various numbers in communication with each other.

EVEN the paperback is not a startling new device. A paperback is a book with a paper cover. Perhaps the simplest way to suggest the relationship between paperback and hard-cover books—and to clarify the common misconception that publishers somehow are withholding great savings from the public by persisting to issue the latter—is to recount the idle threats one hears from some paperback publishers who declare that if hardbound publishers do not cease asking for high advances on the reprint licenses to their books, the paperback publishers will be forced to publish original works themselves and, so to speak, do away with a greedy middleman. This is no threat at all. No publisher can prevent others from publishing, nor would he wish to. Very few new authors have been published originally in low-priced paperback form with success, for such books cannot be issued in safe, small printings, and the whole rationale of *inexpensive* paperback publishing depends upon books being printed in huge lots for distribution to tens of thousands of retail outlets. The publisher of the inexpensive paperback volume is for the most part a *reprint* publisher: he issues in a different and cheaper format a book that was accorded either respect or popularity, or both, on its original publication. Like all publishers of books, he gambles, naturally, but his is a different kind of risk-taking from that of the hardbound publisher.

There is no reason why a publisher cannot profitably publish both hardbound and paperbound books, as indeed many publishers do, but the tendency in such instances is to publish higher-priced paperbacks that are sold mainly to the same retailers as hardbound books, that is, to bookstores. Such paperbacks are, for the most part, reprints; their status has already been established by earlier publication and because of this they are accorded very little promotion or advertising, which accounts in good part for their being cheaper than hardbound books.

The production costs of paperbound books are little understood in the publishing business itself. There is actually only a small saving in costs in using paper to cover a book *unless* the book is also printed in a tight format on cheap paper and *unless* it is also "perfect bound," a harmlessly spurious term for a technique of imperfect binding in which the pages are merely glued to the cover and are not, therefore, sewn together and attached, by a fairly costly operation, to the cover "boards." On a $4 textbook that is *not* "perfect bound" but is sewn to make it considerably more durable (though not as durable as if it had boards), the saving on board and cloth is only about 25 cents. While the saving to the customer then would be about 80 cents (allowing for the publisher's markup), the resulting volume would have but a fifth or a sixth the lifetime of a carefully made hardbound volume.

Indeed, a publisher of a paperbound textbook can readily profit from its lack of durability, for not only must the textbook be replaced frequently but it will also have practically no resale value. It should not be necessary, by now, to explain that publishers do not have a secret vested interest in hardbound textbooks, that paperback books are more expensive for students and schools to buy for basic courses, whatever other virtues they will possess.

Quite apart from the question of cost, paperback books can give to the elementary and secondary schools and to the colleges a remarkable variety and richness of reading. Many conventional textbooks are at the same time too elaborate and too restrictive. Paperbacks can, in contrast, lend to teaching materials a greater range and become, as it were, multiple and extensible instru-

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THE LEGACY OF RACHEL CARSON

—*Wide World.*

Rachel Carson: "We in this generation must come to terms with nature."

By STEWART L. UDALL, *U.S. Secretary of the Interior.*

"Hurt not the earth, neither the sea, nor the trees . . ."
—The Book of Revelation.

THERE were, or so I would like to suppose, intimations of a new American maturity in the life and death of Rachel Carson.

In the success of *Silent Spring* was the hope that those who truly care about the land have a fighting chance to "inherit" the earth. That the pen of one so unassuming should have such an impact on national events was remarkable, and a heartening sign to conservationists everywhere.

An admirable sense of proportion fittingly marked the reporting of her passing: front-page obituaries, warm tributes, editorials like that of the *New York Times*, which called her "one of the most influential women of her time."

Those of us privileged to know Rachel sensed the strength concealed within her Emily Dickinson gentleness. She did not seek controversy, but when her research turned up unpleasant truths she took them into the market place, oblivious to the scorn of her critics. We who were sometimes in the fray with her marveled at the quiet way she held her own against the amassed experts of industry, as she presented her brief against the contaminators effectively, with modesty and graceful indignation.

Why, one might ask, did Rachel Carson—who won no great prizes and led no crusades—attract such attention? Why did the influence of this gentle woman ripple so far?

I suggest two answers. The qualities of mind and spirit, revealed in her books about the sea, caught and held us. She introduced us to the mysterious world of water, combining the scientist's eye and the poet's sense. Who can forget this passage from *Under the Sea Wind*?

> To stand at the edge of the sea, to sense the ebb and the flow of the tides, to feel the breath of a mist over a great salt marsh, to watch the flight of shore birds that have swept up and down the surf lines of the continents for untold thousands of years, to see the running of the old eels and the young shad to the sea, is to have knowledge of things that are as nearly eternal as any earthly life can be.

And the lyric tone of her prose, the insights she drew from her research, her clear commitment to nature's scheme of things made her a memorable teacher. There was always, there to admire in her work, the effortless way with which she bridged the gap between science and the humanities.

THE other answer must relate to the creed that caused Rachel Carson to write *Silent Spring*. During her Congressional appearance a year ago she stated her basic conviction: "I deeply believe that we in this generation must come to terms with nature."

Silent Spring was called a one-sided book. And so it was. She did not pause to state the case for the use of poisons on pests, for her antagonists were riding roughshod over the landscape. *They had not bothered* to state the case for nature. The engines of industry were in action; the benefits of pest control were known—and the case for caution needed

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Notes on an Incredible Country

THERE is a saying that if you want to find out about a nation, stay away from its largest city. This may be good advice for such cities as New York, Paris, Rome, and Moscow. But the theory breaks down in the case of Tokyo. It is doubtful that any city in the world today is more representative of a nation's total personality and problems than Tokyo is of Japan. Tokyo is not just a sprawling metropolis; it is a national summing-up.

Begin with sheer size. Tokyo is now the largest in the world, with a population approaching 11,000,000. One out of every ten Japanese lives in Tokyo. One out of every five paychecks in Japan is drawn in Tokyo. One out of every four university graduates has gone to college in Tokyo or vicinity. The main nutriments that go into the circulatory system of Japanese society originate in Tokyo. How people live, the books they read, the movies they see, the television they watch, their fashions in clothes, the electrical appliances they buy, and even their distractions are all heavily conditioned by Tokyo.

Not so long ago it was accurate to describe Japan as predominantly a nation of villagers, farmers, and fishermen. Today it is a highly industralized society. Office workers outnumber the nation's farmers. Four out of five persons in the nation's total labor force are in business and industry. And there is no better place than Tokyo to observe this phenomenon and ponder its implications. Economists and social and political philosophers would find it an exciting place. All they have to do is crack the surface in order to produce rich gushers of significant fact.

Observe, for example, the rise of the new Japanese middle class, the physical, psychological, and cultural capital of which is Tokyo. The average annual income of the white-collar worker has been estimated in excess of $1,000—not stratospheric by American standards but a cosmic stretch beyond the average for the rest of Asia. Buying power and available leisure time enable the salaried citizen to do the things he has always associated with membership in the middle class. Instead of confining himself to window-gazing at the large department stores, he is able to go directly to the buying counters and tell the clerks where to send the goods. Instead of watching the large American and European cars roll by, as he did only a few years ago, he is now able to buy his own Japanese-made automobile on the installment plan, now so characteristic of the Japanese economy. And instead of daydreaming about travel abroad, he is able to go by cruise or jet to foreign places. And, of course, he goes to the night baseball games. He is somewhat less interested in the traditional *Kabuki* or *No* theaters.

The rise of the middle class is a potent phenomenon today in most of the world's industrialized nations; but in no country is the process more visible or its long-term implications more significant than in Japan. For what has been happening in modern industrial society and especially in Japan is running directly counter to some of the most cherished ideas of Marxism. Karl Marx foresaw an inevitable economic and political polarization between right and left, with the middle class being drawn off to one or the other. Class revolution would follow the collapse of the middle. In actual fact, however, the middle class in Japan today, instead of disappearing, has been growing larger and stronger. What is most significant is not polarization and stratification of Japanese society today but relative stability, increasing economic pluralism, and the advent both of mass production and mass buying.

It was precisely what Marx regarded as the lack of mass buying power that served as the basis for his prediction that free economies would have to turn to armaments to keep their factories going, thus courting war to the point of inevitability. Yet nothing is more characteristic of the Japanese economy today than the absence of a massive program of arms production. In this respect, Japan is almost unique among the large (and also the not-so-large) nations of the world. The United States, Great Britain, France, the Soviet Union, Pakistan, India, Egypt, and Israel—to mention the most conspicuous cases—maintain military spending that runs from 30 per cent to more than 50 per cent of their national budgets. To be sure, Japan has some defense expenditures, but these are negligible on a comparative basis.

What makes the Japanese situation so striking is that it provides a dramatic contrast to the United States, where people are worried that genuine peace will trigger a mammoth depression. In Japan, people attribute their prosperity precisely to the fact that they haven't

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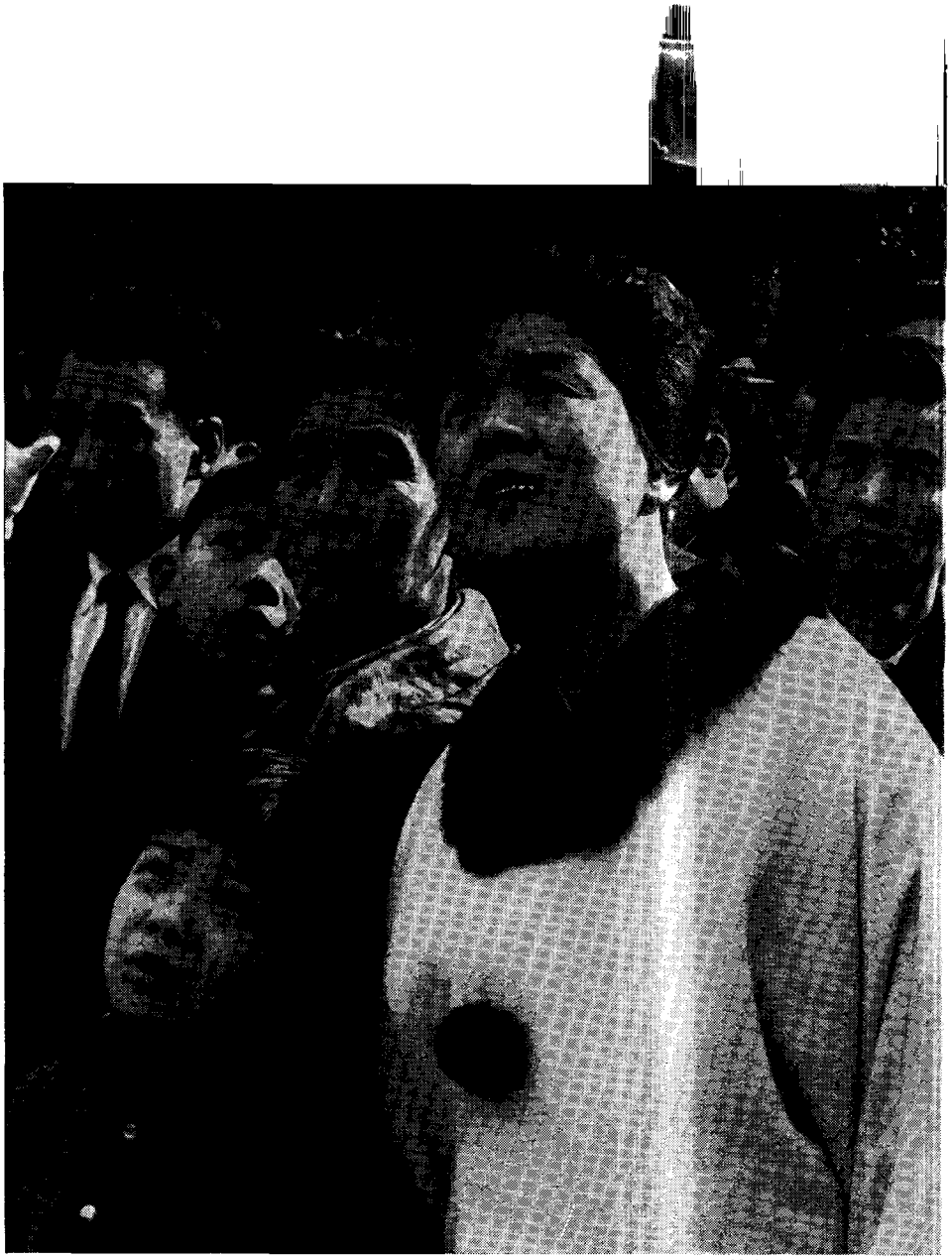
Japanese at Kamakura—"Sometimes one gets the impression that Japanese are spectators to their own traditions." ➔



—*Photos by N.C. (Retina III)*

had to pour their resources and their energies into non-consumer production. And they are worried today because of the possibility that Japan may have to follow the other nations in developing a large-scale arms program. This would mean a sharp reduction in the present programs for rebuilding cities, carrying out projects for housing, schools, hospitals, roads, airports, and power installations—all of which figure prominently in the present prosperity.

Japan's absence from the world arms race is not an accident. Her military machine was methodically dismantled—physically and psychologically—after the war. During the Occupation, the Japanese people adopted a new constitution outlawing war and preparation for war. General Douglas MacArthur supported the new Constitution as the highest form of realism in a nuclear age. He believed that modern weapons and mutual suicide were synonymous and that the central challenge of the twentieth century was to outlaw war.

In the public debate in Japan preceding adoption of the new constitution, the factors of risk were not ignored. It was pointed out that the world was not yet secure from aggression. Yet it was generally recognized that every great advance in civilization involved serious risk; Japan aspired to be the first nation in human history to point the way to the development of new institutions to deal with the basic causes of war. It hoped its own renunciation of war as an instrument of national policy would serve as a model for enough other nations to create a genuine momentum for world peace.

In recent years, however, the United States has been prodding Japan to mount a large-scale program of armaments production. The United States takes the position that it is fallacious to say that Japan is without military defenses. Those defenses are established and operated by the U.S. on Japanese soil with American personnel and equipment on military bases throughout the country. According to this view, the American taxpayer has been relieving the Japanese taxpayer of the burden of protecting Japan.

Thoughtful Japanese are not un-

A citizen of Tokyo comes to terms with the industrial revolution—"The main nutriments that go into the circulatory system of Japanese society originate in Tokyo." ➔

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mindful of this situation. They are, however, troubled about large-scale rearmament. They want to know if the United States can assure them that Japan can restore its military strength without restoring militarism. They praise General MacArthur for his announced aim of expunging the old military tradition in Japan. They wonder whether the United States fully realizes that the kind of thinking that culminated in Pearl Harbor is the kind of thinking that traditionally has been stimulated by the existence of powerful military forces in Japan. They find it strange that the United States should pay less attention to this particular danger than they do.

Further, thoughtful Japanese are asking whether Japanese rearmament is to consist of conventional weapons or if it is to be truly modern and functional. If the former, then they argue that such rearmament may have little more than symbolic value, for it will not serve as an adequate defense against the kind of attack that is likely to be mounted if an enemy decides to strike. But if by rearmament the United States means that Japan should have the same military capacity that the United States itself now possesses in Japan—that is, missile and nuclear power—then this would produce profound instability and even danger. And if the United States is not thinking in these terms, why should it call upon Japan to take on the job now being performed, theoretically or otherwise, by the American military presence in Japan?

IN short, they do not see that conventional weapons would make much difference and they see the gravest dangers in the possession of modern weaponry. When asked if even the symbolic value of conventional weapons might have a deterrent effect on an aggressor, they reply that the existence or absence of a national military force in Japan is irrelevant in terms of its effect on a possible attacker. Any aggression on Japan will trigger a world war, which would most certainly involve the United States and its full military capability. It is this fact, rather than bristling defenses, that represents a deterrent to a potential aggressor.

The problem of achieving security for an unarmed Japan is not less awesome or poignant than the problem of achieving security for an armed United States. The American people possess world obliterative power yet they have a far greater feeling of insecurity than the Japanese. The answer perhaps is that neither national preparedness nor unpreparedness can create security in today's world. Only a world that recognizes the unworkability and danger of unfettered national sovereignty; only a world that understands the relevance of the concept of law to world tensions; only a world that is willing to look and plan beyond the present anarchy—only in such a world does the term security begin to have genuine meaning, for us or anyone else. —N. C.

Tokyo at night—"There is no better place to observe the phenomenon . . . of the rise of the middle class."

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Conservative View

IN HIS ARTICLE "What a Southern Conservative Thinks" [*SR*, Apr. 25] Richmond editor James J. Kilpatrick asks many of the right questions concerning the modern role of government—but like many conservatives he sets forth unreal answers. For example, a large governmental establishment is not the cause of the many problems of a heavily populated, industrial, urban America, but the reflection of them. If there must be a villain, it is the Industrial Revolution, not the governmental agency that is merely the physical manifestation of public policy enunciated by Congress that the problems affecting all of us should be met by reasoned action. Mr. Kilpatrick neglects to mention that most of the annual federal budget and the activities of more than half of all federal employes are directed toward defense functions.

His examples from the *Federal Register* vitiate his own argument and show in dramatic detail the unbelievably complex nature of our society today. And his statement that many federal regulations are "not necessary, not proper" may be challenged; the fact that he is obviously unaware of the reasons and circumstances of their issuance by no means proves their invalidity. He cavalierly dismisses the interests of other people as unimportant.

Mr. Kilpatrick echoes the current conservative emphasis on the constitutional amending process as the only proper vehicle for "orderly expansion" of the federal government—a claim that merely indicates the conservatives' frustration at being unable to secure their programs and goals in Congress and the Supreme Court. He mentions James Madison but curiously omits all reference to his fellow Virginian, the great John Marshall, whose decisions helped make it possible for the Constitution to expand to meet contemporary problems without having to be frequently amended.

GLENN G. MORGAN,
Associate Professor
of Political Science,
San Jose State College.
San Jose, Calif.

THANK YOU FOR PUBLISHING "What a Southern Conservative Thinks." It was well and calmly written, but I cannot receive it calmly. The issues it raises stir me profoundly, and I cannot keep silent.

There are within this paper three themes that I have noticed recurring in conservative thought. There is the theme of the supremacy of property rights, the theme of strict adherence to the Constitution, and the theme of nostalgia for ages gone by.

The purpose of government is to make property rights secure, writes Mr. Kilpatrick. And again: property rights are inseparable from human rights. I believe he is saying that you cannot infringe property rights without infringing human rights, and that the role of government is to protect human rights by first protecting property rights. If this is what he is saying, it is reassuring, for most frequently the message coming through conservative thought and action is: "Let us protect property rights even at the cost of human rights."

"But what does one wear to a biracial PTA meeting?"

The concept of property rights is of central importance in the struggle for human rights in that time and place where a supreme monarch or industrialist can destroy a man by the simple process of taking over his property and denying access to it or a livelihood from it. The right to property is of great importance as a spur to individual and group effort, as the Russian government is at this time discovering. It is also of importance to many people in the development of their own concept of themselves as worthy human beings. It is still of great value as a counterforce to an all-embracing government.

Even so, I am convinced that the right to own property—and it is a right—does not include the right to use that property in such a fashion as to deny or injure the development of another person. We can see this clearly enough when we apply it to a monarch and his subjects, or an industrialist and his employees. It is just as true when applied to the corner druggist and his patrons.

For it does destroy human values when a person is refused service in a public place for reasons over which he has no control, for which he is not responsible, and the basis of which is neither reason nor justice but rather fear and hate. Note that we are not dealing here with trespassing on private property used as private property. We are talking about private property used as public property. There is a significant difference. (Incidentally, the difference is as significant for the church as it is for the corner druggist.)

Concerning the Constitution, Mr. Kilpatrick believes in strict adherence to the written words. "Unless it says you can, you cannot" sums up this position. He denounces the concept of a flexible interpretation as in essence destroying the written Constitution. I agree that the Constitution is a wonderful foundation and legacy to us all. I am convinced that we have attained our present stature because of it. I am sure that any future growth will continue in its tradition. But I do not believe it inconsistent with its spirit or intent to modify it in the process of growth. And I do believe that its relevance and helpfulness reside particularly in the ease with which modifications can be made. Were every modification required to pass the arduous journey of an amendment, the Constitution would be discarded as too rigid to be useful, too archaic to be relevant.

I do not fear this freedom to modify because I trust the loyalty of the American citizenry and its consistent adherence to the rules of fair play. In a very real sense it is the people who protect the Constitution and not vice versa. So long as there is trust and good will among us, the Constitution will endure. Should the seeds of hate and mistrust flower into an abundant crop, even the Constitution could not protect us from the harvest of civil strife and national destruction.

Mr. Kilpatrick expresses the theme of nostalgia in this sentence: "There is an umbilical longing, I believe, to return to old principles and make them work in

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new ways." Part of this nostalgia, I am sure, is based upon the sound position that unless we know where we've been we can't tell where we are or where we are going. But part of it is, also, I believe, a reaction of fear and uncertainty growing out of our turbulent present. This reaction conceives the unknown to be a threat rather than an opportunity. Such faultily based reactions lead to inaccurate evaluations of the present.

Consider for instance, the "bad example" of the widow who wouldn't work because she gets more money from her pension and social security than she would get from her prospective employer, Mr. Kilpatrick. She is being rewarded for not working, concludes Mr. Kilpatrick, surmising that she spends her time watching TV. Now, it seems to me that if the work offered her was so creative and healthy, the widow would have done it even voluntarily. That she did it neither voluntarily nor for pay leads me to question the commonly accepted assumption that the only work that is valuable for her soul is the work someone else assigns her because he has the money to pay for it.

Nor am I convinced—neither as a preacher, nor as a reader in psychology, nor as a supervisor of employed personnel—that economic incentives are the only, or even the strongest, incentives for work. Therefore I cannot accept the statement that a graduated income tax is a "deadening national policy," blighting incentive. I am willing to agree, however, that the present rates, or any specific rates, are not ideal.

Again Mr. Kilpatrick concludes faultily that we've lost our sense of craftsmanship and pride in our work skills. "All too often we settle for mediocrity instead," he writes. I can agree with him that there are many areas in which we settle for mediocrity. Yet I cannot agree that we need to go backward to find standards of excellence. A friend of mine is engaged in a manufacturing process that produces guidance systems for missiles. The standards they require are measured in the millionths of an inch. A thumbprint can cause the system to go far off target. So concerned are they for proper functioning that they have one whole department devoted to making the systems reliable. Yet Mr. Kilpatrick says we've lost our craftsmanship and that old-time pride in our skill is gone.

And finally, to enshrine competition as the prod *par excellence* for human achievement is a faulty conclusion built on the legacy of laissez-faire. A community that depends upon competition for existence is a community heading toward fragmentation by selfish acquisitiveness, mutual suspicions, and fear-inspired retaliations. He was speaking an eternal truth who said: "Greater love has no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends" (John 15:13). He said "for," not "against," his friends.

"When it comes to the conservation of natural resources, the preservation of open areas, the effective handling of air and water pollution, the necessity for strong government will have to be faced," writes Mr. Kilpatrick, and I rejoice in our agreement. But even in rejoicing, my heart aches, for in the midst of his concern for protecting the "natural" resources of our nation he neglects the one resource that is supreme—our people, our many diverse people, our dreams, our hopes, our great abilities. If our government cannot protect this one supreme resource, victory elsewhere will echo with emptiness.

(The Rev.) I. Dean Jordan,
Wesley Methodist Church.
Sheboygan, Wis.

Proprietors of Poetry

You quite correctly state in Trade Winds [*SR*, Apr. 18] that "I Want to Hold Your Hand" is a valuable piece of poetry; it has been the most performed song in the United States in 1964.

However, you neglected to include, while quoting almost all of the chorus, that copyright of the song is owned by Northern Songs Ltd. of London, England.

On behalf of my client, Duchess Music Corporation, which is exclusive licensee for the United States for "I Want to Hold Your Hand," and in the interest of protecting this (we are agreed) valuable copyright, I ask you to print this letter so that your readers will know that the song is "Copyright 1963 by Northern Songs Ltd."

Charles B. Seton,
Rosen, Seton & Sarbin.
New York, N.Y.

Patricia K. Brooks's item on "Restaurant English" [*SR*, Apr. 11] reminds me of the following translation, which I copied off a menu card posted outside a "salon de thé" at the Plâce de la Madeleine in Paris some time ago:

French	English
Couvert	Shelter
Hors d'oeuvres variés	Varied digressions
Plat de paté de lapin en gelée	Earthen pan of rabbit's foot in frost
Nos copieux grillés garnis	Our copious and garnished broiled meats
Plat du jour	Flat part of the day
Oeufs plat	Eggs on the flat part
Plateau de fromages	Scale of cheeses
Notre copieux plat du jour garni	Our copious flat part of the garnished day
Service pas compris	Service no comprised

Mrs. Johnson Garrett.
Paris, France

As It Happens

The most powerful influence on the American campus this fall will be Adolf Hitler. The frightful overcrowding will be due to the maturing crop of war babies.

The laundry people tell us they *know* the little fellow is back in the stock market. They can tell by the vast increase in the number of restaurant tablecloths penciled with paper profits.

Navy officers privately admit their service will be reduced unless there's a miracle. Like finding the moon mostly ocean.

Overheard at teatime: "Look at her! She has saccharine, Metrecal wafers, and a calorie counter in her purse, *and* a chocolate éclair in her mouth."

Two months after the government's report on smoking, cigarette sales in New York returned to normal. Makes sense. After all, you can't worry about lung cancer indefinitely.

It is interesting to recall that Harold Stassen was the keynote speaker at the Republican Convention of 1940. He is *still* trying to make himself heard.

While confessing to a reporter that his campaign is in trouble, Rockefeller said he feels like a million dollars. For a Rockefeller, that's awful.

Since Governor Wallace's surprising showing, a large number of politicians have been strengthening their civil rights position on the fence.

The adulation of Barbra Streisand should worry plastic surgeons. Ladies who had contemplated correcting their noses might now be satisfied with the originals.

Lady overheard on a train from Rye: "With cold war tensions eased, Oliver feels embarrassed about our fallout shelter."

—Fred Sparks.

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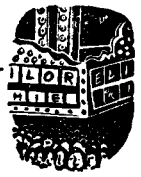


SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Disaster Areas

MODERNIZATION was President Johnson's solution to the problems of Appalachia when he visited that depression-ridden region a few weeks ago. And modernization might well be the answer for many of the depressingly dreadful films that are currently being offered the American moviegoer. No matter how hip the dialogue or how smart the settings, they seem to be rooted in a concept of entertainment that is not only past but *passé*. So long as this concept continues, it is almost pointless to speak about American films either as art or, for that matter, entertainment. The essence of both is freshness, challenge. Ironically, without these qualities, the commercial values tend to disappear as well. Movies that look backward to themes and approaches that have been successful in the past generally prove disappointingly familiar to their audiences and hence disappointing financially to their producers. Some, depending on budget, become major disasters.

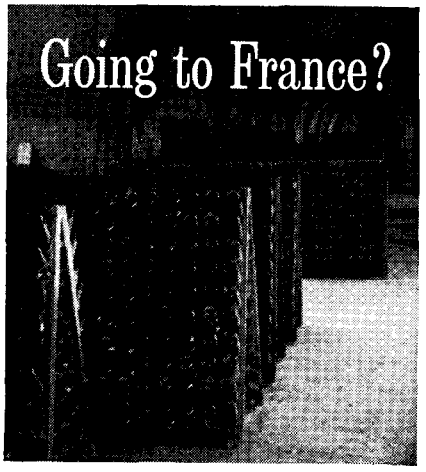
No fact-finding committee would be long detained in detecting the pitfalls in Frank Sinatra's production of *Robin and the 7 Hoods*, for example. Sinatra, surrounded by such pack members in good standing as Dean Martin, Sammy Davis, Jr., Bing Crosby, and Hank Henry, has clearly reached the point where he feels it is sufficient merely to grace the screen with these presences and the audience will swoon out of gratitude. But relaxation is one thing when it is a style of performance and quite another when it is an approach to picture-making. As this protracted spoof of the gangster era pushes on past the two-hour mark, the effect is less one of relaxation than of sheer lassitude. Scenes slip by without the accents and emphases that might sharpen a gag idea into real humor. Lines are tossed off with bland disregard for relevance or intelligibility. And sequences are often haphazardly inserted, apparently on the assumption that they might be "fun."

While there is every possibility that making *Robin and the 7 Hoods* might have been fun for Sinatra and his friends, precious little of it is transmitted to the audience. The deliberately arch script abounds with names like Robbo, Guy Gisborne, Little John, and Allen A. Dale as it vainly seeks a parallel between Chicago in 1928 and the days of Sherwood Forest. (But not too close a parallel: The arch-villain is made to be Maid Marian, valiantly played by Barbara Rush.) In halfhearted justification of the title, however, Robbo (Sinatra) is translated into a local Robin Hood when he turns over some of his ill-gotten gains to a Chicago orphanage, which also gives Crosby the excuse to croon one of his sentimental, inspirational, *Going My Way*-type ballads. For the rest, the merry pranks center about ways and means of dispatching rival gangsters and recalcitrant constabulary—plus one somewhat cumbersome sight gag when a gambling hall is transformed into a revival meeting during a police raid. As humor, it wears rather thin, and the languid stars do nothing to enliven it.

But even more tired than the stars is their material. The script seems to have sprung full-blown from the title and developed along the line of least resistance. It makes no comment upon the era it depicts that has not been made a hundred times before, generally more incisively. That the police and politicians of Chicago were eminently corruptible will surprise no one, and gangsters have so often been presented as amusingly childlike creatures with pure gold in their larcenous hearts that we almost believe the cliché. Even the speakeasy songs and dances have lost their charm through overexposure. To find all of these elements pasted together haphazardly in one script, with merely minor matters of detail to differentiate them from all that has gone before, is to realize how disarmingly dangerous the familiar can become. Where there is no excitement in creation, there can be little in viewing. Where there is no urgent sense of revelation on the part of the film maker, there can be no thrill of discovery on the part of the audience. The old-guard studio people—and it comes as something of a shock to realize that now Frank Sinatra must be included in that number—still like to say that messages are for Western Union, that they are in the business of turning out entertainment. The only difficulty is that when entertainment becomes purely business, it generally ceases to entertain.

Where *Robin and the 7 Hoods* banks on its all-star cast to hold the customers, *Never Put It in Writing* reverts to that most fundamental of all film forms, the chase—and still nothing happens. Pat Boone, implausibly working in Ireland for a British firm (insurance, I think), puts a letter of resignation in the mails, which he soon regrets. The film spins out his efforts to retrieve it, abetted by numerous Abbey players. One can only hope that the Dubliners used their money to mount a new production.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.



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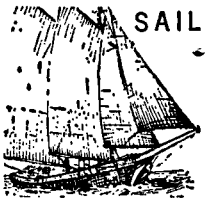

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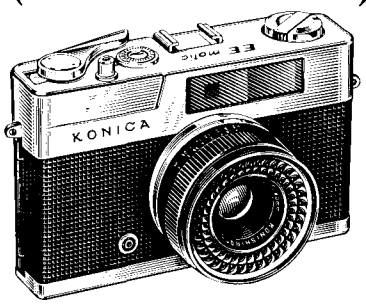

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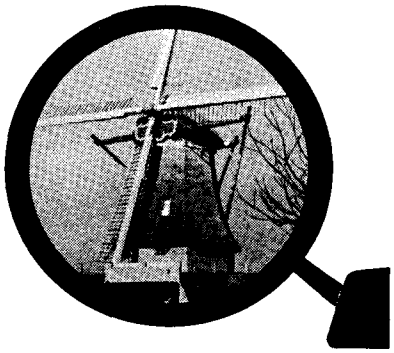

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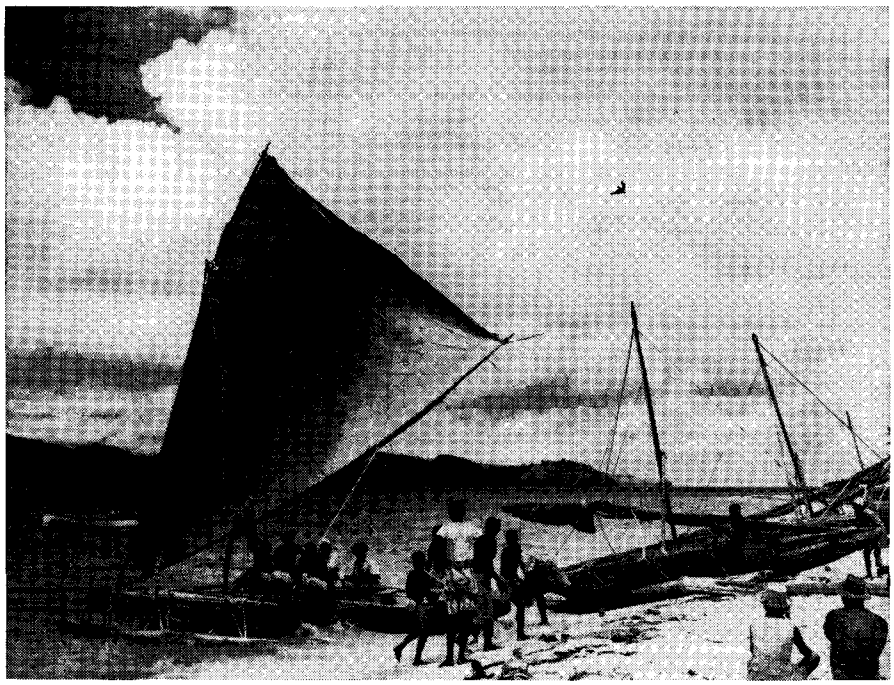
The British in Capricorn

IN the dead of midnight the jets boom south out of Honolulu bound for Sydney. If they are Australian they will take the inside route via Fiji. If they are American they will vary their routings once each week to take the outside line by way of Samoa. The Samoans, who have a jet runway and a new airport, consider this something of a victory over Fiji, which used to get all the traffic and has long been considered the roundhouse of aircraft plying the South Pacific.

It takes six hours to fly south from Honolulu to Fiji, and four hours to fly north to Fiji from Australia. Even if the distances are a little longer, Fiji has many of the aspects of a Caribbean vacation isle in the making. It has fields of sugar cane, a combination of native cultures, and a few hotels and resorts. If anything, it reminds me of almost any island in the West Indies in the mid-Forties, full of ideas, possibilities, potentialities, and weather. The travel times from its nearest centers of population are hardly different from the schedules required by the piston planes that flew to Puerto Rico, Jamaica, and Barbados from New York and Miami.

Like those West Indian redoubts of the old days, Fiji has some problems. For one thing, its airport is probably farther from town than any terminal in the world. The jets land at Nadi (pronounced *Nandi*), while Suva, the capital, is on the opposite side of the island 138 miles distant, an hour away by air and seven hours on the winding dirt roads by car.

In the old piston days, a night in Nadi was a night in a steamy nightmare, for the hotels were humid, buggy, and miserable. Things have improved with the arrival of the jets and the building of Nadi's jet terminal, a facility that was in operation long before the new airport was opened in Honolulu. As for Sydney, it still hasn't come up with an air station to match the age. Nadi's tropical flophouse has been replaced by the Mocambo, which, while not exactly a replica of Round Hill, Jamaica, still has air-conditioned rooms, a swimming pool, a hairdresser and barber, and a program to keep its guests, should they be grounded there, free of ennui. There are cruises over the reefs of Nadi Bay, a nine-hole golf course nearby where one can play in the shadow of the glowering mountains, excursions by car into the Nausori Highlands, and a ride on the world's only free train. The train, whose principal mission is to carry sugar, runs a twice-a-week schedule through the neighboring cane fields, skirting sandy, coral-crested bays and



—*Stinsons.*

Fiji—"Full of ideas, possibilities, potentialities, and weather."

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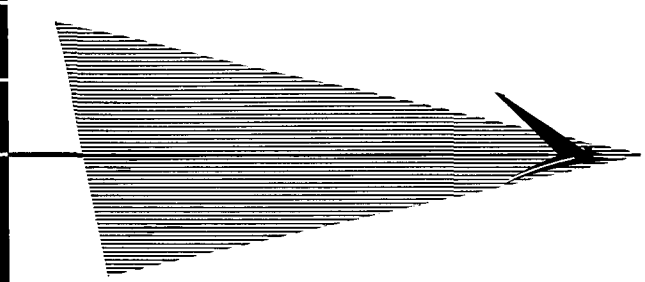

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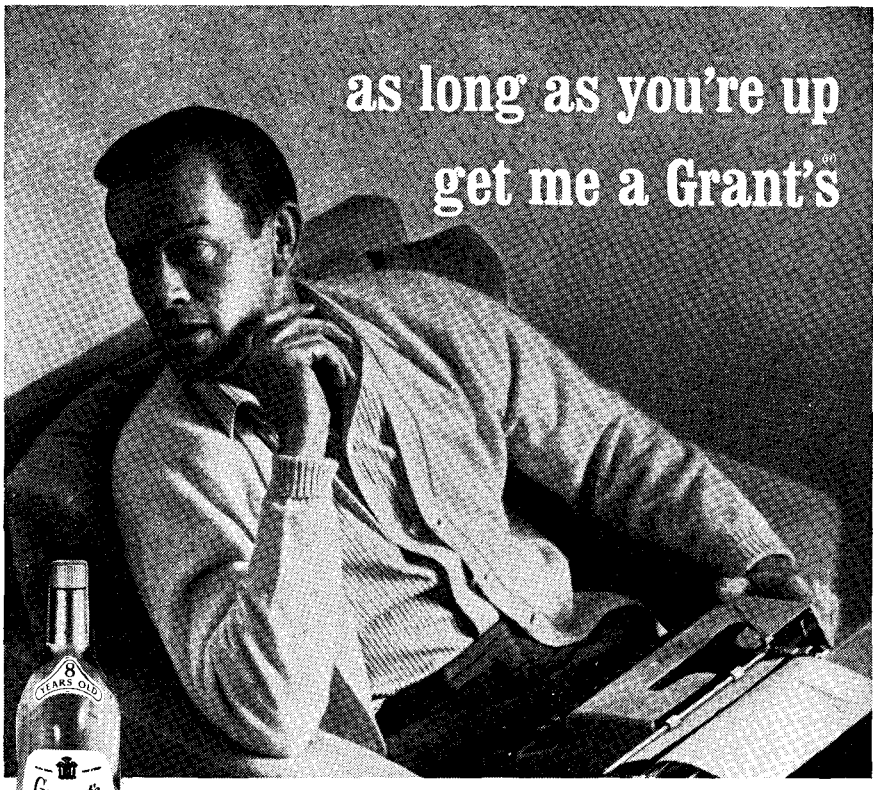
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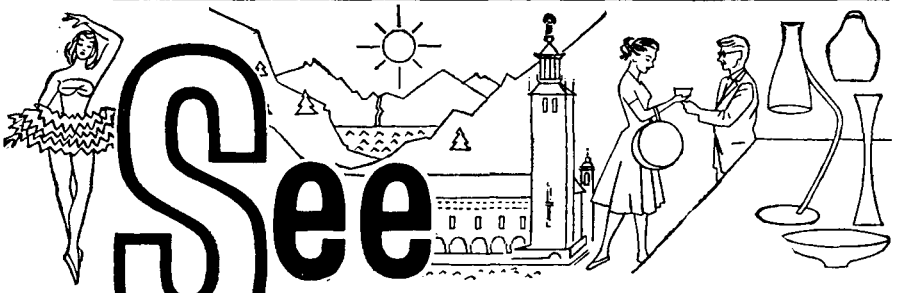

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running through the center of villages. Since a day spent on the cane train is not exactly a day spent on the Super-chief, most visitors arrange to have a taxi pick them up at a specified cross-roads for the trip back to the Mocambo or the Skylodge, another motel near the apron of the airport.

Aside from shopping forays into the Indian bazaars, Lautoka is visited by excursionists who have contracted for a cruise aboard the *Stardust*, a 112-foot motor yacht that glides off to the outer islands on three-day cruises every Sunday and Wednesday. The *Stardust* carries two twin-berth cabins with share bath, two twin berths with adjoining bath, a double-berth cabin with adjoining bath, and a de luxe cabin with twin beds and its own bath. The rates vary from twenty-four to forty pounds (the Fiji exchange rate, like the English, is $2.82 to the pound). The fare includes all meals, morning and afternoon teas, trolling, fishing, waterskiing, spear fishing, shell collecting, swimming, and fraternizing with the natives.

For its resort life Fiji has been depending largely on floating hotels like the *Stardust*, and its mid-island resort called Korolevu, which is spread along a Pacific beach approximately halfway between Nadi airport and Suva. In the sophisticated resort center of Hawaii, Korolevu would be overlooked, but here in the depths of the South Pacific it is an immense success and rooms are extremely hard to book. Its beach is lovely to look at, but the swimming is only fair, for the coral outcroppings have not been cleaned out, and bathers must seek out a rock-free channel. The bures or cottages come in two types, new and ancient, and if you draw the early model you'll find the furnishings are seedy, the plumbing primitive, and mosquitos relentless. Screens are installed on the windows of the bures, but not on the baths, so that a bug with a well-drawn battle plan knows by now how to enter the premises without bashing its head on a wire screen. Once inside, there is little to impede his attack except the netting strung over each bed, and hopefully, a protective film of oily insect repellent sprayed on the skin. The repellent is not totally effective against the mosquitos of the South Pacific, but if you use enough of it they lose their footing and become too perplexed to sting.

Saturday nights Korolevu puts on a classic affair that affords the tourist about as legitimate a view of the native ceremony as he is ever likely to see. A troupe of warriors in grass skirts and beads enters the hotel grounds and, following the traditional rules for the occasion, mixes *kava*, the welcoming drink, in a large wooden *kava* bowl. A guest, selected from the roster that

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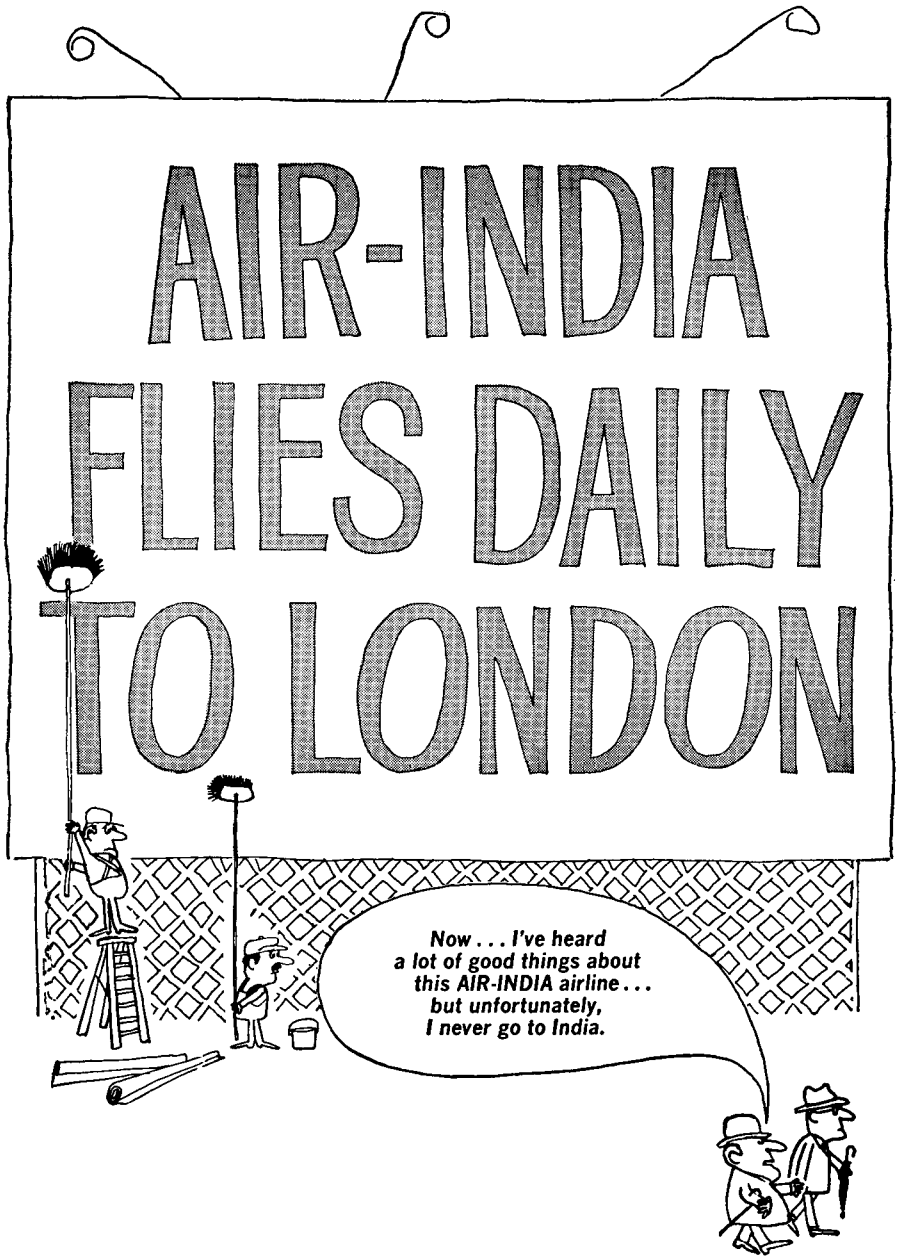
night, is chosen and, standing in as a representative of all the customers, is seated in a kingly chair. He must take the *kava*, made from water mixed with the root of the pepper bush, and drink it as if it were a chocolate soda. While the appearance is not too appetizing—it looks like yesterday's dishwater—the effect is numbing and even tranquilizing.

After the *kava* ceremony the native troupe embarks on a wild dance full of war whoops and charges at the audience with spears poised for flight. For anyone who recalls that it is only eighty-five years since the Fijians ceased practicing cannibalism, there may be some disquieting moments. Those in the front row will find themselves with the spearhead advancing straight at their noses.

With the development of other South Sea islands, some visionaries predict an eventual network of hotels and resorts for island hoppers, a sport long popular in the Caribbean and the Bahamas. While the distances are somewhat more extended, the jets and the coming supersonics will make it altogether possible to include swings through Samoa, Tahiti, Tonga, and Fiji. A group of Pan American Airways pilots, with interests in the Mocambo, are pushing for a first-class resort in Fiji, one that would be preferred by anyone with enough solvency to permit a swing through the deep South Seas in the first place.

Yanuca Island, forty-four miles from the airport at Nadi, has been chosen for Fiji's new upholstered playground. The island, just 100 yards offshore, has a half-mile-long beach and reposes in a dreamy palmy setting, about an hour and a quarter's drive from the airport. It will have 108 rooms in three-deck, thatched-roof Fiji-styled barracks as well as a number of cottages strung out along the beach. A swimming pool, nine-hole golf course, and a dock for your yacht are all part of the million-dollar project which is high-flying even for pilots of the jet age. If all goes well—and there is no precedence in these latitudes that it will—Yanuca Island will be open in eighteen months.

There is hardly any town in the



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South Pacific that I've invaded which has more individual color than Suva, where much of the architecture is still old, British colonial, and suitably fusty. The policemen direct traffic wearing white skirts with sawtooth hems, and the streets are a swirl of Indians in saris, Sikhs in turbans, and Fijians in *sulus*. The market place is a maze of edibles—at least they are edible for the residents—of fanciful shapes and colors: swamp lobsters from the mangrove islands; taro with the stalk still left on (the leaves are cooked in coconut milk, the stem is dipped in boiling water and eaten with pepper and lemon, and the taro itself is pounded and mixed with coconut milk, sweetened and wrapped in taro leaf); oysters, mussels, king crab, and prawns. Most fish is brought in by fishermen from the Gilbert Islands. It must pass inspection so that no poisonous fish can find its way to the market.

Some stalls at the open market display shells, trinkets, and magnificent carved boats, but Fridays and Saturdays these goods are forbidden to be displayed and all the space is given over to foodstuffs. Murray Matthews in the Victoria arcade has trochus shells fashioned into bracelets that gleam like pearl, tabletops of shells inlaid in plaster of Paris, rings of Fiji gold that shines like copper inlaid with stones of Fiji jasper, and black-lipped mela-mela shells for use, as the colonials put it, for a "side salad."

Probably the best place to eat in Suva is the New Club Hotel, an inn for businessmen in the center of the city. The day I stopped by they were serving undercut steak with pineapple and spinach in *lolo*, fried filet of *ogo* (barracuda), and banana fritters. It has two dozen rooms, adequate, clean, and undistinguished, and a Sunset Lounge on the roof. Prices start at $5.35 for the smallest single and rise to $14.35 for the lone suite. All rooms have private bath. To live in the grand colonial manner one must book rooms at the Grand Pacific Hotel, an enormous old structure looking over the cricket pitch on one side and an inlet on the other. Some of the dash of the Hawaiian Islands has at last rubbed off down here, and the doorman, a Fijian of extended girth and ready smile, is now greeting arriving guests with thick paper leis, a drink of *kava*, and an expression of *ni sa bula vinaka*, which means *big hello*. In pursuit of Fiji's new adopted image, the doorman has had calling cards printed giving his name, Nacanieli Vunibela, and his title *commissionnaire*.

Up behind Albert Park, where Kingsford Smith landed his plane in 1928, a small museum maintains relics of Fijian history—stones used to bash offending citizens, cannibal forks that were invented so that the king's feeder, who was unworthy to touch the flesh, could feed the king, who was not supposed to feed himself. The cases contain the clubs of Ratu Cakobau, the white-bearded monarch who was king when the islands were ceded to Great Britain; part of the uniform worn by Lieutenant Elwyn of *HMS Pearl* on Cession Day in 1874; and the whale tooth proffered as a peace offering following a native rebellion in 1894.

The Fijians are said to trace their origins to Asia Minor, perhaps to Egypt or Ethiopia. The islands were sighted by Abel Tasman in 1643, and more than a hundred years later Captain Cook dropped anchor at one of its isolated islands. But it was Captain Bligh, so recently given so notorious a place in history by MGM, who provided the first detailed report of the islands when he sailed through the group shortly after the *Bounty* mutiny. The first trading was done in sandalwood with Batavia, India, China, and Manila, and the islands became popular with sailing ships of all nations. The frizzy-haired Melanesians were the sole inhabitants then, but by the late 1800s the British commissioners began to import Indians to work in the sugar fields. The Indians migrated up to 1916, and, having multiplied at a merry clip, now outnumber the Melanesians. The islands are still a favorite trading ground, especially for the planes of all nations, but the trading—now that the sandalwood market is no longer important—has turned to sugar and, as it must in all lands, to tourists.

—Horace Sutton.

—*Pan American.*

For the tourists: "Ni sa bula vinaka."

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Bellini's *Capuletti*—ANTA Theater

AS SHAKESPEARE did not say: "Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou, Giulietta?" When the work is Bellini's *I Capuletti e i Montecchi* and the performer is Giulietta Simionato, even this paradox is possible. For it is the premise of the artistry in Bellini's reconstruction of the ancient tale that if his vocal line is fulfilled, credibility may even go to a "male" performer attired in green evening sheath, with emerald pendant and properly contrasting elbow-length gloves.

For Simionato, making her only appearances of the winter in New York, this reprise by the American Opera Society in Carnegie Hall of an enterprise it had sponsored in its 1958-59 season was a good deed doubled. It permitted this remarkably adept mezzo not only to demonstrate that another six years have not diminished her ability to fulfill Bellini's premise as well as his vocal line —once the early vocal fog had lifted and the warm glow of sound had broken through—but also to set a standard to which few known singers of Giulietta could conform.

In Mary Costa, however, Allen Sven Oxenburg, director of the Society, had perceived a soprano whose abilities encompass something more than the Violetta she had sung at the Metropolitan last winter. Her entrance romanza ("Oh! quante volte, oh quante") established that Miss Costa has both the flexibility of voice and the suitability of style to justify her presence next to Simionato. Her command is not yet total in either respect, and some top tones were on the edge of accuracy, but Miss Costa made musical meaning always, even when the technique faltered.

Comparatively, *I Capuletti e i Montecchi* lacks the characterization that Bellini achieved in his best work, but it contains much that is unique in the flow, ripple, and dip, the arc, bend, and propulsion of his melodic cascades. Lamberto Gardelli, Italian-born director of the Budapest Opera, made his New York conducting debut something to remember for the sense he applied to the total problem, for which Raymond Michalski as Capellio was the best ally to the leading ladies. Ron Bottcher was a creditable Lorenzo and André Montal showed a tenor voice of promising quality as Tebaldo.Miss Simionato was received with the acclaim due her past achievements, but Miss Costa's future was not ignored, either.

One concert in a hall not built for the purpose may not suggest anything of significance, but the exposure of the ANTA Theater in Washington Square (where the Repertory Company of Lincoln Center is currently performing) to a musical usage was consequential in itself. Without the addition of baffles or shell to the thrust stage used for drama, the chamber orchestra directed by Alexander Schneider was all naturalness and clarity. Given some such aid to project the sound toward the 1,100 seats in the semicircular amphitheater, it is probable that bass would be strengthened and treble amended to make the results unfailingly agreeable.

Constructed within an excavation scooped out of the site rather than built up above ground level, the ANTA Theater clearly combines versatility with economy. Doubtless a permanent structure would cost substantially more than the $543,000 this temporary one did (land cost excluded), but it points a way worth investigating for communities with a theater-concert hall problem. Musically, Schneider's group made a generally happy experience of its Haydn, Mozart, and Vivaldi. However, Schneider's choice to direct from a sitting-standing position in front of the orchestra combines the distractions of a conductor with the disadvantages of a concertmaster-led ensemble.

For its first novelty in the New York State Theater, the New York City Ballet scarcely deviated from the expectable in presenting a work by its director, George Balanchine. It did not, however, exploit much of the possibility inherent in its new home in this small-scaled venture, in which color was confined almost wholly to the costuming (basically leotards).

The action takes its character from the score by Morton Gould titled *Deviations for Clarinet and Jazz Band*, here retitled *Clarinade*. As the work is itself synthetic (rather than a synthesis of American jazz materials and the concerto-grosso manner), the choreography tends to be likewise. It makes ingenious use of postures and movements derived from jazz dancing, but it strikes me as constructed rather than composed, with not much natural flow or real exuberance. Arthur Mitchell and Gloria Govrin, Suzanne Farrell and Anthony Blum were the soloists. Benny Goodman was the confident clarinetist in the part composed for him, but Robert Irving's musical direction was more than a little square.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

Janacek

ALTHOUGH Leos Janacek's *Katya Kabanova* was first performed back in 1921 and is generally considered among the best of post-Romantic operas, the English-speaking world has been slow to accept it. London first saw *Katya* in 1951 at Sadler's Wells, and the U.S. premiere occurred just a few summers ago at the Empire State Music Festival. When the first New York performance finally took place on May 1, the locale was not the Metropolitan, or even the City Center, but the Juilliard School of Music.

In *Katya*'s case, our tardy recognition is partially justified by the language barrier. Performing in the original Czech is hardly practical, yet Janacek relied on the peculiar rhythmic patterns and inflections of his native language as have few composers before or since. In fact, the most striking originality of *Katya* lies in its quasi-conversational vocal lines. There are some snatches of folk-melody in the music of the comic characters, but whatever melodic expansion the score contains is alloted to the orchestra. Because a translation—no matter how good—can only convey the literal meaning of foreign words, not their sounds or implications, the total impact of *Katya* must remain obscure for non-Czech audiences.

This should not imply, however, that Janacek is non-exportable. One cannot help but admire the craftsmanship of his orchestration, the subtlety of his rhythmic control, the dramatic orientation of his harmonic vocabulary. In *Katya* he has vitalized Ostrovsky's story of guilt and expiation (*The Storm*) with remarkably sure, economic strokes. Still, the opera falls short of the effect one expects. Even making allowances for the translation problem, the end result seems fragmentary. One longs for the climax that never comes—a gesture to unite all the brilliant details that seemed to be appetizers but turn out to be the meal.

The fault was not Juilliard's. Conductor Frederic Waldman may not have been able to sustain tension throughout the evening, but his student orchestra followed him with arresting mellowness of tone and comparable sensitivity of nuance. Outstanding among the young singers was Lorna Haywood in the title role, a real dramatic soprano (!), and Marilyn Zschau as Barbara, a singing-actress already well versed in the soubrette tradition. The only serious casting weakness involved mezzo Bonnie Godfrey, who—quite understandably—lacked the resources to make the mean old woman Marfa a dominating force. Ming Cho Lee's sets and Christopher West's direction proved effective in a needlessly conventional way.

—MARTIN BERNHEIMER.

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TV AND RADIO

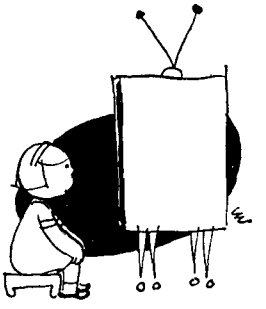
A Church Looks at Television

JIM CROW in American television and radio has been challenged on two fronts recently by the Reverend Dr. Everett C. Parker, director of the Office of Communication of the United Church of Christ, a body that numbers 2,057,000 members. On April 15 he filed a petition with the Federal Communications Commission asking that the regulatory agency deny applications for license renewal to two television stations in Jackson, Mississippi. Dr. Parker alleged that WLBT and WJTV had failed to serve the public interest, chiefly because of their discrimination against Jackson's Negro population, estimated at 40 per cent of the stations' viewers. Two weeks later Dr. Parker called on LeRoy Collins, president of the National Association of Broadcasters, and requested, on behalf of his denomination, that the NAB urge on all its members the following six-point policy: 1) impartial treatment of news events concerning civil rights and race relations, with adequate representation of Negro viewpoints; 2) adequate coverage of the Negro community and activities, including efforts to win civil rights; 3) reference to Negroes by the titles of Mr., Mrs., etc.; 4) adequate coverage of Negro religious affairs; 5) adequate participation by Negroes in local public affairs, discussion, educational, and entertainment programs; and 6) presentation of children's educational programs on race relations.

The six points urged on the NAB reflect the alleged failures of the Jackson television stations cited in Dr. Parker's petition. They were developed after the program schedules of WLBT and WJTV were monitored for a week in March by a research team of two social scientists and twenty-eight white people. The monitors worked anonymously and made tape recordings of audio portions of many programs. Governor Collins, in a friendly meeting with Dr. Parker, didn't quarrel with the six points, agreeing that they were reasonable concerns. The FCC has, in fact, been investigating the performance of Mississippi stations in their news coverage of the registration of James Meredith at the state university in 1962, although that investigation deals with alleged specific violations of the commission's fairness doctrine governing the presentation of controversial issues. The United Church of Christ petition is the first across-the-board attack on all aspects of a licensee's programing involving a substantial community minority, as well as the first formal petition by a public group not on behalf of its own interests.

Jim Crow is a way of life in broadcasting, in the North as well as the South. The entire industry will watch with serious concern the effect of Dr. Parker's two-front challenge. Although the networks have of late made efforts to improve civil rights practices in broadcasting by giving Negroes representative treatment as citizens and employees, local stations generally—and particularly in the South—have made no significant moves in that direction.

WLBT and WJTV will contest the petition before the FCC while continuing to operate under their present licenses, which expire June 1. Judgment of the matter by the commission is a subtle and difficult proposition. First the allegations must be proved. Then the commission, should it enter the case, must weigh the question of censorship. After that, it must decide how to rule. The classic argument of the defense is that the situation is typical—



why pick on us? If it accepts that argument, the FCC may deliver a "bad boy" lecture to the stations but renew their licenses. The commission sometimes follows a "worst offenders" theory, which works to a degree. It singles out extreme cases, holds public hearings, and eventually revokes a license or two, hoping to bring about improvement through example.

If the FCC decides that this is not the kind of case the government ought to get into, it may prod the National Association of Broadcasters to attempt self-regulation in a sensitive area not easily responsive to a rational approach. Whatever the outcome, the issue has at long last been raised forthrightly and placed before the conscience of the commission and the broadcasters.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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Books

16 Checklist of the Week's New Books
37 Literary Horizons: Ford Madox Ford, by Carol Ohmann
38 The Story of a Life, by Konstantin Paustovsky
40 The New Writing in Russia, translated by Thomas P. Whitney; Pages from Tarusa, edited by Andrew Field; Russian Literature Since the Revolution, by Edward J. Brown
41 The Bay of Pigs, by Haynes Johnson
42 Crisis in Black and White, by Charles E. Silberman
43 Hod-Carrier, by Gerald W. Johnson
43 Fire-Bell in the Night, by Oscar Handlin
44 The Night Watchman, by Simonne Jacquemard
45 The Late Mattia Pascal, by Luigi Pirandello
45 Miss Leonora When Last Seen and Fifteen Other Stories, by Peter Taylor
46 The Sun's Attendant, by Charles Haldeman. Collected Short Stories, by Robert Graves
47 King Edward the Seventh, by Philip Magnus
48 Bosie, by Rupert Croft-Cooke
49 Mussolini, by Ivone Kirkpatrick
53 Books for Young People, by Alice Dalgliesh

LITERARY HORIZONS

No Place to Go After the Parade

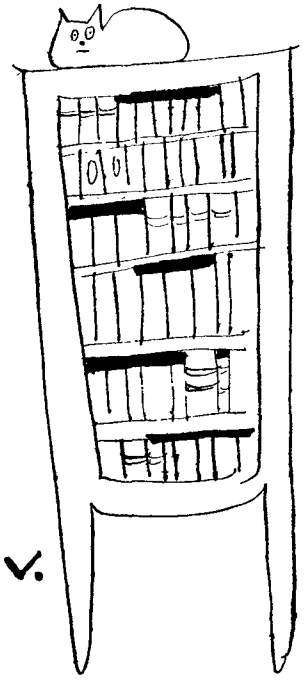
IN HIS autobiographical volume, *A Moveable Feast,* as I pointed out last week, Ernest Hemingway makes some nasty comments about Ford Madox Ford. He was by no means the first to take a crack at Ford, who seems to have had a remarkable gift for rubbing people—not all people, but most people—the wrong way. He was bumptious and boastful, constantly talking about the great writers who had been privileged to know him, gracefully acknowledging eminence in a number of fields, not caring in the least if one story he told contradicted another.

Yet history will forgive an author a lot if he writes just one good book, and Ford wrote two, along with some seventy-five others not so good. In 1930 I published an article called "Ford Madox Ford: A Neglected Contemporary." Ford continued to be neglected, rather sadly so, up to his death in 1939. But his reputation has refused to give up the ghost. A new edition of his best novel, *The Good Soldier*, appeared in 1951, with an introduction by Mark Schorer. The Tietjens tetralogy—*Some Do Not, A Man Could Stand Up, No More Parades,* and *The Last Post*—had been brought out the year before in a single volume under the title *Parade's End*, with an introduction by Robie Macauley. Last fall three early and considerably lesser novels about Tudor England were published under the collective title *The Fifth Queen*, and this time Graham Greene furnished the introduction.

Meantime more and more has been written about Ford. So far as I know there is no adequate biography, but there are several memoirs by persons who knew him. As for critical studies, they have been numerous, the latest being *Ford Madox Ford: From Apprentice to Craftsman,* by Carol Ohmann (Wesleyan University Press, $6).

In a dedicatory letter he wrote for the 1927 edition of *The Good Soldier* (originally published in 1915), Ford stated:

> Until I sat down to write this book—on the 17th December, 1913—I had never attempted to extend myself—to use a phrase of race-horse training. Partly because I had always entertained very fixedly the idea that—whatever may be the case with other writers—I at least should not be able to write a novel by which I should care to stand before reaching the age of forty; partly because I very definitely did not want to come into competition with other writers whose claim or whose need for recognition and what recognitions bring were greater than my own. I had never really tried to put into any novel of mine *all* that I knew about writing. . . .
>
> So, on the day I was forty I sat down to show what I could do—and *The Good Soldier* resulted. I fully intended it to be my last book.



Critics have tended to take this characteristically pompous passage at face value, and, indeed, it is true that *The Good Soldier* stands at a great distance above everything Ford had previously written. But, as Mrs. Ohmann makes clear, Ford was not so light-hearted about his early works—which were many—as he liked to believe. Some were obvious potboilers, but in others he extended himself as far as he could. Moreover, she shows that in the early novels he introduced the themes that were to be fully developed in his major works. Summing up a score of novels, from *The Shifting of the Fire* to *The Call*, she states:

> Whatever their outward differences, Ford's protagonists are fundamentally alike in motivation. The diffident hero is insecure. He is ridden by guilt and

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shame. Though his loyalty to his code of honor is not insincere—he believes his code is morally good—his ethical values serve to excuse his timidity, his fear of engaging in experience. And his psyche is in certain ways repeated in the second variation of Ford's "story." There Ford *externalizes* guilt and shame. He presents a brave hero who is not, at least initially, afraid of what he has done or may yet do. But people attribute shameful motives to him, bear false witness against him, sometimes put him literally on trial for his life. Both heroes are therefore victims —the first of his own guilty conscience, the second of a malevolent society—and both seek either to maintain or to establish their innocence. For they are, finally, egoists who would be quite above reproach. They demand of themselves a pattern of conduct that will not only make them superior to ordinary men, but raise them above the very limitations of human nature.

Every reader of *The Good Soldier* will recognize that Mrs. Ohmann's generalization applies to that book as well as to its predecessors. Her analysis of the novel is careful, and she shows a full appreciation of its high quality. She writes, "*The Good Soldier* rests, I think, on a severe and wonderful achievement of self-criticism." Ford had at last come to terms with "his great theme of romantic idealism."

The tetralogy, *Parade's End*, is, as Mrs. Ohmann points out, larger in scope than *The Good Soldier*, presenting a picture of English upper-class life immediately before, during, and immediately after World War I. At heart, however, it deals with the familiar themes, Christopher Tietjens being the most perfectly realized embodiment of the Ford hero. After *Parade's End* Ford wrote little enough that deserves comment.

The question one feels compelled to ask is how it happened that, after so long and undistinguished an apprenticeship, Ford was able to produce two works that belong somewhere near the top of twentieth-century British fiction, and then lapsed into mediocrity. Mrs. Ohmann pays little attention to the question; she limits herself to the literary record. She does say that "in the novels and memoirs alike, we would seem to have the reflection of Ford's own preoccupations and needs." But then she quickly points out the dangers of mixing biography and criticism, and goes her way. That is her right, and I am not blaming her for not having written another sort of book. On the other hand, I believe that another sort of book is needed, one that will examine the mystery of Ford Madox Ford as a way of studying the great mystery of the creative process. —GRANVILLE HICKS.

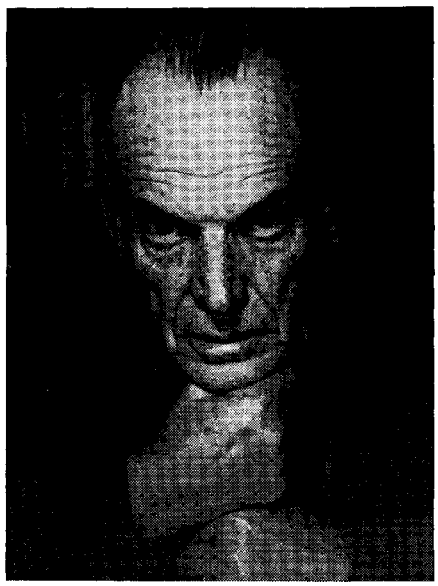
Conscience of the Thaw

By PETER VIERECK

KONSTANTIN PAUSTOVSKY, author of *The Story of a Life* (translated from the Russian by Joseph Barnes; Pantheon, $10), is the writer most respected in Russia by intellectuals as well as the general reader. In America, where such audiences would divide incompatibly between highbrow and middlebrow, only Frost has equally bridged this gap. Born in Moscow in 1892 and now in his seventies, Paustovsky has also written such prose masterpieces as *Story of the Woods*, 1948; *Birth of a Sea*, 1952; and that strong and beautiful artist-credo, *The Golden Rose*, where he warns his materialist colleagues: "When imagination is dead, man will cease to be man." The *Golden Rose* chapters re-evoking Bunin, Blok, and Olesha occur in the Soviet anthology *Pages from Tarusa* [see page 40]. Soviet bureaucracy tried to stop this sensitive anthology of the "thaw" writers, but Paustovsky saved them from reprisal by personally backing the book with his moral prestige as an uncorrupted, anti-Stalinist, socialist idealist. And such typical episodes lead us, as necessary background for *Story of a Life*, to his crucial role in the post-Stalin thaw in Soviet letters.

The thaw has at least five facets. The older-generation Westernizers were its intellectual catalyst, men such as Katayev and Ehrenburg, whose novel of 1954 gave "the thaw" its name. The younger-generation poetry readings were its emotional catalyst, notably the public readings of Voznesensky, Rozhdestvensky, Akhmadullina, and Yevtushenko. Its publisher and protector continues to be Tvardovsky, editor of *Novy Mir*, who is a highly-placed though independent-minded Party-man and friend of Khrushchev. Its fictional facet is represented by the daring and diverse novelists Kazakov, Nekrasov, Solzhenitsyn, and Dudintsev, mostly published in *Novy Mir*. The fifth facet is Paustovsky "single-handed," the unique moral catalyst of the thaw. During my 1963 revisiting of the Soviet literary world I found it still inspired by his Moscow Writers Union speech of October 22, 1956. Though never published by the government-controlled press, this warning against the neo-Stalinist "Drozdov" type—which derives from the name of a character in Dudintsev's *Not By Bread Alone*—electrified the whole Soviet intelligentsia. Here are key excerpts from this now-classic text:

> This is a new group of acquisitive carnivores . . . cynics who . . . openly carried on anti-Semitic talk of a kind worthy of pogrom-makers. . . . They are the result of the Cult of Personality . . . from 1937 on. They have survived until today. . . . Their weapons are betrayal, calumny, moral assassination, and just plain assassination. If these Drozdovs had not existed, our country would still have such great men as Meyerhold, Babel, Artyom, Vesyoly and many others. . . . They were destroyed to preserve the stinking well-being of these Drozdovs. We cannot imagine what infinite number of talents, minds, and remarkable men have disappeared. . . . If these men were still living, our culture would be in full



—*Philippe Halsman.*

Konstantin Paustovsky—"a wisdom of tragic insight and of hard-earned integrity."

Peter Viereck's two most recent prose books are *Conservatism Revisited and the New Conservatism: What Went Wrong*, a new Collier paperback edition attacking Senator Barry Goldwater and the radical right, and *The Unadjusted Man: A New Hero for Americans*, a Putnam Capricorn paperback. Dr. Viereck's verse books include *The First Morning* (Scribners). He has won a Pulitzer Prize for verse and is now writing a book about his experiences as cultural-exchange poet in the Soviet Union, Poland, Rumania, and Yugoslavia.

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> bloom. . . . We must fight this battle to the end. This is only the beginning!

At the above concluding words the Moscow Writers Union burst into unsuppressible applause: not for Western-style anti-communist motives but in the hope of somehow purifying their shared communist experiment. And now this personified conscience of the thaw has had the first volume of his memoirs at last made available in translation to the American reader. First of all, Paustovsky's *Story of a Life* is a literary masterpiece, aside from the ethical and political controversies he engendered. So it may be just as well that this initial volume in English (more volumes of the memoirs have appeared in Russian) stops with the start of the Revolution. That fact makes it easier for the American reader to see the book's purely esthetic, nonpolitical excellences: simple dignity of style, rightness of metaphor, magic casements of evocation.

But the word "evocation" again leads us (despite those *l'art pour l'art* intentions that are so hard for a reviewer to maintain in any Soviet context) from pure literature to social history. For it is the social history of pre-1914 and of the First World War that the memoirs "evoke": not, to be sure, in any narrow political or ideological sense but in the sense of a deepened human understanding. *Story of a Life* tells us not only of Paustovsky's own life but that of his fascinating ancestors: Cossack hetmans of the Ukraine, Russians, Poles, Turks. He has lived long in Kiev as well as in Moscow, but seems to feel himself primarily Russian in culture.

There is much of the mellow sage in these memoirs. But they are no polly-anna idyl; there is much unmellow mirroring of agony and evil. For example, the terse account of the death of the informer Pan Kturenda, who tried to halt two Bolsheviks fleeing from the White Guards of Petliura, the nationalist dictator of the Ukraine: "His death was as stupid as his life . . . the meaningless end . . . typical of what was going on in Kiev, petty and mean like some bad and disorderly but occasionally tragic vaudeville." This is not the cracker-barrel blandness of some professional sage, as so often in America's ghost-written memoirs, but a wisdom of tragic insight and of hard-earned integrity. Moving episodes include the death of his own father as well as the impact of the death of Tolstoy, treated as a symbolic father of Russian literature (compare Pasternak's longer description of the death of Tolstoy in Pasternak's own memoirs). Here are other notable vignettes: a nostalgic picture of the old cosmopolitan Odessa, the pious Polish Catholicism of Lublin, the disintegration of czardom in World War I, the occupation of the Ukraine by German troops and then by White Guards, and the pogroms perpetrated by some of the latter.

In view of the current world spotlight on the unofficial Soviet anti-Semitism, it must be especially valuable for young Soviet readers to experience here the harrowing Paustovsky account of the pogroms he witnessed fifty-five years ago. That report supplies some needed historical background for the currently headlined textbook of anti-Semitism, T. Kichko's *Judaism Without Embellishment*, published in late 1963 by the Ukrainian Academy of Sciences and first approved by the Soviet government in Moscow and then (only after world protest) disapproved.

Soviet governmental anti-Semitism today is not so much a Nazi-style racist mania (Russians have never been so primitive as to claim racial "purity") as a demagogic economic anti-Semitism, punishing Jews disproportionately as scapegoats for economic malfunction. It is, further, a cultural anti-Semitism, anti-cosmopolitan as much as anti-Zionist. No other religion is so cruelly restricted. Though nation-wide, today its high point of death sentences for economic "crimes" is in the Ukraine, the high point of pogroms half a century ago.

What has all this to do with Paustovsky? His present book, attacking right-wing pogroms, and his above-quoted Drozdov speech, attacking Soviet neo-Stalinist anti-Semites, combine to show his preoccupation with this problem. Already long before the Revolution his family had made a point of hiding Jews during czarist pogroms. Like young Yevtushenko (with his Babi Yar poem) and middle-aged Nekrasov, the septuagenarian Paustovsky reminds us that these best non-Jewish writers of the Soviet Union are particularly concerned with fighting this prejudice today, a prejudice being skilfully manipulated by neo-Stalinist bureaucrats to discredit rebel intellectuals and Westernizers in general.

Lenin had always emphatically condemned both anti-Semitism and Great Russian chauvinism. Therefore, in fighting this new anti-Semitism, it is Paustovsky, Nekrasov, and Yevtushenko and not the Stalinist editors like Kochetov and his magazine *October* who are closer to their Founding Father. But, of course, in all such Soviet disputes, both sides loyally glorify Lenin and the original Bolshevik Revolution, including Paustovsky, who sees fit to interpret Leninism in a particularly ethical and high-minded way, where the West would focus on Lenin's obvious totalitarian police-state aspects. In unconscious analogy with Wordsworth's innocent early enthusiasm for the French Revolution ("Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive"), here is how *The Story of a Life* conveys the flavor of a similar early enthusiasm in 1917-18:

> The sharp air of revolutionary winter made one's head swim. A misty romanticism filled our hearts. I could not resist it, nor did I want to. Belief in universal happiness shone in us like the sun rising over our disordered lives. It seemed to us, naïve as we were, that its guarantee was our desire to construct it and to see it. . . . Russian culture had grown up chiefly in a struggle for freedom against autocracy. Thinking had been sharpened in this struggle, noble feelings and civil courage had been developed. Now the old system had crashed.

Perhaps the current Soviet pendulum between thaw and freeze is once again making "Russian culture," in a new context, "a struggle against autocracy." Certainly the "noble feelings and civil courage" are here thawing forth once more in this great, long-suffering nation.

ZAKHAROV offered to fix me up on the Moscow trolley lines as a driver. The fact was, he explained, that most of the drivers and conductors had been conscripted into the army. But you couldn't leave an enormous city without trolleys in time of war. . . .

I had been thinking about writing ever since I left the *gymnasium*. All the changes in my life seemed to me a kind of preparatory school for this. I had to start living, without being fastidious about how I lived; this was the only way to acquire experience, to create that storeroom from which I would later take ideas, subjects, images, words, in whole handfuls. I also realized that now I could not leave Mama. I had to stay with her and help her. The pay would help. So I agreed.

When I told Mama and Galya that I was going to be a trolley driver, Mama only sighed and commented that she had never been ashamed of any kind of work and that she had tried to teach us to feel the same way. Galya became very worried—wouldn't the electric current kill me? . . .

I didn't feel like sitting at home, so I went out to a tavern on Kudrinskaya Street.

An old man with a turned-up collar was writing something at the next table, constantly dipping his pen in the ink and then removing little hairs from it.

I wanted to write someone close to me, some friend, about myself, and about the fact that life had turned around again and was making me a trolley car driver, but then I remembered that there was absolutely nobody for me to write to.

—*From "The Story of a Life."*

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Politics, Poetry, and Prose

The New Writing in Russia, *translated by Thomas P. Whitney (University of Michigan Press. 448 pp. $6.95),* ***Pages from Tarusa: New Voices in Russian Writing,*** *edited by Andrew Field (Little, Brown. 367 pp. $6.75), and* ***Russian Literature Since the Revolution,*** *by Edward J. Brown (Collier. 320 pp. Paperback, $1.50), reveal the atmosphere of life in post-Stalin USSR. Maurice Friedberg, a professor of Russian literature at Hunter College, is the editor of a bilingual collection of Russian short stories to be published shortly.*

By MAURICE FRIEDBERG

THERE is a clear and present danger that—unless checked while there is still time—the publication of "nonpolitical" anthologies of Soviet writing may become as deeply entrenched in America as the strictly "nonpolitical" speeches by candidates for public office. The disastrous results are all too easy to envisage. Soviet poetry, now avidly read in translation by thousands of Western diplomats, Kremlinologists, generals, and people who simply wish to be fully informed, would then command at best the same narrow audience that English poetry does. Soviet short stories, now regularly reviewed in the daily press by economists, political scientists, and foreign correspondents, would then—perish the thought—receive only brief and condescending notices in little magazines, which would, most certainly, find their literary technique antiquated.

And, worst of all, the Soviet writers themselves would, in exasperation, give up all hope of being understood abroad. Do not, they would ask, the Westerners realize that Pushkin's claim to fame, in the great poet's own words, lay in the fact that his "lyre awakened humane feelings and in his cruel age celebrated freedom"? That Gogol and Turgenev, Tolstoy and Chekhov, Dostoevsky and the Symbolists were all "political"? Has not Pasternak's recent example taught them that writing a nonpolitical novel in a highly political society is, in itself, a defiant act of political protest?

Both of the anthologies under consideration here make the claim of—indeed, insist upon—being apolitical. Thomas P. Whitney, formerly an American journalist in Moscow, describes his collection as "works of prose fiction worth reading for their own sake and not as political sensation or exposures of the seamy side of Soviet life"—and then gives us a fifty-page introduction aptly entitled "Russian Literature and Soviet Politics." It is a generally objective and informative account of the zigs and zags of Soviet ideological polemics insofar as these affect literature, although there are some inaccuracies. Thus, before the Revolution Russian writers were not, as Mr. Whitney assumes, "consistently unanimous in their desire to see the end of all aspects of censorship," if only because some of them (to mention only Goncharov, of *Oblomov* fame, and Tyutchev, one of Russia's greatest poets) were censors themselves. Nor is it correct that "Russian classical literature very quickly found readership in Europe and throughout the world." On the whole, however, both the introduction and the notes on individual writers contain much useful data and are well written.

Andrew Field, at twenty-six an implacable foe of "Kremlinology" in Western studies of Soviet literature, is associated with the Slavic Department at Harvard. There is irony in the fact that his "nonpolitical" anthology is a translation of a volume that created a minor political sensation in the USSR because, it seems, its appearance was not authorized by all of the censorship agencies (Mr. Field describes this, euphemistically, as "some irregularities in the publication of the book"). Mr. Field's brief introduction contains several debatable points. Thus, we read that recently "poets with highly sensitive political backgrounds, such as Boris Pasternak, Nikolai Gumilyov, and Sergei Esenin, have also been published, the latter in a five-volume scholarly edition of the sort that American university presses ordinarily reserve for nineteenth-century poets." I see nothing particularly sensitive about the political backgrounds of Pasternak and Esenin (the latter, paradoxically, is probably better known in the United States as the former husband of Isadora Duncan). Further, I wish to rise to the defense of American university presses: the best edition of Pasternak now in existence *in Russian* is the scholarly three-volume set brought out by the University of Michigan Press, and soon we will have also gained an upper hand in the publication of Gumilyov—again, in the Russian original.

In describing the recent appearance in the USSR of works by émigré Russian writers, Mr. Field fails to mention the fact that all of them—Bunin, Teffi, and Khodasevich, to offer but three examples—were published only after their deaths; and his assertion that the classics of Russian poetry are only now being rediscovered is highly misleading. These were published in tens of millions of copies under Stalin, and one of the weaknesses of Soviet poetry of that period was that its bulk consisted of second-rate imitations of Lermontov and Fet and Pushkin.

There is little overlapping in the contents of the two books (just two short stories by Kazakov). Mr. Whitney's volume consists of short stories and novellas by Vasilii Aksyonov, Yurii Kazakov, Yurii Nagibin, and Vladimir Tendryakov, and Victor Rozov's play *A, B, C.* Most of these make interesting reading and are (with apologies to Mr. Whitney) revealing of the atmosphere of life in post-Stalin Russia, particularly of the young generation.

Unfortunately, the quality of Mr. Whitney's translation is not entirely satisfactory, particularly in his renditions of idioms and clichés. For example, during a flight, "A woman's voice came over the loudspeaker system: 'I ask your attention! The commander of the airplane welcomes aboard the passengers of the Soviet liner TU-114. Our airplane-giant is traveling on the route from Khabarovsk to Moscow. The flight will take place at a height of 9,000 meters with a speed of 700 kilometers an hour. The elapsed time will be eight hours thirty minutes. I thank you for your attention.' " (Aksyonov's story "Halfway to the Moon.")

Mr. Field's anthology includes some nonfiction (notably the charming and informative memoirs of the Soviet editor of *Pages from Tarusa,* the veteran

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Defeat on the Beach

The Bay of Pigs: The Leaders' Story of Brigade 2506, *by Haynes Johnson with Manuel Artime, José Perez San Román, Erneido Oliva, and Enrique Ruiz-Williams (Norton. 368 pp. $5.95), charges the CIA with duplicity toward Presidents Eisenhower and Kennedy with respect to the invasion of Cuba. Harold Lavine visited the island nine times between the Revolution and July 1961. He was there in January 1961, three months before the attack, and returned the following June. In the interim he covered the invasion story for Newsweek from Miami.*

By HAROLD LAVINE

THIS is a book to make one's flesh crawl. For the Bay of Pigs, like Balaklava, was not just an ordinary disaster; it was the climactic moment of horror in a nightmare of arrogance, ignorance, stupidity, malevolence, and duplicity. Nor is the nightmare over yet. The anonymous men of the Central Intelligence Agency who engineered the disaster are with us still; and they still have the power to engineer other disasters, without anyone knowing what they are doing, not even the President of the United States.

Haynes Johnson bases his account of the Bay of Pigs largely on interviews with survivors of the invasion force, Brigade 2506, and primarily on interviews with the leaders, Manuel Artime, José Perez San Román, Erneido Oliva, and Enrique Ruiz-Williams. Naturally, there are gaps in his story, and certain incidents are glossed over—for example, the mutiny that swept the Brigade while it was in training at Base Trax in Guatemala. Granting this, the fact remains that Johnson has written a powerful and convincing book that will long remain a definitive one.

To this reviewer, the overwhelming fact that emerges from Johnson's book is that, in the CIA, we have created not an agency of the U. S. Government but a government within the government, which at times acts as independently as Charles de Gaulle. In the case of the Bay of Pigs, the CIA occasionally acted as though Dwight D. Eisenhower and later John F. Kennedy were impertinent outsiders. Twice, they made preparations to defy Kennedy's orders if these orders should displease them. At the very last moment, while men were dying on the beaches, they ignored a White House decision with cheery good will.

Eisenhower was to say later that his Administration never drew up plans to invade Cuba; that all it ever did was train Cuban exiles as guerrillas. Actually, on November 4, 1960, four days before Election Day, the CIA sent a cable to Base Trax reducing the guerrilla force to sixty men and ordering that all the other exiles be given conventional training for a landing in force. Is Eisenhower a liar? As Johnson rightly says, his "integrity cannot be questioned." How, then, can one explain a statement by him at such variance with the facts? Johnson's explanation is chilling: the CIA not only didn't consult him before making its decision; it didn't bother to inform him of the decision later.

KENNEDY inherited the invasion plan, and the anonymous men started worrying that he might cancel it. At Base Trax a man known to history only as Frank called in Pepe San Román and Erneido Oliva. He said there were forces within the Administration which opposed the invasion and that he might be ordered to stop it.

According to Johnson, Pepe San Román remembers Frank's next words this way: "If this happens you come here and make some kind of show, as if you were putting us, the advisers, in prison, and you go ahead with the program as we have talked about it, and we will give you the whole plan, even if we are your prisoners."

Johnson continues: "Frank was quite specific; they were to place an armed Brigade soldier at each American's door, cut communications with the outside, and continue training until he told them when, and how, to leave for the Trampoline base [where the invasion ships would lay waiting]. Frank then laughed and said: 'In the end we will win.'"

Manuel Artime was at Base Trax as civilian representative of the Cuban Revolutionary Council in Miami. Frank called him in and "privately told him the same thing."

Kennedy did, indeed, have qualms about the invasion. On April 4, 1961, there was a conference at the White House. According to Johnson, Richard Bissell, the CIA official in charge of the invasion plan, assured the President that "an alternative plan had been prepared in the event of a total disaster. The Cubans would be told that if, somehow, the invasion foundered, they would be moved inland as a guerrilla force." The Cubans had been trained in guerrilla fighting, the President was informed; the Zapata, as the swamp surrounding the Bay of Pigs is called, was good guerrilla country. Actually, of course, guerrilla training had stopped except for sixty men on November 4, when there were only 300 men in the Brigade, and the Zapata is probably the worst guerrilla country imaginable.

Whether or not Bissell gave his assurances to Kennedy in good faith, the fact remains: the anonymous men at Base Trax never informed the Brigade leaders of the alternative plan; they feared that doing so would hurt morale. And they never attempted to carry out the alternative, even after the landing had proved a failure.

The behavior of the anonymous men is simply unbelievable. Johnson reports: "It was five o'clock in the afternoon on Friday, April 14 . . . Frank took Pepe aside. He told him that if he were ordered to halt the invasion while the ships were at sea he would send Pepe a message saying: COME BACK, DON'T GO AHEAD.

"That meant the opposite. . . ."

The men of the Brigade landed on April 17. With a few notable exceptions (the 5th Battalion played hide-and-go-seek), they fought bravely and with incredible skill. They slaughtered Fidel's militia—but they were doomed from the first because they were 1,500 against 300,000. This reviewer, who toured Cuba three months before the invasion and saw the plans Fidel was making to repel it, has long wondered how the U. S. Government ever thought it could succeed. Johnson offers an explanation. He quotes San Román:

> "Then Dave, the Intelligence expert, told us that Castro could not react for at least seventy-two hours . . . and also that Fidel didn't have any forces close to the place. The closest were in Santa Clara and that was far away. . . .
>
> "He also said there were no communications between Castro's troops and that if they saw us landing they would have to take a car and go sixty kilometers to Covadonga to telephone. He said there were no civilians in the zone. They were conducting a resort for tourists there but it was still a very isolated area."

According to Johnson, "Dave also gave them this intelligence: Castro

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Too Late for a Change of Heart

Crisis in Black and White, *by Charles E. Silberman (Random House. 370 pp. $5.95), inquires whether at this late date a change of heart will be sufficient poultice for a deeply wounded people. John Howard Griffin is the author of "Black Like Me," winner of the Anisfield-Wolf Award in 1962.*

By JOHN HOWARD GRIFFIN

CHARLES SILBERMAN, one of the most percipient writers about America's intergroup crisis, understands the enormous difference between the colored and noncolored citizen's view of life in America. But *Crisis in Black and White* is an irony and knows it. The physician arrives late, just in time to offer a brilliant analysis of the patient's ills. The analysis, which might have wrought a cure, now carries a prognosis of death. The doctor shows the moribund how he became moribund. "Time is running out," he says, at the moment when time appears already to have run out.

For no one really knows how much time we have before two groups of humans and citizens enter into the business of open warfare with one another. The superficial "change of heart" will not change much now. The wounds are too deep and they go back too far, as the author demonstrates. Our entire stance needs to be reviewed if we are to see how, even when we feel we are being the most benevolent, we can strip another American of any hope of dignity.

> . . . the failure of the enormous American social welfare effort stems from the same factor that has produced the political strain between Negroes and white liberals: the social workers' preoccupation with doing *for* people instead of doing *with* them—a preoccupation that destroys the dignity and arouses the hostility of the people who are supposed to be helped. All too often, social services are motivated by a sense of superiority, a patronizing "white man's burden" attitude that would offend the most thick-skinned slum dweller.

Mr. Silberman bases much of his thesis for solution on the work of Saul Alinsky. He believes that the most effective, perhaps the only effective solution lies in the Negro's gaining sufficient political and economic power to get and keep complete equality.

As he points out, the vast problems of discrimination, racism, inequities in human and civil rights should not be labeled "the Negro problem"—but more exactly the problems of all men. White Americans have tended too often to look on protests of fellow citizens as vaguely subversive; they create tension. And Silberman warns that there will be much more tension; it will lead away from the negative peace that is merely an illusion of absence of tension, toward a positive peace based on the presence of justice.

Crisis in Black and White is a mammoth contribution to the understanding necessary. An afterword contains a phrase from *The Ethics of the Fathers:*

—Margaret K. Norton (Time, Inc.).
Charles E. Silberman—"there will be much more tension."

"The time is short, the hour is late, the matter is urgent. It is not incumbent upon us to complete the task; but neither are we free to desist from doing all we possibly can."

An Underlying Animus

NEGROES' determination to speak and act on their own behalf has produced the greatest strain where it was least expected: in the alliance that bound Negro organizations, civil rights and civil liberties groups, interfaith organizations, church groups, and trade unions together in a great liberal coalition. Quite suddenly in 1962 and 1963—or so it seemed to the white liberals—they found themselves under bitter attack and heard themselves denounced in terms usually reserved for the most rabid Southern racists. . . . The reasons lie deep in the history of the civil rights movement—particularly in the fact that the movement has been dominated by whites until fairly recently. . . . there was a vacuum of Negro leadership and Negro support that could be filled only by whites. Thus, the NAACP was founded by whites because the Niagara Movement was falling apart, and whites provided much of the leadership and financial support until recent years. . . . However unavoidable, this relationship had unfortunate consequences for both the black and white partners. The white allies acquired the habit of speaking for, and doing for, the Negroes. And the Negroes, consequently, were never able to break the habit of having things done for them. As Professor James Q. Wilson wrote in *Negro Politics*, Negroes tended to be "the objects rather than the subjects of civic action. Things are often done for, or about, or to, or because of Negroes, but they are less frequently done *by* Negroes.

But Negroes always resented the relationship; their dependence on their white allies created an underlying animus that was no less real for being carefully suppressed. Besides resenting their dependency, Negroes have never really trusted their white allies; they have always had a nagging suspicion that the whites were holding them back, that they could gain more, and faster, if they were only free to act on their own. "They are betraying us again, these white friends of ours," one of the Negro participants shouted during the meeting at which the NAACP was founded; and other Negroes have echoed this cry ever since.

—From "Crisis in Black and White."

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Things Seem as Bad as They Seem

Hod-Carrier: Notes of a Laborer on an Unfinished Cathedral, *by Gerald W. Johnson (Morrow. 211 pp. $3.95), looks at the mortar of American democracy and finds most of it sturdy. Emile Capouya's column The Real Thing appears regularly in SR.*

By EMILE CAPOUYA

GERALD W. JOHNSON is one of the three good reasons for reading the *New Republic* nowadays, and his very existence raises this question: Can our era be as bad as mostly it feels to us, can it be so insalubrious for the human spirit, if it produces men of his caliber—men, moreover, who are not passionate for radical change? After all, such men are as much products of the times as any less estimable persons you care to name. The fact that Mr. Johnson is as distinguished for intelligence, good grace, and good will as our favorite politician is not, does make him something of a rarity, but a rarity is still a reality. Indeed, Mr. Johnson, expressing dismay at the possibility that President Eisenhower in the U-2 incident, and Ambassador Stevenson in the invasion of Cuba, knowingly lied to save their country, shows a spirit in closer touch with reality than those of the President and the Ambassador. In politics, a lie is good for the short run only—in the cases cited, less than twenty-four hours. And to lie with several hundred million people watching is a piece of romanticism on the level of the Children's Crusade. Then who is to say that Mr. Johnson's realism is not as typical of the age as Mr. Eisenhower's and Mr. Stevenson's belief in fairies?

Typical or not, whether he redeems the age or not, the man who represents himself, in this collection of topical essays, as a hod-carrier working on the unfinished cathedral of American democracy is a journeyman worthy of his hire. We are forced to take seriously his judgment that our times are not intolerable.

For a sample of Mr. Johnson's workmanship, here is his contribution to the buttress of civil rights that is designed to support that grand fabric of decency and dignity sketched in the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence: He reminds us of C. Vann Woodward's thesis that, ten years after the Civil War, the Negro enjoyed substantially equal political status with the white man, and that Jim Crow had to be invented and perfected by the patient work of generations before the Negro was reduced to second-class citizenship, and sometimes near-peonage, again. Mr. Johnson suggests—and herein is his originality—that the regression to underprivileged status was the Negro's own fault.

At first sight, the theory may seem wrongheaded as can be, but rightly understood it contains an enormous compliment to the Negro people, one, moreover, that their recent conduct has fully earned. Mr. Johnson's formula blithely ignores the great forces opposed to the Negro's effort of self-emancipation, but it does so in order to put the emphasis where it belongs—on men's ability to raise their political, social, cultural, and moral level by an effort of will. Mr. Johnson says that the Negro fell short of his own possibilities between 1875 and 1942; thereafter he began to rise to his own level, and he is steadily winning his freedom by steadily deserving it. The best way of deserving it, I would add, is to demand it. I exult when I see my Negro fellow citizens doing just that and fulfilling their civic responsibilities thereby. Not least because it gives me hope for the vast underprivileged majority to which I myself belong, the affluent poor-whites, those helots, servants, and sutlers of the modern state. With the example of the Negro before them, there is hope that they too will read the Declaration and the Constitution, take heart of grace, and determine on organizing their public business in a manner more nearly manlike.

If, though, we are to judge our times in the light of Gerald Johnson's virtues, we must in consistency examine them too in the glare—not light, but rather darkness visible—of his one conspicuous failing. I know not what name to give it, but I can report its symptoms. Mr. Johnson writes, "I have never been one of those Americans who seem to be hag-ridden by guilt over Hiroshima"—thus allying himself with President Truman, who, as we know, has never lost a night's sleep over the affair. "Given the state of mind of the Japanese high command on August 6, 1945, I believe that Hiroshima actually saved more Japanese lives than it destroyed—to say nothing of our own prospective losses." The only suitable comment is that of the Irish patriot who remarked that there are some things a man must not do to save his country. It would follow that there are things a man must not do to save Japanese lives, and obliterating Hiroshima and Nagasaki might be among those things. In that case, the fact that a man as decent as Mr. Johnson finds those things acceptable must mean that our times are truly as dreadful as they seem.

A Common Ground for Diversity

Fire-Bell in the Night: The Crisis in Civil Rights, *by Oscar Handlin (Little, Brown. 110 pp. $3.50), argues that integration alone is not enough to solve our present racial problems. Roger Baldwin was a founder of the American Civil Liberties Union.*

By ROGER BALDWIN

NO WHITE man could review this white man's book from the perspective of a Negro—not even one who, like myself, served for a quarter of a century on the board of the National Urban League and fought for years for total racial equality. However fair and sympathetic Oscar Handlin is, I suspect that most Negroes would dissent with passion from his essential argument that "properly speaking, not integration but equality is our genuine objective."

While this may suggest "separate but equal," Professor Handlin repudiates forced separation; he argues rather for the voluntary choice of association that has enabled other ethnic groups to preserve their identities, and claims that contrived integration will tend to suppress the Negro's own identity, since "it assumes that any kind of separation involves elements of inferiority."

Handlin views the problem as primarily one not of integration but of joint participation, on the basis of personal ability, in the common tasks of a democratic society. Of this goal he says, "We shall avoid disappointment if we

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realize how little will be gained by equality alone. We shall avoid tragedy if we realize how much will be lost without it."

His appraisal of recent events is not encouraging. The decade since the 1954 Supreme Court decision he regards as "ten years of frustration." Whatever advances may have been made have been negated by white resistance, by the increase of race separation leading to the polarization of extremes. We now have equal rights at law, of course; but how shall they be made a reality? According to Handlin, Negroes, in considering integration the only cure, ignore the fact that this alone will not overcome prejudice. The author contends that only equality of opportunity to choose without preferential treatment is the "common ground on which we all can stand."

The more concerned Negroes become with integration, the more they see the country as divided between black and white. Society is not so divided; it is composed of people with diverse interests who must work together. In time racial equality should lead to the acceptance of men for what, not who, they are, and strengthen them in selecting their own associations.

Professor Handlin is surely provocative, and Negroes reading his book will surely be provoked. For in the struggle for equality the fight for integration as a tactic assures recognition, whatever its ultimate validity for the union of equality with freedom.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *For a further examination of this topic, see "Education in America," which begins on page 65.*

Simonne Jacquemard—"perfect control in her sense of rhythm and . . . melodic refrain."

Where the Candle Burns Brightest

***The Night Watchman,** by Simonne Jacquemard, translated from the French by L. D. Emmet (Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 142 pp. $3.95), reveals a world very different from the one we think we live in. Leon S. Roudiez is editor of the French Review.*

By LEON S. ROUDIEZ

FOR THE past twelve years or so Simonne Jacquemard has been writing poems, short stories, and novels that have appealed to those readers in France who value quality and depth of experience and have little regard for literary fads. Ten volumes of hers had quietly come off the presses before the present one was, almost by accident, splattered with the notoriety afforded by a major literary prize—the Renaudot.

The Night Watchman is no realistic story teeming with likely characters, either attractive or picturesque. There is no conventional hero; there is no plot to speak of. Like many of the better contemporary novels, this is fictional prose raised to the level of poetry. At first, however, the reader may be trapped into believing that the usual ingredients of fiction are present; or, perhaps, he may think the author is a more lyrical disciple of Robbe-Grillet. For there does appear to be a main character: a night watchman living in an unnamed small town, probably in Normandy. He has been arrested, but at first we do not know for exactly what crime. Brought before a judge, he chooses to remain silent, although there is a stenographic record of a previous interrogation during which he made statements that will be used against him. Sketchy details concerning his crime and the life that led to it are thus gradually revealed, always tantalizingly incomplete. Although it might look as if the traditional element of suspense were being introduced to ensnare the reader and eventually lead him to the "true message" of the novel, this is not the case at all. The device is an organic part of a book that strives to reveal the distorting and paradoxical nature of appearances.

The watchman is called Simeon Leverrier. He must surely have been named after the astronomer who discovered the planet Neptune without ever looking at the sky; perhaps he is a "black" Leverrier (*Cf. Acts,* 13: 1) who discovers Light while working in darkness, who discovers Good through doing evil and obtains spiritual rewards as a consequence of seeking material gain. *The Night Watchman* describes a world in which opposites blend, where the account of a crime dissolves into a mystical inner quest. Readers familiar with the French literary scene will by now have identified the author's allegiance: she is devoted to surrealism and to the search for a truer reality than that afforded by the mere observation of the surface of things.

Mme. Jacquemard's craftsmanship is extraordinary; her style achieves engaging lyrical effects with a remarkable economy of words. She exhibits perfect control in her sense of rhythm and what I would call melodic refrain: those words and, occasionally, sentences that are repeated, with or without minor variations, to insure unity of theme and mood, thus keeping the reader's focus on the emblematic nature of the book.

At this point, however, I must emphasize that I have been writing about the French text of *The Night Watchman.* The English translation is scandalously bad. It evidences no understanding of Mme. Jacquemard's purpose, no feel for language, and little knowledge of French. Where the author described one character running away with Bolsheviks hot in pursuit, the English text shows him "running with the Bolsheviks behind the lines"; where she has another say something like "yeah," the English text reads "ouf"; where she refers to men who will come and deprive the main character of everything he has, the English text states that they have just done so—and I could fill several pages of *SR* with a list of infelicities and outright errors. The translator apparently thinks a *boulangère* is a butcher; I think he has butchered this book. Nevertheless, I hope there are enough discerning readers who will glimpse a work of art beneath the rubble of the English version.

Coming May 30th

SR's

University Press Issue

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A Long Life After Death

The Late Mattia Pascal, *by Luigi Pirandello, translated from the Italian by William Weaver (Doubleday. 252 pp. $4.95), inspired Tolstoy with its tale of an altered identity. Saul Colin, director of the Senior Dramatic Workshop at Carnegie Hall, came from Paris to this country with Pirandello. At that time he was his secretary, manager, and translator.*

By SAUL COLIN

LUIGI PIRANDELLO's first novel, *The Late Mattia Pascal,* written more than sixty years ago, has been reissued in a new translation by William Weaver. It is not only a fresh translation; the novel has been cut by a third of its original length. Constructed on two levels—introspective commentary mirrors a fascinating adventure story—, *The Late Mattia Pascal* is one of the great novels of modern times, related in its approach to Proust as well as to Voltaire's *Candide.*

Briefly to recapitulate the plot: Mattia Pascal runs away from a young wife and a shrewish mother-in-law. A few weeks later a body is retrieved from the sea, and both women identify it as Mattia Pascal's remains. He reads about it in a local newspaper and decides to obtain his freedom by playing dead. Under an assumed name, Adriano Meis, he travels extensively, wins a fortune gambling at Monte Carlo, and falls in love, but Pascal fails to acquire the needed liberty without any real identity, or papers of identification. After two years of absence he decides to return home—only to discover that his wife has meanwhile married his best friend, that they have a child and that, in fact, he is not really wanted by anyone. He goes on living there as "the late Mattia Pascal," visiting his assumed grave from time to time. But it is a grave injustice to Pirandello to attempt to relate this delightful story in a few sentences. The book's charm lies in its imagery and flow of language, its value in the interplay between illusion and reality.

Luigi Pirandello — a pirated translation inspired Leo Tolstoy.

It is time that the novel should be rediscovered in America, for Pirandello is not only a great dramatist, but also a short-story writer and novelist of first magnitude. Without forgetting the splendid, out-of-print translation by Arthur Livingston in the early Twenties, we have to pay homage to the skilful work of William Weaver.

It is fitting to tell here—for the first time in print—that at the beginning of this century a Russian newspaper published in serial form *The Late Mattia Pascal* without naming its author. Tolstoy read it, was extremely inspired, and subsequently wrote *The Living Corpse,* which has a similar theme.

Tolstoy died in 1910, and Pirandello began to achieve fame about ten years later. The latter himself discovered the pirated Russian translation in the Twenties—too late to do anything about it. Unquestionably, Tolstoy would have mentioned the source of *The Living Corpse* had he known the name of the original author.

The new streamlined version of *The Late Mattia Pascal* ends with a *post scriptum* referring the reader to two news items found by Pirandello many years after the novel was written and published. Both news stories—one from New York and the other from Italy—resemble the plot of the novel. Thus, life borrows from art—a long-standing Pirandellian point of view.

Winning But Not Winners: If you have not already met Aunt Munsie, Miss Patty Bean, and Miss Leonora Logan too, it's time you did. They are lovely ladies, opinionated all, and with more life behind them than there is ahead. Each stands for something, and will not be budged.

While this is not true of all of the pieces in Peter Taylor's *Miss Leonora When Last Seen and Fifteen Other Stories* (Obolensky, $4.95), it is true enough to tempt toward generalization. Each of his characters is solidly a person, troubled and not completely prepared for the life he must live; his past or his family or his relationship to what the present requires of him is a burden which he carries without conspicuous complaint, even when he wishes that he didn't have to. There is something of stubborn strength in almost all of them, and something queer also. The word "grotesque" inevitably comes to mind in thinking about them, more, I suspect because it is a popular word than because it describes the effect Mr. Taylor creates. If "vignette" were not old-fashioned and somehow girlish, it might do better.

Another temptation is to discover that Mr. Taylor is like someone else, Eudora Welty or Truman Capote or Carson McCullers, or even Sherwood Anderson, or—taking a pretty big jump—Dorothy Parker. But no sooner is the thought expressed than its wrongness cancels it out. What all these writers have in common is interest in the perplexities of little people, and control of a comic view that is often a little doleful, never really satiric except lovingly—just good-heartedly sad, as the people in Spoon River or Winesburg were sad, not tragic or pathetic but somewhere between. It is a familiar mode, which Mr. Taylor manages better than most.

One reason may be that he seems to know about more different kinds of people than most of these others do. His cast is large, and no one imitates anyone else. The one thing they share is that none of them has a future, only a past—except perhaps for Josie, in "The Fancy Woman," who drinks a lot and is likely to be pretty well cuffed around by George when he catches her at it again. But neither she nor Fanny Miller, a bride slightly soiled, is among Mr. Taylor's really best characters, perhaps because in this genre it is more difficult to present people who are a little bad. Only here and in one other story does sex raise its head, tousled or otherwise.

The principal reason for Mr. Taylor's superiority, however, is simply that he writes with such unobtrusive artistry. His is the kind of style that readers may not even notice, unless they pause to examine how he has done what he does. His mastery of gesture is subtle and delightful—don't fail to watch the hands of the three old ladies in the dining car in the story called "Their Losses." At another extreme, don't miss the change

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of pace from smoldering combustion to rowdy chase toward an upside-down rag doll ending in "An Overwhelming Question," which is macabre and slapstick at the same time.

You will find one story better than another, but none quite alike; and you will meet charming people. I read my copy of Mr. Taylor's collection in a train to Chicago, and was never even tempted to spend time or money in the club car. —Lewis Leary.

Man in Mosaic: Charles Haldeman's first book dramatically illustrates E. M. Forster's contention that the novel is a protean literary form, often shifting and always open to radical change. *The Sun's Attendant* (Simon & Schuster, $4.95) is a kind of abstract mosaic: it quotes from Stefan Brückmann's journal recalling his adolescent years as a German Gypsy in Nazi concentration camps; it has Barbara Speer recall episodes of her life with her poet-husband Paul before his suicide and her remarriage to Stefan; it presents the American experience of Jesse "Moon" Byrnes, the Southern soldier who adopted Stefan and brought him to the United States, revealed to Stefan his guilt in having acquiesced in the lynching of a Negro youth many years earlier, and killed himself when he discovered that his affection for Stefan was basically homosexual.

The mosaic also includes poems and letters, Kafkaesque dream records, collections of apothegms, and bits of lectures. Brückmann, the journal writer, insists that he is "not writing a novel" and that he does not have to "plan or balance things out"; yet his creator superimposes on the many brief sections the metaphor of a painting, "a diptych" of panels joined by "hinges," and a rather grandiose pattern of reference to sun and moon and seasons of the year.

The result is a feeling of irresolution. The broken-up bits of action and thought often seem impulsive and spontaneous, but their relation to the connecting myth is unsure. Though the novelist can suggest American-European differences subtly, his soldier, Byrnes, is far too intentionally "innocent" to be believable; and the young poet, Paul Speer, also lacks bounce, perhaps because evidence of his being a poet is not adequate.

Yet the story of the tough American Negro officer who took a German town from the master race late in the war reverberates in the reader's mind, and the fairy tale that ends the novel, of Brückmann's finding his bride at the heart of a glass mountain, is fittingly introduced by a Gypsy. Finally, the heart of the work is Golden, an emaciated giant in a concentration camp who kept every man in his block human until and after he died. Golden made two great inventions: first, a ritual following lights out in which every person spoke his name and place of origin, or, if that person had been transported or killed, a survivor spoke his name for him (on his last night in the block Golden spoke aloud over two hundred names); second, a game called the World-to-Come in which, by aphorisms always in the present tense, he limned a kingdom of the mind and spirit and thereby inspired in his fellow prisoners a passionate effort to describe for each other this great good place.

One must conclude that in *The Sun's Attendant* Haldeman has not yet reconciled manner and matter. But he has shown himself skilled in wildly diverse ways of telling a story; and how many novelists of this century have reminded men that they may be holy men?

—William Gibson.

Snippets of Yarn: Robert Graves has a demonstrably prodigious literary reputation, altogether solid as poet, scholar, essayist, translator, and historical novelist. Books to substantiate his fame in each of these categories would come readily to the mind of anyone who has read widely in the literature of our time. Now his publishers, rightly proud of his forty-six listed books (though the blurb writer is able to count to "over ninety"), and determined to touch all bases, have brought out Mr. Graves's *Collected Short Stories* (Doubleday, $4.95).

Enough good stories appear in this collection to justify its publication and satisfy its purchasers and readers. The crop has been gathered from the output of years as far apart as 1924 and 1962. It includes such excellent pieces as "Evidence of Affluence," a tale of tax-collecting in the Majorca, where Mr. Graves now lives and pays taxes, and the superb "Christmas Truce," an account of an unauthorized joint observance of the holiday by the opposing trenches in the Great War of 1914-18. But despite these and perhaps a few more rewarding tales, in which the author has a more considerable story to tell, this collection is distinctly a mixed bag.

The main shortcoming lies in Mr. Graves's choosing to call "short stories" a number of narrative sketches, chiefly found in the "English stories" section, which are more like diary entries, though fairly elaborate ones, than fiction. To be sure, literary forms have never been precisely defined or regarded as immutable; a short story may well be what an author says it is, even if he has exaggerated either the significance of what he has written or the interest that readers may take in it. By way of explaining the nature of his stories, Mr. Graves admits that there is a heavy admixture of fact in them. "Most of them, including the more improbable ones, are true," he says, and adds, in a burst of seeming candor, "Pure fiction is beyond my imaginative range." The point is not well taken: few writers indeed are capable of sustained "pure fiction," even among those who practice science fiction. Mr. Graves is in the large company of those who find a spur to their imagination in observed occurrences.

The complaint here is not that Mr. Graves has written badly, since there is charm in even the slightest sketches, but that the title suggests something much more formal, winnowed, and definitive, and seems to promise major works in the short-story form. A more justified appellation for the Robert Graves of this book is tale-teller, which implies informality, personal charm, a wayward skill in recounting what happened with plenty of agreeable but ancillary details, the substitution of appreciation of character for significant or dramatic action. These qualities, happily, are to be found by the reader even in the trivial pieces that make up nearly half of the present collection.

—Warren Bower.

FRAZER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1084

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1084 will be found in the next issue.

ABC DECFACGA HI IFJKAG, L GBHJKM GFN, LG AH OC PHOGPLHJG HI QHQC.

PFEKNKC

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1083

Man is ice to truth and fire to falsehood.

—La Fontaine.

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Dining, Dancing, and Dallying

King Edward the Seventh, *by Philip Magnus (Dutton. 528 pp. $8.50), treats the denizens of the courts of Europe with irony and compassion. The latest book by British historian J. H. Plumb is "Men and Centuries."*

By J. H. PLUMB

ROYALTY is a hothouse, forcing the most lumpish characters into strange, extravagant growths. Indeed, to be royal and dull is extraordinarily rare; even the British royal family, which has never been remarkable for its intelligence or its artistic gifts, usually makes up for its deficiencies by developing outsize temperaments.

Edward VII's parents—Victoria and Albert the Good—were both formidable human beings, and they were determined to make Edward worthy of his inheritance. Unfortunately, they soon formed a low opinion of their heir's qualities. A rigorous and unimaginative education was the result, and Edward's life was made morbid with constantly iterated moral precepts. Victoria, who both loved and disliked him, thought him silly, extravagant, weak, the pliant tool of "fast" society. She objected strenuously and successfully to Edward's having anything to do with affairs of state.

So until he was nearly sixty Edward kicked his heels, waiting. He opened a hospital or two; presided at a dinner now and again; made a few speeches; launched the odd battleship, and visited constantly the czars, emperors, kings, archdukes, and princes of Europe, almost all of whom were his cousins. They made each other honorary colonels in each other's crack regiments, thereby bestowing on themselves the fanciest uniforms, for which they had a collector's mania. They swapped, after much heart-searching, Orders of Chivalry; they killed enormous quantities of everything that flew or ran, ate monstrous meals, gossiped their heads off, and played at diplomacy—at least Edward did, since, unlike his cousins, he was totally powerless. When not visiting his relations, Edward pursued a remorseless round of country-house visits, interspersed with race meets, balls, the London season, and rest cures (without his wife) at Homburg, Marienbad, or Biarritz. Sometimes *en garçon*—as Edward liked to term it—he went on a discreet Mediterranean cruise.

The tension in this pursuit of pleasure was created by Edward's temper. His passionate quarrels were only equaled by his flagrant indiscretions. His lusts were food, monstrously rich and huge in quantity (hence his nickname—Tum-Tum), gambling incessantly for low stakes, and girls, discreet, demimondaine, and mature. His preoccupation was money, his obsession dress, his fear the forward movement of society. All change filled him with apprehension. He was prevented from being disreputably reactionary by his personal tastes, which were vulgar, ostentatious, and mildly corrupt. He became much more at home amongst self-made financiers like Sir Ernest Cassell and Baron Hirsch than with British aristocrats stiff with moral rectitude. He grew to like the *Haute Juiverie* of Europe, and scandalized his imperial relatives in Russia and Austria by his taste. Indeed, his philo-Semitism was the most redeeming quality in a grossly self-indulgent life. By and large, he was a hollow man, all façade—or rather, all Tum-Tum. Even his vaunted initiative in foreign affairs turns out, according to Philip Magnus, to have been at the bidding of his foreign secretaries.

With great skill Mr. Magnus has made a highly readable biography out of the dull routines of Edward's life. He puts the famous scandals, amatory or gambling, in their proper perspective. He is wise and shrewd, not only about Edward's character but also about those of his relations and friends. He is honest, too. He makes no bones about the fact that Lily Langtry, Mrs. Keppel, and the rest were Edward's mistresses. He is, however, for my taste, too discreet, too guarded, reserving his disapproval to a little elegant irony. He never analyzes the emotional needs that drove Edward to his various liaisons, not even the pro-

—*From the book.*

Princess Alexandra, Queen Victoria, and Albert Edward, Prince of Wales—"until nearly sixty [he] kicked his heels, waiting."

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foundly important relationship with Mrs. Keppel. The fact is stated and some of its political effects described, but about the compulsions of the flesh and the heart a discreet curtain is drawn. The same is true of most of Edward's erotic life, and of his passionate concern and powerful loathing for his mother's strange amatory propensities in her later years. Perhaps the pyromania of the British royal family has destroyed the evidence; but one can only say that what was promised to be so frank and revealing turns out disappointingly. It was all known before.

This should not detract from Philip Magnus's achievement. He writes with great urbanity; he moves dextrously about the courts of Europe, treating their weird denizens with ironic compassion, and he handles the diplomatic and political backgrounds with skill. Furthermore, he keeps the narrative going at a cracking pace. If you are addicted to "royals" (and who isn't?), this is the book for you.

Listed in the Yellow Book

Bosie: Lord Alfred Douglas, His Friends and Enemies, *by Rupert Croft-Cooke (Bobbs-Merrill. 414 pp. $7.50), draws upon previously unpublished sources to defend the man who has been held responsible for the tragedy of Oscar Wilde. Harry T. Moore, research professor at Southern Illinois University, wrote "The Life and Works of D. H. Lawrence," just reissued in a revised edition.*

By HARRY T. MOORE

THE SO-CALLED Yellow Nineties have become the faded yellow of archives; but in retrospect they still have a glow that catches the attention. Most of the members of the cast are probably dead, and the few possible survivors would be too ancient to feel any sting of libel, so that the diaries and letters of the period can now be dusted off and opened.

Rupert Croft-Cooke has drawn upon various unpublished sources for his biography of the poet and editor Lord Alfred Douglas, one of the spectacular figures of that time and of the next half-century. Old portraits from the Nineties, in photography or prose, show Lord Alfred's slim prettiness accentuating the heavy-faced bulk of his friend Oscar Wilde. The all too familiar story of that relationship takes up about half the present book, though it does so with a difference: for a change, "Bosie" Douglas is defended.

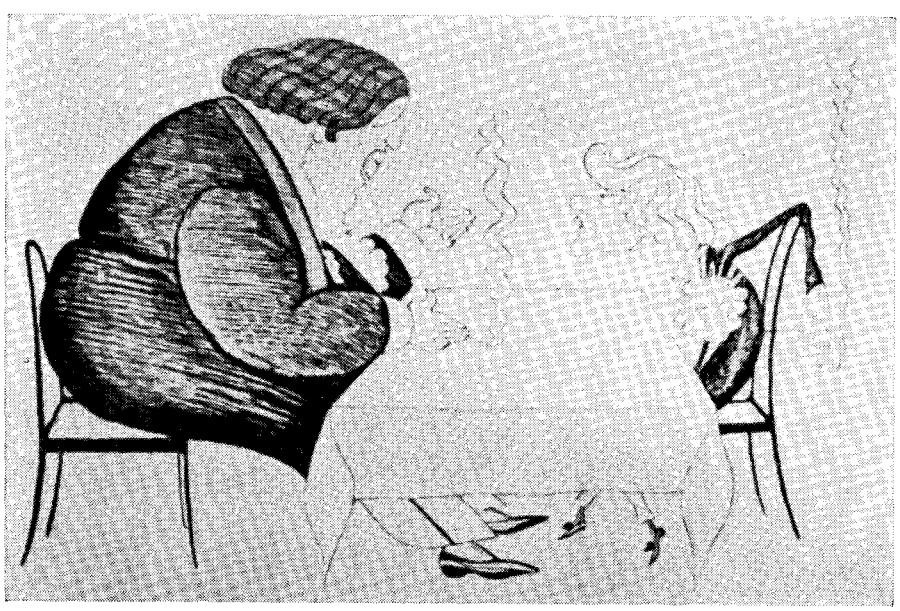
Not that Mr. Croft-Cooke attempts a whitewash. But he does try, often with success, to show that Lord Alfred wasn't so treacherous to Wilde as he is generally thought to have been. Beyond all this, the book contains a good deal of less familiar material, including some interesting points about the family that produced not only Lord Alfred but his raging little father, the Marquess of Queensberry, Wilde's nemesis. The most interesting chapters, however, deal with Lord Alfred's experiences in the forty-five years that followed Wilde's death.

Douglas, who observed many of the rituals of his class, was almost automatically anti-Semitic. He is described here as essentially virile in his interests: he once kept a stable of race horses at Chantilly; he gave up "sin" after his youthful escapades and eventually became a Catholic convert; he married a *Yellow Book* poet—whose family worked successfully to bring about a separation, though there was never a complete estrangement. The son of Alfred and Olive Custance Douglas suffered recurrent mental breakdowns, possibly, the present biographer suggests, because of his shattered childhood.

The post-1900 life of Douglas divides into two phases. The first, dominated by his persecution syndrome, makes ugly reading with its accounts of the futile libel suits he kept launching. Finally he switched to the attack, and in the early 1920s slandered Winston Churchill, accusing him of profiting, as the tool of "rich Jews," from the confusing reports issued after the Battle of Jutland. So persistent was he that Churchill was forced to fight back; and in 1923 Douglas, amid the by then familiar scenery of the Old Bailey, wound up with a six months' sentence, which he served at Wormwood Scrubs, one of Wilde's former prisons.

Lord Alfred's confinement seems to have cooled him off, and for the rest of his life he was an affable companion and *bon vivant*, even when living at the edge of poverty. The old paranoid trend manifested itself only now and then, as when W. B. Yeats omitted Douglas from *The Oxford Book of Modern Verse* in 1936. In a telegram that will amuse today's critics, Lord Alfred (who of course sent copies to the press) complained to Yeats that a minor poet had no business excluding a major poet. And Douglas wasn't kidding.

He was mellow enough by 1941 to publish a sonnet of tribute to his old enemy Churchill, who indirectly expressed gratitude. These last years of Lord Alfred's life were warmed by the friendship of writers as different as Marie Stopes, the birth-control advocate, and John Betjeman, cleverest of the newer poets. There was also Mr. Croft-Cooke, who is a novelist, and who, in dealing with Lord Alfred, doesn't slur over his faults but writes about him with fairness, perspective, and an engaging liveliness.



—Caricature by Max Beerbohm (from the book).

Oscar Wilde with Lord Alfred—confinement at Wormwood Scrubs cooled him off.

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The Duce's Dream Was Nightmare

Mussolini: A Study in Power, *by Ivone Kirkpatrick (Hawthorn. 726 pp. $10), questions whether Croce didn't give Il Duce less than his due. A former CBS news correspondent in Rome, Ned Calmer began following Mussolini's career in the 1920s and was on assignment at the Italian war front when the dictator died.*

By NED CALMER

THE FINAL word on Benito Mussolini's life story has not yet been written, nor could it be at this time. Too much important relevant material has yet to be revealed, although bits and pieces are being disclosed all the time that throw a different light (if not a more favorable one) on the man and the circumstances. In the meantime too many people who played leading roles in his time are still alive, and have tried to explain or justify what they did either by blaming Mussolini or by writing apologies for him. However, Italian historians are still hard at work on the subject, and some recently unearthed documents with important bearing on the story are expected to be made public later this year.

One of the big question marks in this research concerns Mussolini's alleged correspondence with Winston Churchill. The British statesman has denied that such a correspondence ever existed, but many persons in Italy are convinced that the file of their letters is in a secret hiding place that will one day be traced and disclosed. According to this belief, Mussolini was carrying the file with him during the last few fateful days of his life in April 1945. Immediately after the war in Europe ended, in the summer of that year, Churchill visited Lake Como for a painting holiday only a few miles from the spot where Mussolini spent his last hours. It has been said that his real purpose was to try to recover the famous file, but he is not believed to have succeeded in doing so.

The best book this reviewer has seen on Mussolini's final years is F. W. Deakin's *The Brutal Friendship*, but now Sir Ivone Kirkpatrick, a onetime pillar of the British Foreign Office and later a high official of the BBC, offers *Mussolini: A Study in Power*, a 726-page

—*Pix.*

Mussolini—"strange contradictions."

scrutiny of the dictator and his times. It must certainly be accounted the definitive life of Mussolini in English—and what a life it was, the history of this man who personified fascism at its inception, symbolized its grandeur and decay in his own melodramatic adventures, led millions into the greatest of all wars, and ended as a bullet-ridden, spat-upon corpse hung upside down in a public square in Milan. Sir Ivone was commissioned by his publishers to write a companion volume to Alan Bullock's biography of Hitler, but many Americans will read it with fascination alongside William Shirer's *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich.*

Certainly Mussolini's relationship with Hitler provides the climactic and in some ways the most enigmatic phase of the Duce's magniloquent and piteous life story, from the moment he took his first fatal steps toward collaboration with the Fuehrer until, at the end, this dexterous Italian puppeteer had himself become a miserable puppet dangling from Hitler's hands before the backdrop of the Salò Republic. What ultimate evaluation will history place upon him? Benedetto Croce, warning historians of the future, called him a man of "limited intelligence, lacking in moral sensibility, ignorant of the elementary essence of human relationships, incapable of self-criticism, vain, without taste, and always oscillating between arrogance and servility." Sir Ivone questions this verdict. There must have been something, he says, that explains Mussolini's world reputation and his hold on the Italians for twenty-three years. "It is the strange contradictions in Mussolini's tortured soul that make his life so interesting." And so instructive, we may add, for the generations that will pay for the damage he wrought. Yet Italians today—even those who suffered at Mussolini's hands—often take a more indulgent view in retrospect, recalling almost with a smile the ridiculous posturings, the castor-oil vengeances, and those halcyon years when Italy dreamed with him of the lost empire of Rome.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

ANAGRAMS PLUS

Dr. Henry S. Houghton of Nashville, Tennessee, herewith submits a third group of anagrams (for the others, see *SR*, December 7, 1963, and March 28, 1964), but this time something has been added. In each listed word an extra letter is to be inserted, as shown in the center column, and the letters, from top to bottom, spell what the solver will be in until victory finally perches on his banners. If victory be lacking, you will find the answers on page 51.

1.	consolation	P	unrelated to the papacy
2.	latitudes	R	to make a sort of screechy noise
3.	decahedral	E	possessed of sound mind, regardless of bodily state
4.	licentious	D	unsolicited
5.	unclothe	I	out of bounds for rugby players
6.	repaying	C	all-out praise
7.	muniment	A	a Massachusetts hero of April 19, 1775
8.	chanteys	M	they might be singing chanteys, at that
9.	ignoramus	E	something like grass
10.	nightmares	N	summons to appear in court
11.	pleasant	T	old-time feminine underthings
12.	chlorination	S	not a record of past events

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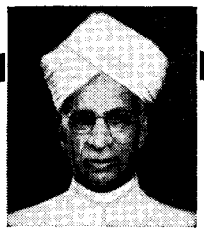

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Russian Writing

Continued from page 40

novelist Konstantin Paustovsky [see p. 38]); an essay by Frida Vigdorova, a Soviet schoolteacher and writer of juvenile fiction, on how *not* to teach composition; and reminiscences by Marina Tsvetayeva, a fine lyric poet whose career came to a tragic end soon after her return to the USSR from emigration). There is prose by several young writers (the best, perhaps, by Kazakov, Bulat Okudzhava, and Boris Balter), and some poetry by such varied talents as Tsvetayeva, Naum Korzhavin, Evgenii Vinokurov, Boris Slutsky, Andrei Dostal, Nikolai Zabolotsky, and Vladimir Kornilov. The quality of the prose translations is generally superior, particularly the work of Robert Szulkin and Collyer Bowen. Some of the English renditions of verse (by Peter Reddaway, Melville Cane, Anne Stevenson, F. D. Reeve, and Mr. Field himself) are excellent, and those by Denise Levertov and Stanley Kunitz are superb.

Edward J. Brown's *Russian Literature Since the Revolution* fills a long-felt need for a brief but serious and up-to-date introduction to the subject. Professor Brown of Brown University succeeds admirably in conveying to the reader the tension that has always existed in Russia (and not only since 1917, to be sure) between the creative artist and the Establishment, between those who cherish imaginative literature for its own sake and those willing to tolerate and even promote it, but only as a vehicle for the dissemination of the political dogma currently in vogue. Perceptive chapters are devoted to different periods, genres, and problems, including such all-too-often neglected subjects as the serious attempts to reconcile an obligatory Soviet *Weltanschauung* with the minimum of autonomy that the writer needs if literature is to survive; "the levers of control" that were finally established, and the fate of satire under conditions where scores of themes must be avoided. Although the selection, emphasis, and evaluations are necessarily subjective, the vignettes of individual writers are excellent.

The general tone of the book is sober without becoming pedantic, and there is a very useful bibliography of English-language books dealing with Soviet literature and of translations into English of authors discussed in the text. To the American college student and the interested layman Professor Brown's volume is likely to become a valuable companion to D. S. Mirsky's classic *History of Russian Literature*, now fortunately available in a paperback edition.

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Bay of Pigs

Continued from page 41

would have no tanks and no air force . . ."

The CIA agents in Cuba must have been deaf, dumb, and blind. For as early as January 1961 there were Czech guns and Russian tanks everywhere one turned in Cuba. The island was studded with gun emplacements and crawling with tanks. There was even a Russian tank on the grounds of the Hotel Nacional, which had been turned into a barracks. Everywhere one drove he saw men stringing telephone lines; the army already had established an elaborate microwave network. And, of course, Fidel did have an air force. What is more, the Fidelistas publicized what they were doing. The newspapers carried page one stories about the preparations for the invasion, including one this reviewer remembers well: a story in *Revolución* about a camp that had been set up where 400 Czech officers and NCOs were training militiamen in the use of Czech field pieces.

And then again . . . perhaps the CIA agents really weren't deaf, dumb, and blind. For there is ample evidence in Johnson's book to support the belief that, after a while, the anonymous men became so obsessed with the idea of invading Cuba they were ready to lie to anyone, the President, the Cuban exile leaders, the Brigade leaders, anyone, to carry out their plans.

In contrast, Fidel was always the realist. He had agents at Base Trax; he knew precisely what was going on there; he even knew the cover names of the anonymous men. He had prepared for every possibility, including the bombing of his airfields that preceded the invasion. He did have men in the Zapata as well as a communications system.

Unlike most horror stories, the story of the Bay of Pigs has a moral. As Johnson says in his epilogue: "At least one general conclusion can be drawn. No agency should be permitted to operate without some form of independent, critical outside examination." To anyone who believes in responsible government, the idea that anonymous men should have been able to lead the United States into a major moral and diplomatic disaster (if not a military one) under a cloak that at times hid their activities even from the President is terrifying.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Nonapostolic. 2. Stridulate. 3. clear-headed. 4. unsolicited. 5. touchline. 6. panegyric. 7. minuteman. 8. yachtsmen. 9. gramineous. 10. garnishment. 11. pantalets. 12. Nonhistorical.

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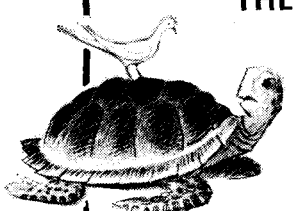

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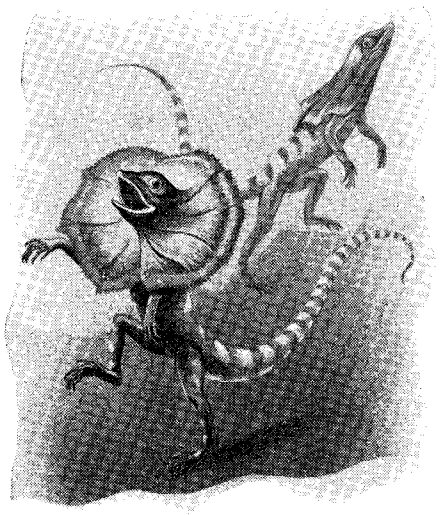
Children in Today's World

By ALICE DALGLIESH



—*From "Strange Creatures."*

AS MORE of the spring books come in we notice a definite emphasis on certain topics. Freedom as a theme has been prominent in children's books for some time, and continues to be, which is natural. In the last year or so we have had a number of books about communism, necessary and worthwhile, though apt to run into trouble with the local vigilantes who keep a stern eye on children's libraries. In their way, and in contrast, the better books on communism are a hymn to freedom—though they may indicate that some Americans have a freedom they do not as yet possess. A few of these books do not represent a reasoned discussion, but are pure propaganda. One with a sinister splash of blood on the cover was not fit material for young people.

At a recent meeting of the Child Study Association Dr. Benjamin Spock spoke of children's fears of the atomic bomb and of annihilation. We cannot protect children in today's world. They are exposed to random, often unreasoned opinions expressed by adults, and they watch the news on television. We can only try to see to it that they do not get unfounded or hysterical fears either from these sources or from not feeling free to discuss the books that they read.

One of the slightly reassuring books of the season is an allegory, the meaning of which even children of four or five will be able to grasp. Many contemporary writers of children's picture books tend to present their stories in fable or allegory, sometimes clearly, sometimes with the obscurity of a dark night. Small children, just becoming acquainted with their world, should not have to grope their way to meaning.

In the handsomely designed book mentioned above, William Wondriska's *The Tomato Patch* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $3.50), most meanings are clear as daylight. Two almost alike countries spend their time making arms (halberds and battleaxes), and everyone goes around perpetually in armor. A forest separates the countries, and in it one day two princes meet. Suddenly, and with great effect, the black-and-gray of the book gives way to a color surprise: a little girl is cultivating a tomato patch; the vegetables are big, scarlet, and ripe. The princes each take a tomato plant home, and the people of their countries find that there are pleasant things to do other than preparing for war. The two countries become so like each other they can scarcely be told apart. It is optimistic—but interesting. Children may ask us in frustration, "Why can't it be like this in our world?"

Also, for more than a year we have noticed a more literary trend (see reviews). Thomas Y. Crowell is publishing a whole series in attractive thin volumes presenting selections from the work of famous poets. They are under the general editorship of Lillian Morrison of the Donnell Library in New York, and each has a preface by an individual editor, who selects the poems. This publishing project might not have been possible a few years ago. It will be interesting to watch the progress of this series, and we wish it well.

But literary-minded students must have taken a tremendous leap forward in the last five years, or we are *thinking* that they have. Last year we had a fairly successful rendering or translation by Sandra Stoddard Warburg of Spenser's *Una and the Red Cross Knight* (Houghton Mifflin). This was dramatic but I felt a sense of relief when, at the end, it returned to the Spenserian stanza. Of course, many will read it now who might not otherwise. And, while one of Chaucer's stories was used playfully in a retold picture book, *Chanticleer,* by Barbara Cooney, he seems to belong in an undergraduate English class. The thickets of Middle English are thorny, and *A Taste of Chaucer* (reviewed on page 58) needs so long a glossary and such copious explanatory notes that I wonder. . . .

There are so many aspects of this field to wonder about. The main thing is that we are not taking possibilities in reading for granted: we *are* wondering, and as we wonder there may be some interesting results in books for young people. In applauding them, as we do, we must remember the percentage of children who perhaps will only come to grips with reading through books that make them laugh, and by mystery and sports stories.

—*From "Through These Arches."*

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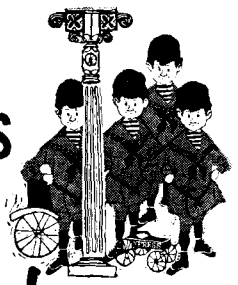

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Picture Books

Lady Bird, Quickly. *By Juliet Kepes. Atlantic Monthly-Little, Brown.* 40 *pp.* $3. There was excitement in the insect world. Everyone was passing the news around: "Lady Bird, Lady Bird, fly away home/ Your house is on fire, your children alone." In a slight but attractive book with pages enhancing by their brilliant background color insects both vivid and quiet, the author-artist has expanded and built upon the well-known nursery rhyme. She has added an original ending in which the tree is not on fire but all a-sparkle with fireflies, and

> There were her children, quite safe, not alone,
> With thousands of fireflies each bobbing a light,
> Dancing and prancing and singing the song,
> Lady Bird, Lady Bird, fly away home.

While it must be a coincidence that this book comes out when we have a First Lady named Lady Bird, children will be likely to make the connection. Ages 2-5.

Rum Pum Pum: A Procession from Folk and Fairy Tales. *By Hans Fischer. Harcourt, Brace & World.* 16 *pp.* $3.25. This panoramic cardboard picture book—showing a gay procession of characters from the artist's books—could also be used as a wall decoration by turning it from time to time, since pictures are on both sides. There are sixteen pages, each 12½" x 5". Although little children will love the animals, the seven brief digests of the stories included on the back page are not very useful for them. They may, however, lead older children to the books. Ages 3-6 (?).

A Pocketful of Proverbs. *By Joan Walsh Anglund. Illustrated by the artist. Harcourt, Brace & World.* 32 *pp.* $1.95. This tiny book in a slipcase may be considered a bookstore item—and Anglund admirers will want it. But it is doubtful that small children will wish to have proverbs such as "A stitch in time saves nine" read over and over again. All ages.

One, Two, Where's My Shoe? *By Tomi Ungerer. Harper & Row.* 32 *pp.* $2.50. Five words (the title) comprise the text of this game in pictures. Small children will enjoy looking for the shoes that are hidden in all the pictures, and asking friends to find them. Whether it is "a basic book of form and design" is open to question. Ages 3 up (3-5).

The Alphabet Tale. *By Jan Garten and Muriel Batherman. Random House.* 52 *pp.* $2.50. A pleasant game book, *The Alphabet Tale* has more words in it. On each page are a rhyme, a letter in bright red, and the tail of an animal.

> Sharp eyes and sharp teeth—
> Run first and look after.
> This is the tail of the ———

(Child turns page and sees an alligator.) The book is decorative—and good fun. No age level.

The Poodle Who Barked at the Wind. *By Charlotte Zolotow. Illustrated by Roger Duvoisin. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.* 32 *pp.* $2.95. We have all known dogs that barked at everything, but this one even barks at the wind and the rain. All of this is not appreciated by the man of the house, a writer. However, one day the poodle (no name given) and the man get together. Although slight, the book will be amusing to children. No age level. (4-7?)

Happy Birthday. *By Myra Cohn Livingston. With illustrations by Eric Blegvad. Harcourt, Brace & World.* 32 *pp.* $1.95. A pleasant little book to give on that most important of all days—a little girl's birthday—this tells what happens from the moment when "The sun and I wake up together" and even the birds sing, "Happy Birthday!" until the little girl is tucked in bed and thinking, "Happy Birthday until next year!" The book is useful also for birthdays in school (since the age of the child is not given, it can last for several years, possibly four to eight). There are black-and-white line drawings. Ages 4-8.

The Coconut Thieves. *Adapted by Catharine Fournier. Illustrated by Janina Domanska. Scribners.* 32 *pp.* $3.25. The *Herald Tribune* prize for the best picture book of the spring went to Catherine Fournier and Janina Domanska for their adaptation and pictorial presentation of an African folk tale. Among a number of mediocre books and a few good ones, this stands out like a jewel for its originality of treatment, its well-adapted story, its gaiety and charming color, and for the motifs suggested by African art.

The story tells how Dog and Turtle outwit Leopard, who selfishly thinks he can claim all the coconuts from a coconut grove that does not belong to him anyway. Ages 4-8.

Jonathan Visits the White House. *By Peter Benchley. Pictures by Richard Bergere. McGraw-Hill.* 82 *pp.* $2.50. Neither text nor pictures live up to this interesting title. Not too much is seen or said about the White House as Jonathan races through it in pursuit of his puppy—which he has smuggled in against rules. Implausibly, he finds Caroline Kennedy's pony on the lawn and rides it, then makes his way directly into the President's office, where he is kindly received and returned to his mother by the Chief Executive. After President Kennedy's death, Mrs. Johnson, in the kindness of her heart, added a preface to show the continuity of the government. Children will enjoy the chase and the puppy, but the story is not the best type of White House book. Ages 5-9. (8?)

Fireman Save My Cat! *Story and pictures by Palazzo. Abelard-Schuman.* 32 *pp.* $2.95. A situation much overworked in children's books during previous years here assumes absurd proportions. A little girl is playing on the roof of an apartment house when her cat climbs the fence and falls down on a ledge between two buildings. Mary Jane rushes out screaming to get a policeman, the tenants get hysterical, and the rescue calls for the use of the Fire Department, the

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Water Department, the S.P.C.A., resulting in considerable damage to the house. Children, who think wild disasters funny, will doubtless laugh—but should they? The book gives little but a brief laugh, if that. Ages 5-8.

Strange Creatures. *Written and illustrated by Clifford Webb. Frederic Warne, 56 pp.* $3. Clifford Webb's animal pictures have pleased children for a number of years. This is a companion to *Animals from Everywhere.* It would be pleasant if more nature books could have color lithographs as accurate and at the same time as attractive as these. The colors are particularly pleasing, and each picture is accompanied by one brief but succinct page of text. No age level. (5-8?)

Five Pennies. *By Barbara Brenner. Illustrated by Erik Blegvad. Knopf. 40 pp.* $3.25. Nicky puts five shiny new pennies in his pocket and goes out to buy a pet. "But don't buy too big an animal," says his mother. "No elephants or giraffes, please." Nicky finds pets not within his reach, and buys other things, but has a surprise—and a pet—in the end. Young children will like the story with its slight element of suspense, and will probably go on to say what they could buy with five pennies. It is a pleasant book with colorful, amusing pictures. Ages 5-8.

Exactly Alike. *Written and illustrated by Evaline Ness. Scribners. 32 pp.* $3.50. While this book has charming and gay color, it has a truly extraordinary story—one that has all the setting of a realistic tale although we must accept it as an imaginary one, with perhaps some foundation in fact. Elizabeth had four freckled brothers who looked exactly alike and who constantly teased her. She never knew which brother was teasing, or what his name was. In the end she found out how to distinguish between her brothers, and how to keep their names straight. One wonders why Elizabeth could not at least place the brother who had one blue eye and one black, but the story ends happily with Elizabeth hugging all four brothers at once. It is one of the more artistic picture books of the spring, and children may accept it wholeheartedly. Ages 5-8.

Libraries: A Book to Begin On. *By Susan Bartlett. Illustrated by Gioia Fiammenghi. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 48 pp.* $2.50. When I first saw the catalogue copy for this, I wondered why on earth a librarian had once banned "women and cockroaches" from his library. An amusing page tells why. The book is really a brief history of libraries, with sprightly semi-cartoons and a collection of curiosa. Children will ponder, as I did, whether it would be pleasanter to have pease porridge, cheese, and nuts served in the Alexandria library, or in libraries in the public baths, as in Rome. Also would you prefer to have your books come by bookmobile (Africa), a speedboat (islands off Denmark), a bibliotrain (France), or a pony cart (Thailand)? Ages 6-8.

High, Wide and Handsome and Their Three Tall Tales. *By Jean Merrill and Ronni Solbert. Young Scott Books. 48 pp.* $3.50. "In a village on the road to Pegu there lived three friends; High, a monkey; Wide, a pig; and Handsome, a fox." So begins this folk tale from Burma, in which "three country rascals" challenge Rolling Stone, "a city slicker," to a storytelling contest. Four extremely tall tales follow, and the city slicker (a dog) slyly wins the clothes of the other three. The author and artist have previously done other attractive Asian books, and have worked in the countries. This one has sophisticated pictures in bright, unusual colors. Ages 6-9.

Siamese Summer. *Written and illustrated by Edith Records Warner. Viking. 64 pp.* $3. City life for Hai and Tai, two Siamese cats, must have been comparatively calm, but when they moved to the country for the summer there were many new things to learn, new creatures to meet. Fortunately, we only see, in expressive pictures, their reactions to their adventures: Hai and Tai do not talk like humans, but probably—like most Siamese—have much to say in cat talk. Cat lovers will enjoy both story and pictures. Ages 6-10.

The Coming of the Pilgrims. *Told from Governor Bradford's Firsthand Account by F. Brooks Smith and Robert Meredith. Illustrated by Leonard Everett Fisher. Little, Brown. 60 pp.* $3.50. The editors have made this book for younger children, who really need, for their first story, a somewhat less austere presentation. The pictures in black, purple, and red may be handsome from a wholly adult standpoint but give the false impression that the Pilgrims were all dressed in bright red, a difficulty one can get into with the use of decorative but limited color. Ages 6-8 (better for 8-9?)

Bird Watchers and Bird Feeders. *By Glen O. Blough. Pictures by Jeanne Bendick. McGraw-Hill. 48 pp.* $2.95. Bird watching—and particularly bird feeding—is efficiently though not too imaginatively presented here, but, after all, this is a "straight" nature book, and gives menus for various types of birds and information about bird banding. Although identification of types of birds is at a low level because so many of the pictures are not in color, this book can easily be teamed up with one of the inexpensive bird guides in color. One of the advantages of this presentation is that it takes care of four seasons of the year. "A bird feeder in the wintertime is as busy as a playground at recess. Some people think that winter is the best season to watch and feed birds." Ages 6-10.

The Steel Flea: A Story by Nicholas Leskov. *Adapted from the Russian by Babette Deutsch and Avrahm Yarmolinsky. Pictures by Janina Domanska. Harper & Row. 56 pp.* $2.95. This is a perfectly delightful revision of a most amusing story, with new pictures that fit it perfectly.

After Napoleon had been defeated, Alexander of Russia wanted to see the marvels of the Western world and he took General Platov with him.

"It was always the same. The Czar . . . was always most affable. He was delighted with every new piece of work that was shown him. . . . Only Platov would snort with disgust."

(*Continued on page 56*)

A POCKETFUL OF PROVERBS
Illustrated by Joan Walsh Anglund. Wise old sayings pictured in lovely color and line. Pocket-size (3" x 4"), slipcase.
All ages. $1.95

CRICKET SONGS
Translated by Harry Behn; illustrated by reproductions of Japanese masters. A charming collection of Japanese haiku.
All ages. $2.50

RUM PUM PUM
Illustrated by Hans Fischer. Favorite characters from folk tales illustrate a gay accordion book. Ages 3-8. $3.25

HAPPY BIRTHDAY!
by Myra Cohn Livingston; illustrated by Erik Blegvad. The magic of a child's birthday is caught in this evocative book.
Ages 4-8. $1.95

A BUG TO HUG
Written and illustrated by Katharina Barry. Delightful nonsense rhymes and pictures about the young hero's adventures.
Ages 4-8. $2.50

THE BOY AND THE FOREST
by Will; illustrated by Nicolas. Woodcuts of strength and beauty illustrate this story of a boy's courage in freeing the forest from evil.
Ages 5-9. $3.25

OUT OF HAND
by Emma Smith; illustrated by Antony Maitland. An outstanding book in which a quiet summer holiday in Wales changes into dramatic adventure. Ages 9-12. $3.50

THE FAMILY CONSPIRACY
by Joan Phipson; illustrated by Margaret Horder. A memorable story about four children on an Australian sheep ranch.
Ages 9-12. $3.50

A TASTE OF CHAUCER
Edited and translated by Anne Malcolmson; illustrated by Enrico Arno. A fine verse translation of The Prologue and nine Canterbury tales. Ages 12 up. $3.75

A PICTURE IS A PICTURE
by W. G. Rogers; illustrated with six black-and-white reproductions. A well-known critic discusses the development of modern painting. Ages 14 up. $3.95

Illustration from *Rum Pum Pum*

HARCOURT, BRACE & WORLD

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HARPER BOOKS

PLEASANT FIELDMOUSE
By **JAN WAHL,** *pictures by* **MAURICE SENDAK.** A beautifully illustrated story book about the happy adventures of Pleasant Fieldmouse, Mrs. Worry-Wind Hedgehog, Haunted Beaver and many other enchanting forest folk. $2.95. $2.92* **Ages 4-8**

A BABY SISTER FOR FRANCES
By **RUSSELL HOBAN,** *pictures in color by* **LILLIAN HOBAN.** When a baby sister arrives, the little badger heroine of BEDTIME FOR FRANCES finds an intriguing way to prove her own importance. $2.50. $2.57* **Ages 4-8**

MIRANDA'S BEAUTIFUL DREAM
By **ROBERT KRAUS,** *pictures in color by the author.* Miranda's dreams of a lovely world come true are "daintily and softly illustrated and include humorous situations." —*Hartford Times.* $1.95. $2.19* **Ages 4-8**

A ROSE, A BRIDGE, AND A WILD BLACK HORSE
By **CHARLOTTE ZOLOTOW,** *pictures in color by* **URI SHULEVITZ.** A small boy promises his sister wondrous things. "The lovely drawings are as important as the text. Recommended."—*Library Journal.* $2.95. $2.92* **Ages 4-8**

FLAT STANLEY
By **JEFF BROWN,** *pictures in color by* **TOMI UNGERER.** When a bulletin board flattens Stanley to ½ inch, he embarks on a series of comical adventures. "Illustrations are perfect in mood."—(starred) *Virginia Kirkus.* $2.50. $2.67* **Ages 6-10.**

THE MYSTERY OF THE WOODS
By **MARY STOLZ,** *pictures in color by* **URI SHULEVITZ.** In a house on the edge of the woods, Will and Grandfather lived by strict rules — until Tom Kitten came along. "An intriguing little book." —*Virginia Kirkus.* $2.95. $2.92* **Ages 6-10.**

HELLO MUDDUH, HELLO FADDUH!
By **ALLAN SHERMAN,** *pictures in color by* **SYD HOFF.** The words from Allan Sherman's hit recording and Syd Hoff's uproarious drawings hilariously portray a small boy's first day at camp. (Coming May 20.) $1.95. $2.19* **All ages**

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"Sire," he would grumble, "we have better things at home."

Finally the English workmen grew tired of Platov's snorts and presented the Czar with a tray on which there was a tiny flea forged out of pure English steel. When the flea was wound she danced an entire quadrille.

The denouèment of the story is delightful—and this time Russia comes out on top. Ages 7-10.

Uttam: A Boy of India. *By G. Warren Schloat, Jr. Knopf.* 48 *pp.* $2.95. Uttam, a boy of thirteen, lives in one of India's numerous villages. While this is a 1963 book, it is included here for two reasons. First, because Indian villages are seldom pictured; cities and the more exotic side of life usually dominate. Here we see excellent pictures of one day in Uttam's life, and a very simple life it is. The second reason for including it is that it makes some effort to explain the complicated Hindu religious beliefs in a sympathetic way.

I believe there is one error. The red dot (or other decoration) in the center of a woman's forehead does not mean that she is married and her husband is living; young unmarried women use it also. Ages 8-11.

To Catch a Mongoose: A Picture Story in English and French. *By Barbara Ritchie. Illustrated by Earl Thollander. French translations by Marie Byrne. Parnassus Press. Berkeley, Calif.* 62 *pp.* $3.50. A long picture-story about children in Martinique, this book has delightful pictures, which the artist went to that island to make.

The mongoose, a dubious citizen except where many poisonous snakes abound (it eats eggs and useful insects) was introduced into Martinique to fight the *fer-de-lance.* As it cannot be imported into the USA, our children have a chance to meet it pleasantly in this story.

The struggle is between Henri, who wishes to make money by having a market stall labeled "Fighting mongooses for sale," and his sister, who wants to keep as a pet the one mongoose Henri has caught. In the end they decide to have a stall for selling "Pet Mongooses." Question: Who bought them? Ages 8 up. (8-12 including French?)

Table Graces for the Family. *By Marjorie Ingzel. Thomas Nelson & Sons.* 64 *pp.* $1. Now that parents must take back from the schools the responsibility for daily prayer, this little volume may prove useful. There are a hundred prayers and graces in it—traditional graces, verses from the Bible and from poets, and special occasions. Included is that charming old grace found in Chester Cathedral, part of which goes:

Give me a good digestion, Lord
And also something to digest . . .

Give me a mind that is not bored,
That does not whimper, whine or sigh,
Don't let me worry overmuch

About that fussy thing called I.

Age level not indicated.

Through These Arches: The Story of Independence Hall. *By Katherine Milhous. Illustrations by the author. Lippincott.* 96 *pp.* $4.50. The author explains that *Through These Arches* "is not history—it is an evocation of the spirit of one of America's most important buildings." This it certainly is. While it is a picture book in form, with color on many of its ninety-six pages, it is not for young children, but excellent as a family book in which even adults may find interesting facts they did not know.

All of it takes place as you, the reader, stand in the Square, looking at the Building. (The author has followed a period style of capitalization.) You see a great deal that goes on in and out of the Building, from Indian days to the time when it was made a national shrine. Events solemn, grave, and gay follow each other in the closely packed text, and the effective section heads, underlined in red, help to pull them together—also to whet curiosity. The following section head illustrates this:

The steeple is tilted and has to come down
Candles lighted for victory in all of the windows
The grand federal procession and the cow in the yard.

The formal, dignified pictures are in rose-red, blue, black and purple. This tribute to Independence Hall should be in many homes, libraries, and schools. It is one of the handsome, unusual, and worthwhile books of the season. Ages 10 up.

The Golden Spur. *By Eugenia Miller. Illustrated by Leonard Everett Fisher. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* 138 *pp.* $3.50. There are usually several horse stories each season, and this is probably the most unusual one of the spring. Set in the time of the French Revolution, the tale is founded on period facts, though the boy and the horse are imaginary. The author was living near Versailles when she did her research, and so was able to give the book a believeable background of "stable life at the Court of Versailles in 1789," but the main theme is the affection that Jacques, a stable boy, has for Isabeau, one of the King's horses. In the last chapter, however, Jacques seems to transfer his affections from Isabeau to a new foal a trifle suddenly. The book offers plenty of adventure and a taste of the Revolution. Ages 9-12.

Young People 10-14

Out of Silence Into Sound: The Life of Alexander Graham Bell. *By Roger Burlingame. Illustrated with photographs. Macmillan.* 146 *pp.* $2.95. Wisely, to pique the interest of young present-day readers, this biography begins in the present with the huge horn antenna at Andover, Maine, and Telstar. "Telstar," says the author, "and Telstar II are great-grandchildren of Alexander Graham Bell. Or should we only say that the great Bell Laboratory is his descendant?" Mr. Burlingame then goes back to the days before telephones and traces the developments of Bell's life and inventions. The numerous photographs are good; I like the one of the young Alexander Graham Bell sitting against a photographer's woodland backdrop, legs carefully crossed, top-hat in his hands. Ages 10-14.

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How We Choose a President. *By Lee Lerner Gray. Illustrated by Stanley Stamaty. St. Martin's.* 144 *pp.* $2.75. While Election Day is months away, children hear a good deal about the Presidential candidates and see and hear them on television. A simple book explaining what happens in Presidential election years is needed—and this is the simplest and clearest so far. The matter of the Electoral College is put clearly, and changes that may come about in that law are discussed. The format of the book is businesslike but might have been more alluring. Ages 10-14.

Magnet. *By E. G. Valens. Photographs by Berenice Abbott. World.* 64 *pp.* $3. The combination of text by E. G. Valens and photographs composed with skill, imagination and good design, plus their unusually clear reproduction, make this a most unusual science book. It begins with an antique silver box fashioned to house the lodestone (magnet) as it should be housed, for when men first discovered its "magical" peculiarities those who knew its secrets called it "more precious than all the gems and spices of the Orient."

The facts about magnets and compass needles, as well as the experiments, are presented with interest and clarity, and some of the pictures are of unusual patterns made by magnets and iron filings.

It is frustrating, however, that the book has no page numbers and no index. "See page 49": Where *is* 49? This is not a little child's magnet book. Ages 10 up.

Communism: An American's View. *By Gerald W. Johnson. Illustrated by Leonard Everett Fisher. Morrow.* 160 *pp.* $3.50. If young people read this book before high school, they will be prepared to understand other books. Gerald Johnson makes the strong and weak points crystal clear, only occasionally writing down to his audience—as in his explanation of why Marx was a philosopher, and what a philosopher is. He distinguishes between Marxism and Russian Communism: "Keeping the people in ignorance of what is happening in the world beyond the horizon is not Marxism. All his life Marx insisted that the only way the common people could gain real freedom was by constantly reading, studying, debating, thinking. The opposite idea is not Marxian; it is entirely Russian." He then explains why this idea developed.

There are certain weak spots in the book; the explanation of the cold war seems somewhat inadequate, for example. However, Mr. Johnson brings out certain lacks in freedom in this country. He also points out that some people in this country do not think young people—or even adults—should read about communism and that some Americans cannot pronounce the word "communism" by itself; they always make it "atheistic communism." At the end of the book the author's plea for freedom of ideas and action is moving and emphatic. Ages 10-16.

Edith Wharton 1862-1937. *By Olivia Coolidge. Scribners.* 221 *pp.* $3.95. Olivia Coolidge is one of the best writers in the field of teen-age books. One wonders why she has not received more spectacular recognition. Edith Wharton is a difficult sub-

McGRAW-HILL

JONATHAN VISITS THE WHITE HOUSE
Peter Benchley; three-color pictures by Richard Bergere; foreword by Mrs. Lyndon B. Johnson. Jonathan and his dog visit the elegantly refurbished White House. "A treasure."—*Washington Post.* Ages 4-8. $2.50

THE BOY AND THE WHALE
José Maria Sanchez-Silva; illustrated by Margery Gill. A boy and his secret friend, the Whale, have many adventures in a beguiling tale of growing up. Ages 7-10. $2.25

BASIL AND THE LOST COLONY
Eve Titus; illustrated by Paul Galdone. A new, thrilling Basil of Baker Street "mousstery." "Simply delightful," says Adrian M. Conan Doyle. Ages 8-12. $2.95

BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

SCIENCE SHOWS YOU HOW
Kenneth M. Swezey; illustrated with photographs. A strikingly original book of experiments and stunts that demonstrate basic principles — using easily obtainable materials—by the author of *Science Magic* and *Chemistry Magic.* Ages 12 up. $3.50

WATCHERS, PURSUERS, AND MASQUERADERS
Edith Raskin; illustrated by P. A. Hutchison. The many extraordinary ways that animals use the visual sense in their daily lives. Teen ages. $3.50

TAIWO AND HER TWIN
Letta Schatz; illustrated by Elton Fax. How Taiwo achieves her heart's desire to go to school with her twin brother in their West African village. Ages 8-12. $2.95

Millions of Americans are falling in love with a bat!

THE BAT-POET

by RANDALL JARRELL
Pictures by MAURICE SENDAK

A captivating tale destined to become a classic of children's literature.

CONRAD AIKEN: "One of the most entrancing books for children of all ages, including mine, that I have ever read."

GILBERT HIGHET: "You can read it in half an hour; and you will never forget it."

MARIANNE MOORE: "I can safely say to my little nephews... the bat-poet's poems are really true to life—bat-life, bird-life, and child-life."

HENRY RAGO: "It has the makings of a classic."

GENE SHALIT: "Indisputably, the most important book of the season."—*McCall's*

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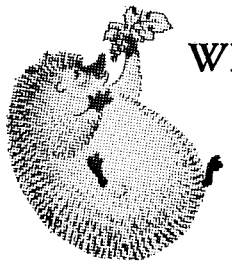


Which books do children like best?

If you answer the above question by asking "*Which* child?" see below:

For a girl of seven or eight, the story of the Armenian village girl who wants to learn to read, told by Gladys Yessayan Cretan in *A GIFT FROM THE BRIDE ($2.95), generously illustrated with authentic Armenian scenes. For eight to ten-year-olds who like fun and animals in their books, Scott Corbett's new story about a boy who can't stop talking in rhyme, *THE LIMERICK TRICK ($3.00), and Ruth Sawyer's warm-hearted story of a brother and sister and their plain hound dog, DADDLES ($3.50).

For the adventure-loving age that begins about ten, there are three new books, two of them salt water stories. *SPIRO OF THE SPONGE FLEET by Henry Chapin and Peter Throckmorton ($3.75) about a Greek boy who longs to become a diver in the dangerous sponge trade. THE SALTY SKINNERS by Adèle and Cateau DeLeeuw ($3.75) tells about a group of skin-diving American youngsters and their summer adventures. A BOY AND HIS DAD is a fine collection of stories about sons and their fathers selected by Albert B. Tibbets ($3.75).

For horse-smitten girls of ten, eleven and twelve, the perfect book is Marion Holland's CASEY JONES RIDES VANITY ($3.95).

Choosing just the right book for boys and girls over twelve is not so easy but here are three worth considering. One is a story of survival and undersea adventure in the South Pacific today, THE DANGER ISLANDS by Ben Masselink ($3.75). For the career-minded, Laura Nelson Baker has written about a "helping" profession, social group work, in THOSE WHO CARE ($4.50). For the lively-minded with an interest in foreign languages, there is YOU CAN LEARN RUSSIAN by Marguerita Rudolph ($4.75).

Any good bookstore has these books or will be glad to get them for you.

**An Atlantic Monthly Press Book*

LITTLE, BROWN · Boston

ject because of the wide separation between her life and that of present-day young people. However, *Ethan Frome* is widely used in high school and *The Age of Innocence* is in a paperback, so young people may be pleased to meet the author and be fascinated by her background.

Miss Coolidge has written with wit and enthusiasm. Adults interested in Edith Wharton may also enjoy the book. It is refreshing to have a biography without imaginary conversations. Ages 10-16.

Jules Verne: The Man Who Invented the Future. *By Franz Born. Translated from German by Juliana Biro. Illustrated by Peter P. Plasencia. Prentice-Hall.* 104 *pp.* $3.25. Translated from the German and moving a little heavily at times, this is nevertheless an interesting biography. There is a certain pathos in Jules Verne of the extraordinary imagination, the "father of science fiction," being tutored by Alexandre Dumas to write "every day at a set time." If you do this, Dumas said, "ideas will come to you." It didn't work for Jules Verne.

It is remarkable that in his *Diary of an American Journalist of the Year* 2850 Verne described a world capital with rolling sidewalks, a television-telephone, television news, as well as reporting from Mars and Jupiter—still in the future. He was not, however, the first to "envision the helicopter"—because that was done by Leonardo.

When Jules Verne died, a Paris newspaper said, "The old storyteller is dead. Is it not as if Santa Claus had died?" Judging from the number of his books still in print, the old storyteller is very much alive. Ages 10 up.

Poems of William Wordsworth. *Selected by Elinor Parker. Wood engravings by Diana Bloomfield.* 148 *pp.* **Poems of Alfred, Lord Tennyson.** *Selected by Ruth Greiner Rausen. Drawings by Virgil Burnett.* 146 *pp.* **Poems of Emily Dickinson.** *Selected by Helen Plotz. Drawings by Robert Kipniss.* 158 *pp. All published by Crowell. All under general editorship of Lillian Morrison.* $2.95 *each.* Other poets will follow in this series; the first little volumes in it are attractive in format and illustration. With their limited number of pages they are an introduction, and intended to be so. I found myself moving restlessly about the Tennyson collection, dissatisfied that "Locksley Hall" was represented only by "In the spring a young man's fancy . . ." and the prediction of the future not given. "In Memoriam" is also presented in pieces, and there are several other bits and pieces. Wordsworth and Dickinson fare better, partly because they are selected by more experienced makers of anthologies, partly because these poets obliged by writing shorter poems. No age level.

A Taste of Chaucer: Selections from The Canterbury Tales. *Illustrated by Enrico Arno. Harcourt, Brace & World.* 184 *pp.* $3.75. This is partially discussed in the article on page 53. It is much better than the Golden Book on the same subject but still difficult reading. I had my first "taste of Chaucer" at nine years as a story told me by my father while we walked in Canterbury, and it was most effective. However, for anyone who feels that Chaucer should be read in high school this may be the book. It is attractive in format, and the translation from Middle English reads easily.

> A povre widow, somdel stape in age
> Was whylom dwelling in a narwe cottage

becomes:

> A poor old widow something past her prime
> Dwelt in a cottage once upon a time.

Clear, but I'm sorry the "narwe cottage" got lost on the way. No age level.

Marco Polo's Adventures in China. *By the Editors of Horizon Magazine. Author: Milton Rogoff. Consultant L. Carrington Goodrich, Professor Emeritus of Chinese, Columbia University. Illustrated with Paintings, Maps and Illuminations. American Heritage Publishing Co. Distribution, Harper & Row.* 156 *pp.* $3.95. Because of the wealth of pictures that serve to illuminate one of the great travel and adventure stories of all time, this is an important addition to the Horizon-Caravel Books. It opens with a color reproduction of the title page of the first printed edition, which had a drawing of Marco. Two of the most fascinating pictures are a map that includes

(*Continued on page* 91)

Adventure and intrigue in ancient Egypt

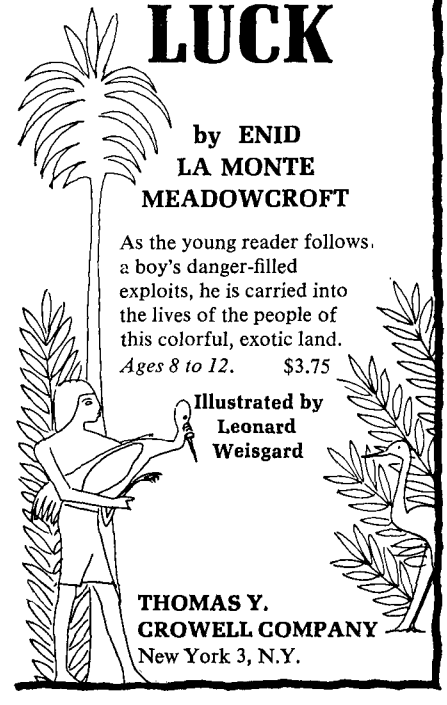
SCARAB FOR LUCK

by ENID LA MONTE MEADOWCROFT

As the young reader follows a boy's danger-filled exploits, he is carried into the lives of the people of this colorful, exotic land.

Ages 8 to 12. $3.75

Illustrated by Leonard Weisgard



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Rachel Carson

Continued from page 23

dramatic statement if alternatives to misuse were to be pursued.

Was it not understandable that one who was trained by science to respect the frailness of the fabric of life and was infused with a naturalist's concern for all living things should view the most poisonous of the pesticides with more alarm than a farmer?

Silent Spring was a "popular" book because it crystalized the concern of so many. Researchers who were nursing doubts, conservationists who were alarmed by fish and wildlife losses, and concerned Congressmen found a catalyst for conviction in Miss Carson's book. Connecticut's Abe Ribicoff emerged as the *Silent Spring* Senator, and he convened his hearings by saying: "Miss Carson, on behalf of the Committee we certainly welcome you here. You are the lady who started all this."

A steady stream of mail descended on the nation's capital, and a year ago Dr. Jerome B. Wiesner, President Kennedy's Science Advisor, vindicated her when he spoke for a panel of scientists and stated that the indiscriminate use of the worst poisonous chemicals was "potentially a much greater hazard than radioactive fallout."

What, then, is the legacy of Rachel Carson?

She alerted us to the subtle dangers of "An Age of Poisons." She made us realize that we had allowed our fascination with chemicals to override our wisdom in their use. If serious doubts existed about the harmful side effects of a pesticide, to her the only prudent answer was in favor of the web of life.

To those already embroiled in the conservation crusade, the reception accorded *Silent Spring* was a sign of sanity. It revealed an unsuspected sensitivity in America to values that have been neglected in the unthinking onrush of "progress."

Whatever her immediate impact on conservation controversies of the Sixties, it is already clear that she has helped us develop a land ethic suitable to a civilization that aspires to greatness.

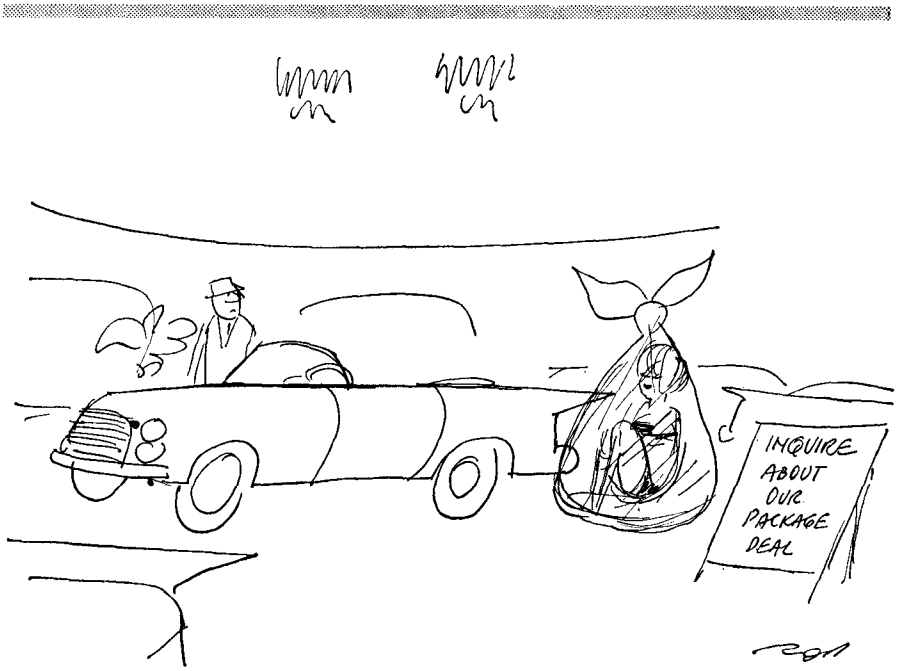
She also believed that those who put short-term profits above the long-term needs of other generations had to be resisted, and her eloquence made her a formidable foe of the short-sighted and the careless.

Rachel must have taken secret satisfaction in the thought that the response to *Silent Spring* demonstrated that once the bird-watchers and wildlife lovers of the world united, they could prevail in many of the "thousand little battles" for conservation across the land.

We were all diminished by the premature passing of this woman. A new book she had planned to call *Help Your Child Wonder* will go unwritten; but the spirit of *Silent Spring* is itself a large legacy.

Rachel Carson quoted poetry to make her points. Our epitaph for one who gracefully blended a scientist's dedication to truth with a poet's feel for nature would be these lines from Keats:

> Beauty is truth,
> Truth beauty,—
> That is all ye know on earth,
> and all ye need to know.



Going Public

Continued from page 22

ments of learning. In any event, the question is not one of opposing paperbacks to hardbound books, but of adding one to the other: what the development of paperback publishing has accomplished is to increase reading, to proliferate the use of books, and, as a result, to make all forms of publishing more profitable.

IT is commonplace, if also wearisome, to speak of "image," the image the public holds of an institution or the image of a product created in the minds of buyers under the stimulus of advertising. This is a concept, I would assume, derived partly from Plato (the cave), partly from esthetics and physiology (the optic), and partly from Freudian psychology. One may question whether it is a useful concept in the conduct of ordinary affairs. Does the public familiarly hold an image of publishing? I doubt that the public thinks about publishing at all. Not one reader in a thousand is able to identify the publisher of an important book if it is not being currently advertised, or, to be sure, even if it *is* being advertised. It is an exercise in vanity to become anxious over the possibility that the public will, because of the recent mergers among firms, come to regard book publishing as "big business" and will no longer respect it as a highly personal enterprise.

I am not at all certain that size in itself is relevant to sound publishing except as it may give broader opportunities to people of talent. A large publishing house can publish good books, and many a small publisher has devoted himself to poor ones. The danger is not that a few houses will come to dominate American publishing—this is improbable, if not wholly unreasonable, to suppose—but that the large publishing house will fail to accomplish the better ends to which great resources might be put. Already one perceives a slight case of elephantiasis in publishing firms, the symptoms of which are expediters, coordinators, consultants, and public relations counselors, any one of whom may regrettably cost as much as a talented editor or designer. The small publisher is spared this disease; it is one of his strengths that he must depend on his own counsel. Now that the interest of Wall Street in publishing has subsided somewhat, there is less of a lure for the small publisher to seek a merger with a larger colleague. One publisher who had previously risen to the lure is now said to be wondering if there is some way in which one can "go private."

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Shakespeare on LP

BACK in the pre-LP days, recordings of spoken Shakespeare were generally limited to such excerpts as would fit comfortably on a single 78-rpm side, usually the famous soliloquies by such actors as John Barrymore, Maurice Evans, and John Gielgud (not yet Sir John then). There were a few albums of extended excerpts, a memorable abridged *Macbeth* on RCA Victor with Evans and Judith Anderson, and Columbia did record five of the plays in their entirety: Orson Welles's Mercury Theatre productions of *Julius Caesar, Macbeth, The Merchant of Venice,* and *Twelfth Night,* and the Paul Robeson-José Ferrer-Uta Hagen *Othello.* This *Othello,* transferred from eighteen 78s to three LPs, is still available as Columbia set SL-153.

Today, however, in addition to the numerous "abridged" versions, all but six of the thirty-seven plays may be had in complete recordings, and all the sonnets and other poems are also available. There are as many as four current versions of some of the plays, with such popular ones as *Hamlet* and *Romeo and Juliet* even offered in German (on the imported Amadeo label).

The six plays missing from the Shakespeare discography now are *Richard the Third* (formerly available in the Olivier-Gielgud film version in RCA Victor set LM-6126); *Pericles, Prince of Tyre; Titus Andronicus*; and the three parts of *King Henry the Sixth.* These gaps will all be filled before the quadricentennial year ends, completing the extraordinary series of the plays on London Records. There will also be additions to the complete Shakespeare series under way on two other labels, and contributions from other sources as well.

London's series is not only the nearest to completion, but also the most truly "integrated," in the same sense as a recorded cycle of, say, the Beethoven symphonies played by one orchestra under the direction of a single conductor. All these recordings, made by Argo Records under the auspices of the British Council, are by the Marlowe Society of Cambridge University (augmented by such professionals as Sir John Gielgud and Dame Peggy Ashcroft in key roles), directed by George Rylands. All follow the text of "The New Shakespeare" edited for the Syndics of the Cambridge University Press by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch and John Dover Wilson. All but seven of the plays are offered in stereo as well as mono.

Of the poems, the London series features a three-disc set of the sonnets, a two-record album of *The Rape of Lucrece,* and a two-disc *Venus* and *Adonis* that includes the Dedications and Ben Johnson's Eulogy from the First Folio. *A Lover's Complaint* is found on the final side of the album of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona,* and *The Phoenix and the Turtle* serves as filler for *The Tempest.*

Caedmon's Shakespeare Recording Society series so far includes fewer than half the plays, but the stunning casts make these offerings unusually attractive. Gielgud is in two of them, and Paul Scofield is the superb Hamlet. Other participants include Rex Harrison, Sir Ralph Richardson, Rachel Roberts, Max Adrian, Claire Bloom, Stanley Holloway, Richard Burton, Siobhan McKenna, Dame Peggy Ashcroft, Pamela Brown, Gwen Ffrangçon Davies, Cyril Cusack, Albert Finney, Dame Edith Evans, and Boris Karloff. Howard Sackler and Peter Wood are the directors.

Caedmon/SRS presents *all* the poems, in three two-disc sets: Gielgud reads the sonnets in one; Claire Bloom and Max Adrian gives us *Venus and Adonis* and *A Lover's Complaint* in another, and in the third we have *The Passionate Pilgrim, The Phoenix and the Turtle, The Rape of Lucrece,* and *Sonnets to Sundry Notes of Music,* with Burton, Evans, and Sir Donald Wolfit.

The recordings from Ireland on the Spoken Word label cover still fewer plays—about half of the comedies and tragedies, none of the histories so far (though *Henry V* is among the additional material announced as "in preparation"). The comedies are performed by the Dublin Gate Theatre Players, featuring Michael MacLiammoir and directed by Hilton Edwards. Except for *Coriolanus* (directed by W. Bridges-Adams), the tragedies are all directed by Anew McMaster, who also reads the sonnets in the Spoken Word series. None of the other poems is included, and recordings are in mono only. Cambridge editions are followed for *The Taming of the Shrew* and *A Midsummer Night's Dream,* Oxford in the sonnets and other plays.

THERE are very few complete recordings of any of the plays now outside these three series. The Robeson *Othello* has already been noted. The Old Vic recordings of *Romeo and Juliet* and *Hamlet,* formerly on RCA Victor, have been deleted, as has the Helpmann *Midsummer Night's Dream* (in which the Mendelssohn music was played by the BBC Symphony under Sargent) on the same label. EMI has indicated no intention of reissuing any of these in this country. Claire Bloom repeats her Juliet in the Caedmon recording (to Albert Finney's Romeo), but EMI's decision will be regretted by admirers of Gielgud's Hamlet, for Sir John was featured in the deleted recording, and it was truly complete, running to four discs. The still-available Gielgud *Hamlet* in RCA Victor two-disc set LM-6007 derives from a Theatre Guild of the Air production and, of course, is substantially cut. The very newest *Hamlet* (D4L-302; stereo D4L702) gives us Gielgud in the dual role of director and the voice of the ghost of Hamlet's father. This, of course, is the production now current on Broadway, with Richard Burton in the title role.

Sir John may also be enjoyed in his two Shakespeare "recitals" on single Columbia LPs: "The Ages of Man" (OL-5390) and "One Man in His Time" (OL-5550), as well as a Decca disc (DL-9504) on which he performs excerpts from *Romeo and Juliet* with Pamela Brown and recites the *Hamlet* so-

For the Quatercentenary

NEW FROM LONDON (town as well as company) is a disc titled *Homage to Shakespeare,* in which, as well as memorializing the Shakespeare Exhibition at Stratford-on-Avon, the participants celebrate the completion of the mammoth task of recording the poet's work complete. Participating are not only a cross section of England's greatest acting talent, from Peggy Ashcroft to Irene Worth and not excluding John Gielgud, Laurence Olivier, Michael Redgrave, Ralph Richardson, Paul Scofield, and Dame Sybil Thorndike, but also John Masefield, Peter Pears, and Sir Arthur Bliss. A unique document (Argo ZNF 4, $4.98).

Of earlier date but of enduring interest is *Shakespeare: Soul of An Age,* derived from the sound track of an NBC-TV program, in which Michael Redgrave is the featured player and Sir Ralph Richardson narrates the script by Lou Hazam. The folio of pictures is a handsome supplement to the excerpts from a dozen plays. (Caedmon TC 1170, $6.95).

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—*Argo.*

liloquies and a few of the sonnets. He is also featured in some of The Marlowe Society Recordings on London, and, of course, in the Caedmon/SRS series, as noted, he reads all the sonnets and takes part in two of the plays.

The listing that follows here includes only the really complete recordings of the plays available now and scheduled for release later this year, and the recordings of the poems in the "integrated" series described above. Reference to the Schwann Catalog will disclose dozens of recordings of abridgments and excerpts.

As noted earlier, all the Caedmon/SRS plays are available in stereo; the same catalogue number applies to both editions, with the suffix M or S to designate mono or stereo. Stereo numbers for other labels are shown here in italics. The number of discs in each album is shown in parentheses. Asterisks (*) indicate recordings announced for release later this year.

The Comedies

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL. *Marlowe Society,* London A-4370, *OSA-1370* (3).

AS YOU LIKE IT. Marlowe Society, London A-4336 (3); *Vanessa Redgrave, Keith Mitchell, Stanley Holloway, Max Adrian,* Caedmon SRS-210 (3); *Dublin Gate Theatre,* Spoken Word A-4 (3).

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS. *Marlowe Society,* London A-4252, *OSA-1252* (2).

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST. *Marlowe Society* (3).

MEASURE FOR MEASURE. *Marlowe Society,* London A-4417, *OSA-1411* (4); *John Gielgud, Ralph Richardson, Margaret Leighton,* Caedmon SRS-204 (3); *Dublin Gate Theatre,* *Spoken Word A-19 (3).

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING. *Marlowe Society,* London A-4362, *OSA-1362* (3); *Rex Harrison, Rachel Roberts,* Caedmon SRS-206 (3); *Dublin Gate Theatre,* Spoken Word A-6 (3).

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW. *Marlowe Society,* London A-4367, *OSA-1367* (3); *Trevor Howard, Margaret Leighton,* Caedmon SRS-211 (2); *Dublin Gate Theatre,* Spoken Word A-7 (3).

THE TEMPEST. *Marlowe Society* (with *The Phoenix and the Turtle*), London A-4346, *OSA-1318* (3); *Dublin Gate Theatre,* Spoken Word A-10 (3).

TWELFTH NIGHT. *Marlowe Society,* London A-4354, *OSA-1326* (3); *Siobhan McKenna, Paul Scofield, John Neville, Vanessa Redgrave,* Caedmon SRS-213 (3); *Dublin Gate Theatre,* Spoken Word A-3 (3).

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA. *Marlowe Society* (with *A Lover's Complaint*), London A-4344, *OSA-1315* (3); *Dublin Gate Theatre,* *Spoken Word A-23 (3).

THE WINTER'S TALE. *Marlowe Society,* London A-4420, *OSA-1408* (4); *John Gielgud, Peggy Ashcroft,* Caedmon SRS-214 (3).

The Tragedies

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. *Marlowe Society,* London A-4427, *OSA-1427* (4); *Anthony Quayle, Pamela Brown,* Caedmon SRS-235 (3).

CORIOLANUS. *Marlowe Society,* London A-4415 (4); *Richard Burton, Jessica Tandy, et al.,* Caedmon SRS-226 (3); *Dublin players,* Spoken Word A-17 (4).

CYMBELINE. *Marlowe Society,* London A-4425, *OSA-1416* (4); *Claire Bloom, Pamela Brown, Boris Karloff,* Caedmon SRS-236 (3).

HAMLET. *Richard Burton, Hume Cronyn, Alfred Drake* (current Broadway production), *Columbia D4L 302, *D4L 702; Marlowe Society,* London A-4507, *OSA-1503* (4); *Paul Scofield, Zena Walker, Diana Wynward, Roland Culver,* Caedmon SRS-232 (4).

JULIUS CAESAR. *Marlowe Society,* London A-4334 (3); *Dublin players,* Spoken Word A-15 (3).

KING LEAR. *Marlowe Society,* London A-4423, *OSA-1414* (4); *Dublin players,* Spoken Word A-9 (4).

MACBETH. *Alec Guinness, Pamela Brown, Old Vic Company,* RCA Victor LM-6010 (2); *Marlowe Society,* London A-4343, *OSA-1316* (3); *Anthony Quayle, Gwen Ffrangçon Davies, Stanley Holloway,* Caedmon SRS-231 (2).

OTHELLO. *Robeson, Ferrer, Hagen,* Columbia SL-153 (3); *Marlowe Society,* London A-4414 (4); *Frank Silvera, Cyril Cusack, Anna Massey,* Caedmon SRS-225 (3).

PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE. *Marlowe Society,* *London A-4377, *OSA-1377* (3).

ROMEO AND JULIET. *Marlowe Society,* London A-4409, *OSA-1407* (4); *Claire Bloom, Albert Finney, Edith Evans,* Caedmon SRS-228 (3); *Dublin players,* Spoken Word A-16 (4).

TIMON OF ATHENS. *Marlowe Society,* *London A-4371, *OSA-1371* (3).

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA. *Marlowe Society,* London A-4413 (4); *Jeremy Brett, Diane Cilento, Cyril Cusack, Max Adrian, Caedmon SRS-234* (3).

The Histories

KING HENRY IV, PART 1. *Marlowe Society,* London A-4421, *OSA-1409* (4).

KING HENRY IV, PART 2. *Marlowe Society,* London A-4422, *OSA-1410* (4).

THE LIFE OF KING HENRY V. *Marlowe Society,* London A-4424, *OSA-1415* (4); *Dublin players,* *Spoken Word A-8 (3).

KING HENRY VI, PART 1. *Marlowe Society,* *London A-4374, *OSA-1374* (3).

KING HENRY VI, PART 2. *Marlowe Society,* *London A-4428, *OSA-1428* (4).

KING HENRY VI, PART 3. *Marlowe Society,* *London A-4429, *OSA-1429* (4).

THE FAMOUS HISTORY OF THE LIFE OF KING HENRY VIII. *Marlowe Society,* London A-4426, *OSA-1426* (4).

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING JOHN. *Marlowe Society,* London A-4418, *OSA-1413* (4).

THE TRAGEDY OF KING RICHARD II. *Marlowe Society,* London A-4335 (3); *Gielgud, Michell, McKern,* Caedmon SRS-216 (3).

THE TRAGEDY OF KING RICHARD III. *Marlowe Society,* *London A-4430, *OSA-1430* (4).

The Poems

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE. *Marlowe Society,* London A-4251, *OSA-1251* (2).

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE; THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM: THE PHOENIX AND THE TURTLE; SONNETS TO SUNDRY NOTES OF MUSIC. *Richard Burton, Edith Evans, Donald Wolfit,* Caedmon SRS-239 (2).

THE SONNETS. *Marlowe Society,* London A-4341 (3); *Gielgud,* Caedmon SRS-241 (2, mono only); *Anew McMaster,* Spoken Word A-18 (3).

VENUS AND ADONIS. *Marlowe Society* (with Dedications and Ben Jonson's Eulogy from the First Folio), Lon-

(*Continued on page* 63)

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RECORDINGS REPORTS: JAZZ LPs

TITLES, PERSONNEL, DATA	REPORT
Ray Brown and Milt Jackson: *Much in Common.* Brown, bass; Jackson, vibraphone; Hank Jones, piano; Wild Bill Davis, organ; Kenny Burrell, guitar; Albert "Tootie" Heath, drums; Marion Williams, vocals. Verve V6-8580, $4.98; stereo, $5.98.	Since the spiritual and the temporal are constantly opposed throughout the album, its title is decidedly curious. "What Kind of Fool Am I?" for instance, is followed by "Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child," and "Gravy Blues" by "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot." On the last, the dead, forlorn sound of Milt Jackson's vibraphone is contrasted with the rapturous vitality of gospel-singer Marion Williams's voice. It is understandable that, in the almost total absence of satisfying jazz singers today, assistance should be sought from the gospel field, but the mixing here is not in very good taste. Nevertheless, it is worth noting that the tracks that swing the most are those on which Miss Williams sings. The unusual tempo of "The Saints," the solos by Kenny Burrell, and the organ playing of Wild Bill Davis are also memorable.
Ray Bryant: *Live at Basin Street East.* Bryant, piano; Jimmy Rowser, bass; Ben Riley, Jr., drums. Sue 1019, $4.98; stereo, $5.98.	Bryant's commanding style and strong-fingered technique are handsomely demonstrated in the first four numbers. After that, the program tends to deteriorate. Yet a Latin beat for "Love for Sale" and a kind of calypso flavor for "Blowin' in the Wind" were no doubt pleasing to the customers at Basin Street East. Similarly, some of the overloud climaxes may be excused as appropriate to a big room and a live audience, or as the result of recording in such circumstances. The trio works together well as a unit, and Bryant's authority and exceptional facility are everywhere in evidence.
Al Grey: *Boss Bone.* Grey, trombone; John Young, piano; Leo Blevins, guitar; Ike Isaacs, bass; Phil Thomas, drums. Argo 731, mono and stereo, $4.98.	A combination of trombone and rhythm is obviously limited in scope, but Grey has found an admirable foil in Leo Blevins. Though the guitarist is a little restrained here, as compared with the way he plays in clubs, there is ample evidence of his ability at a variety of tempos. Six of the numbers are originals by Grey, and they prove the more rewarding in performance. He continues to use the plunger mute in an individual, often mildly satirical manner and is at his best in the straightforward and utterly unpretentious "Salty Mama," a medium-tempo blues with shuffle rhythm.
Eddie Heywood: *Begin the Beguine.* Heywood, piano, with (six titles): Doc Cheatham, trumpet; Vic Dickenson, trombone; Lem Davis, alto saxophone; Al Lucas, bass; Jack Parker, drums; (two titles): Emmett Berry, trumpet; Vic Dickenson, trombone; Ed Hall, clarinet; Al Casey, guitar; Billy Taylor, bass; Sidney Catlett, drums. Mainstream 56001, $3.98; stereo, $4.98.	This collection consists of six titles originally recorded for Commodore under Eddie Heywood's name in 1944 and two under Edmond Hall's ("Downtown Café Boogie" and "Uptown Café Boogie") in 1943. Heywood plays on all of them, and his hit recording of "Begin the Beguine," which opened the door to a more lucrative career, is included. The formula he devised for his sextet still sounds agreeable, not least on the sarcastic version of "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny," where Vic Dickenson and Lem Davis paraphrase the melody in derogatory fashion behind Doc Cheatham's arresting improvisations. Emmett Berry blows full-toned and boldly phrased choruses on both of the Hall tracks, and Vic Dickenson, whose unique musical personality adds much to the record as a whole, is likewise heard to advantage in these performances. Mainstream has also reissued nine of Commodore's Billie Holiday recordings (56000), six with acompaniment by Eddie Heywood and three from the "Strange Fruit" session.
Quincy Jones: *Quincy Jones Explores the Music of Henry Mancini.* Jones, conductor and arranger, with orchestras of twelve, twenty-two, and twenty-four pieces. Mercury MG 20863, $3.98; stereo, $4.98.	In many ways this resembles the Michel Legrand album (Philips 200-074) reviewed last month. Using bands of somewhat similar orchestration, Quincy Jones indulges himself ingeniously, colorfully, and humorously. Mancini, in fact, never sounded better. In these elaborate orchestrations, jazz is the spice, and this may well be an astute way of reintroducing today's confused audiences to it. Ernie Royal's trumpet, for example, is heard to excellent effect in "Odd Ball," and Quentin Jackson's plunger-muted trombone in "Peter Gunn." Toots Thielemans plays guitar and harmonica, and he whistles; Roland Kirk, selecting unmentionable instruments from his abundant quiver, contributes exotic sounds; and Major Holley, who bows bass and hums along an octave up, is incorporated into the arrangements with singular resource. In short, this is brilliantly played music that defies categorization and is a great deal of fun. Mercury, it is a distinct pleasure to note, gives recording dates and personnel in full.
Rufus Jones: *Five on Eight.* Jones, drums; Tommy Turrentine, trumpet; Seldon Powell (Side A), Joe Farrell (Side B), tenor saxophone; Jaki Byard, piano; Gene Bertoncini, guitar; Major Holley (Side A), Teddi-Smith (Side B), bass. Cameo-Parkway 1076, mono and stereo, $3.98.	On the back of the liner, instead of the customary notes, one Jimmy Wisner enjoins the listener to "let the music speak for itself!" Unfortunately, the music does not speak very eloquently. Jones is the drummer who drove the Maynard Ferguson band so expertly for a long period, but he is impressive here only on the fast "Just About That Time." The movie tunes on the first side are depressing, and the two good originals by Jaki Byard that complete the second seem to have come too late to inspire the musicians.
Wes Montgomery: *Fusion.* Montgomery, guitar, with string orchestra arranged and conducted by Jimmy Jones. Riverside 472, $4.98; stereo, $5.98.	"With strings" are two fatal words where jazz is concerned, unless, like Duke Ellington, the conductor or arranger is unawed and intends jazz to dominate. "Fusion" in this case means that jazz is largely submerged. "Make me sound like Frank Sinatra with Nelson Riddle," was Montgomery's request, and Jimmy Jones did his skilful best. The result, aided by the guitarist's rather muffled tone, is superior mood music for anyone who feels, as the notes put it, "like crying a little (at least on the inside)." The liveliest performance is reserved for a Montgomery original, "Pretty Blue."
Clark Terry: *What Makes Sammy Swing?* Terry, trumpet and flugelhorn; Urbie Green, trombone; Phil Woods, alto saxophone, clarinet, and flute; Seldon Powell, tenor and baritone saxophones and bass clarinet; Dave McKenna, piano; George Duvivier, bass; Mel Lewis, drums. 20th Century-Fox 3137, $3.98; stereo, $4.98.	The septet plays neat arrangements by Pat Williams of ten Ervin Drake tunes from *What Makes Sammy Run?* The effect is a little like that of an updated John Kirby Sextet, and it makes a welcome change to have horn backgrounds behind soloists as well as linking ensemble passages. Despite unusual chorus lengths, Drake's songs lend themselves better to jazz interpretation than many that have been foisted on jazz musicians in recent years. The playing is generally up to the standard intimated by the personnel, and considerable variety of color is achieved as a result of the ability of Terry, Woods, and Powell each to play more than one instrument well. Terry leads the ensembles sensitively, solos on both trumpet and flugelhorn, and adds excitment with intelligent use of mutes.
Jimmy Witherspoon: *Evenin' Blues.* Witherspoon, vocals; Clifford Scott, alto and tenor saxophones and flute; Bert Kendrix, organ; Wayne Robertson, drums. Prestige 7300, T-Bone Walker, guitar; Clarence Jones, bass; Wayne Robertson, drums. Prestige 7300, mono and stereo, $4.98.	This collection, with organ and strident tenor saxophone interludes, was clearly not devised for folky folk, though Witherspoon's slow, overdramatic versions of "How Long" and "Evenin' " momentarily suggest this. (The right tempo for "Evenin' " was surely determined once and for all by Jimmy Rushing.) Songs like "Money's Gettin' Cheaper," "Cane River," and "Grab Me a Freight" suit the singer well, and on the second side he reverts to the Joe Turner mode of medium-tempo rocking. Deficiencies in the accompanying unit are completely redeemed by the masterly playing of T-Bone Walker, who is certainly one of the greatest blues guitarists the music has known. Clifford Scott's alto saxophone on "Grab Me a Freight" is also recommended. —Stanley Dance.

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(*Continued from page* 61)
don A-4250, *OSA-1250* (2); *Claire Bloom, Max Adrian* (with *A Lover's Complaint*), Caedmon SRS-240 (2).

In addition to the foregoing, of course, the catalogue is rich in music inspired by Shakespeare's plays and poems. Among the latest additions are the Verdi *Falstaff* conducted by Georg Solti, with Geraint Evans, Giulietta Simionato, Ilva Ligabue, Robert Merrill (RCA Victor LM/*LSC*-6163), and the Angel disc (36198, *S-36198*) on which Sir William Walton conducts the Philharmonia Orchestra in some of his music for the films Sir Laurence Olivier made of *Henry V*, *Hamlet*, and *Richard III* in the Forties and Fifties.

It is said that Cervantes's *Don Quixote* is the single literary work most widely represented in music, but *Romeo and Juliet* cannot be far behind, and surely no single wordsmith can be credited with engendering so much music with his total output as Shakespeare. Mozart, Bach, and Puccini seem to be among the relatively few "non-Shakespearean" composers. Numbered among those whose works do include operas, tone poems, incidental music, or some other tonal homage, one finds Sibelius, Verdi, Mendelssohn, Beethoven, Tchaikovsky, Berlioz, Fauré, Schubert, Richard Strauss, Ibert, Josef Foerster, Hermann Goetz, Gounod, David Diamond, Ambroise Thomas, Benjamin Britten, Liszt, Kabalevsky, Walton, Constant Lambert, Handel, Prokofiev, Zandonai, Bellini, Wagner, Dvorák, Smetana, Nicolai, Stravinsky, Vaughan Williams, Rossini, and Elgar, not to mention one of the most recent initiates, Salvatore Martirano, whose *O, O, O, O, That Shakespeherian Rag* was released last year on CRI.

While the more familiar pieces by Tchaikovsky, Mendelssohn, Berlioz, and Verdi are certainly well represented on records now, some of the most interesting of the lesser-known music has disappeared from the catalogue. Among the works whose reappearance on discs would be particularly welcome this year, one might mention Elgar's *Falstaff*, which many consider his masterpiece; Ibert's charming *Suite Elizabethaine*, music for *A Midsummer Night's Dream* based on themes by seventeenth-century English composers; and Sibelius's fanciful incidental music for *The Tempest*, of which the luminous "Berceuse" will be remembered as a Stokowski specialty and the "Dance of the Nymphs" and "Caliban's Song" are also noteworthy. Westminster at one time had all three titles in its catalogue, and conceivably is in a position to reissue at least two of them. But new recordings of the Elgar and Sibelius are really in order now.

—Richard Freed.

Bigger Monk and Bigger Duke

RECENT releases present two major jazz composers in unfamiliar circumstances. *Monk: Big Band and Quartet in Concert* (Columbia CL 2164/CS 8964) offers a piano solo, one quartet piece, and four scores for a ten-piece ensemble led by Thelonious Monk. *The Symphonic Ellington* (Reprise R/SR-6097) has four works by the Duke Ellington orchestra augmented (according to Stanley Dance's notes) by "musicians of the symphony and opera orchestras of Paris, Hamburg, Stockholm, and La Scala, Milan."

The records appear as each man enters a unique moment in his career. Ellington's past value and present abilities as a pianist and composer are going through something of a rediscovery and reassessment, and Monk, that once maligned and subsequently acclaimed modern jazzman, is now becoming something of a celebrity and having to face the formidable problems of American success.

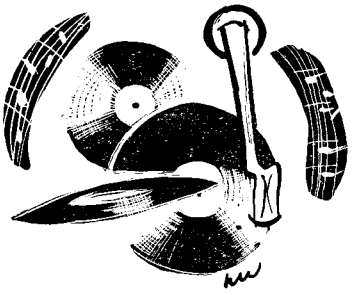
The performances on Monk's new release were taped at a recent Lincoln Center concert (there will be a repeat Monk evening at Carnegie Hall next June 6), and the liner copy consists of three reviews of that evening, one of them largely favorable and knowledgeable, another favorable but less knowledgeable, and a third positively gushing.

The orchestrations for the large ensemble were done by Hall Overton in collaboration with Monk, and they are commendable. They also profit by the errors of a previous Monk-Overton collaboration, a 1959 Town Hall concert (preserved on Riverside RLP 300/1138). The flexible instrumentation is here carefully filled out from top to bottom. There is judiciously effective background writing behind the soloists. And there are some stirring ensemble variations scored for the horns, some of which are adapted from previously recorded Monk solos on these pieces, but none of which is so intrinsically pianistic as to sound forced into place here. Further, Overton has captured something of Monk's urgency and drive without resorting to obvious massing of instruments or increases in volume. "Oska T." is new Monk, ingeniously simple, essentially light. "I Mean You" is very good Monk and very well done. "Four in One" is excellent Monk, very well rendered here. "Evidence" is superb Monk, superbly done.

Two of the best soloists are alto saxophonist Phil Woods and cornetist Thad Jones. Woods shows a keen understanding of this music and repeatedly sacrifices several of his own techniques to achieve a Monkian rhythmic adventurousness and a plaintive melodic directness. Jones is, by contrast, a virtuoso brass man, but he never dazzles for his own sake; he is too acutely aware of the subtle inner relationships of Monk's structures and of their implications. However, Monk's regular companion, tenor saxophonist Charlie Rouse, sometimes repeats and then reprises his own stock phrases. Even on the challenging "Four in One" he alternates a probing adventurousness with clichés, but his solo on "Evidence" has sustained musical energy and comes off very well. Drummer Frankie Dunlop responds to the demands of a larger group with telling percussive interplay, but it does not seem to me that he feels the basic pulse the way Monk does.

Monk is still Monk, plunging into solo ideas that sometimes sound simple, mashing them into new shapes, and then airily twirling and juggling them. He also provides spontaneous accompaniments in the most unexpected places and to the most satisfying ends (his work behind Phil Woods on "Evidence" is a wonder) and on occasion even successfully punctuates Overton's backgrounds. His own solo piece is, of all things, "Darkness on the Delta," and it is a transmutation that seems to be presided over not only by the artistic demon of Thelonious Monk but also by the ghost of James P. Johnson.

Throughout the Ellington release the symphonic orchestras are used merely to augment and extend the Ellington ensemble. That is perhaps one way of coming to terms with the problem of getting concert musicians to phrase and accent properly in the jazz idiom, but



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it also avoids some of the more challenging possibilities implicit in having these ensembles to work with. Of the two new pieces, "Non-Violent Integration" is a string of blues solos by the Ellington sidemen with a few comments from the larger ensemble. And "She's Too Pretty to Be Blue" offers similarly augmented solo variations on a theme whose sentimentality is abruptly dispelled during Cootie Williams's contribution.

The more ambitious works are "Night Creature," originally done in 1955 with the Symphony of the Air, and "Harlem," commissioned in 1950 when that same orchestra was still the NBC symphony. The former has woefully weak themes. Indeed, its second movement has no theme at all, only a series of effects, but they are admittedly used with spiritedness. "Harlem," from one point of view, is, I suppose, an interesting and sometimes skilful garnering of ideas into a shifting, impressionistic, overture-like structure. It is also the least naïve piece here in its uses of the symphonic ensemble.

From another point of view, however, Ellington the ambitious takes a long time to say some of the same things that Ellington the sublime miniaturist had said less pretentiously in "Harlem Air Shaft" in less than three minutes.

MONK and Ellington come together in another new release. *The Dollar Brand Trio* (Reprise R-6111). Ellington produced the record and Monk is clearly pianist Dollar Brand's major source of inspiration; indeed, what is labeled "Brilliant Cornes" is actually Monk's dual-tempoed "Brilliant Corners," and Brand's compellingly melancholic "Ubu Suku" owes a heavy debt to Monk's "Ruby My Dear" and his "Crepuscule with Nellie."

Brand is a South African of mixed Negro and white ancestry. It is surely significant that he is almost the first African we have heard who shows real accomplishments as a jazz musician, and it is of even more significance, and a confirmation of jazz as an American idiom, that his heaviest rhythmic debts should be owed to American jazzmen. Also, his rhythmic potential, which seems large, clearly lies in the development of those debts; for example, "The Stride" is more interesting when its intermittent and rather directly African bass figure is not being used. Brand does use a couple of Monk's witty trills with a somewhat misplaced straight-faced emphasis, but he offers a rare sort of recorded debut that shows he is soundly absorbing his stylistic influences and that he has a potential for developing them further and with personal emotion. —MARTIN WILLIAMS.

The Amen Corner

The Mangelsdorff Matter

THIS column takes up the sad and symptomatic story of Albert Mangelsdorff and a few things I consider to be awry in the jazz world. But first, a hazard at some general ideas. It would perhaps improve the discussion of jazz if there were less critical bravura and more definition of terms. To begin with, there are now many kinds of so-called jazz, with suggestions ranging from field hollers to Webern. How may one distinguish jazz from any other music? Taking a purist line, I have long insisted, to the point where I am now rather apologetic about it, that the *sine qua non* of any music I am willing to call jazz is the achievement of a momentum (a steadily propulsive fluency) in suspended rhythms (those with accents or stresses suspended around—before or after—the fundamental beat). This is commonly known as *swing*. And this requirement implies that if the momentum is broken, interrupted, or lost, jazz rhythm ceases to exist; likewise, if a momentum is achieved without suspended rhythms (as, say, in simple four-four playing *on the beat*), jazz rhythm does not exist.

My point is really fairly simple, but the whole question is very frequently mishandled in jazz commentary. Many writers, for instance, who are addicted to jazz and know a good deal about it, use the word *beat* when they mean the whole rhythmic pattern of which it is a part. They talk of "a good beat" when they mean an effective rhythmic pattern. But, properly speaking, there cannot be any such thing as "a good beat" —there can only be a beat (4/4 or 3/4 or 17/19 or whatever), and the rhythmic value will depend on the entire pattern *on and around* the beat.

Now if there is any quality other than *swing* that may properly be singled out as a necessary element in all jazz, I cannot imagine what it might be. Swing was a conspicuous feature of the first music to be called jazz; it is the most constant (though frequently missing) feature in all the kinds of music that have subsequently been called jazz; and it is the feature of this music that most clearly demarks it from most other music of the Western world. So I propose to say that where there is no swing there is no jazz, and that seems to me to be the only dogma that is reasonable or helpful in this area.

Jazz has taken a multitude of directions. It is possible to say that the main expressive trends of jazz have derived from American Negro blues—which may be forlorn or sensual or comic, and which, in some of the finest examples, reveal a transcendence of pain. And jazz has also, of course, been profoundly in debt to American Negro spirituality and jubilation. But the music has often traveled leagues away from such sources.

And so I come to the German trombonist Albert Mangelsdorff, who has won numerous jazz polls in his native land, and who is heard with the American pianist John Lewis, plus bass and drums, on a new LP (Atlantic 1402, $4.98; stereo SD 1402, $5.98). Mangelsdorff raises a number of questions about current phenomena in the so-called "jazz field." There is first of all the matter of playing an instrument in a manner suited to that instrument. The famous traditional jazz trombonists such as Jimmy Harrison and Jack Teagarden have played the horn with a splendid sense of its fluent sliding and slurring possibilities, with a warm vocalization of tone, usually involving at least a light vibrato, and with a staccato attack—where that was desired—that fitted flexibly and naturally into the pattern of the trombone part. In other words, they played the slide trombone so that it sounded like a slide trombone.

BUT Mangelsdorff is a spectacular example of that new school of trombonists, whose master of combined technique-and-taste may well be J. J. Johnson, and who seem bent on some musical vision that makes the slide trombone sound like what might be described as a keyed tenor horn. The general approach is staccato and the invention elaborate; the vocalized-vibrato timbre is sacrificed for straight tone production; the sliding, slurring possibilities of the instrument are largely neglected. Mangelsdorff follows this line to extremes, and the result sounds to me like virtuoso pooping.

By my own criteria, Mangelsdorff produces in large part clumsy semi-jazz rhythms, or other rhythms entirely, and is therefore seldom playing jazz. He seems to me, like many modern trombonists, to ask more of the horn and himself than they can fluently deliver. In my ears, the separation of Mangelsdorff from jazz is virtually complete.

I have dwelt on him not from the slightest personal animus, but because I think he epitomizes widespread perversions in the "jazz field" and points up many confusions in jazz commentary. I have no objection to calling the productions of Mangelsdorff or many other recent players modern music. But if it is to be called jazz, let those who talk about it at least state what they mean by that term. All this is humbly offered as a partial guide to the value judgments of this department.

—WILDER HOBSON.

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This monthly supplement is sponsored by the Fund for the Advancement of Education, which has prepared its contents in cooperation with the staff of Saturday Review. The editors of SR *retain responsibility for the material appearing in this supplement.*
Correspondence regarding manuscripts or editorial content should be addressed to: Editor, Education Supplement, Saturday Review, 530 Fifth Avenue, New York 36, N.Y.

A Decade of Slow, Painful Progress

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Ralph McGill, the author of this guest editorial, is a distinguished Southern newspaperman. He is publisher of the Atlanta Constitution and has received a Pulitzer Prize for editorial writing.*

FOR a brief measure of time after the school decision by the Supreme Court of the United States in May of 1954, there was a period of silence and hope. In the region then most affected, outwardly it was just another spring. But much of the silence was sullen. And hope was soon to be rebuffed by defiance and demagoguery at high-decibel levels.

Later, recalling that period of relative quiet, a newsman was to say that it was somehow remindful of Parsis Towers of Silence at Bombay. Statutory and constitutional segregation of U. S. citizens by race was dead and on view on the highest pinnacle of law. But the vultures of prejudice, hate, and greed were soon to come and tear at it, vainly seeking to destroy the evidence of that death.

The story of the decade now gone truthfully could be said to be one of progress. Much has been accomplished, materially and morally. Measured against the 1954 threats and promises of blood in the streets, the dreadful violence and the several murders that did occur, largely in Mississippi and Alabama, at least were not all the strident voices had predicted. Nor did it have the effect that hopefully was in the mind of those who promised it. The Oxford, Mississippi riots and murders in that state; the dynamiting of Sunday school children, the police dogs, and the police brutalities in Birmingham; and excesses of prejudice and injustice in rural areas and towns in neighboring states served to shock the conscience of the nation and to confront even the more apathetic with the need to make a choice.

The decision of May 1954 confined itself to the schools. But it served to open up the entire spectrum of discrimination—education, jobs, inequality before the law, housing and voting rights. It was as if a call-loan, on which the South and the nation had been paying exorbitant interest rates, had suddenly been called. The cost of Jim Crow is great—and will be paid for at least a generation to come.

Some idea of the expansion of the decision of May 1954 may be had from the summer program now planned by the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee. Mississippi and Alabama, in that order, are the largest reservoirs of resistance to civil rights, including the most fundamental one of voting. The student committee, aided by volunteers from many universities and colleges, plans an educational program on a person-to-person basis to teach the younger Negroes of Mississippi something about themselves, their country, and the responsibilities of citizenship. This will be done in six-week courses at "Freedom Schools." They will be aimed at the eleventh and twelfth grade levels. They will include lectures in Negro history. Most of the history books being used in this country, and especially those in the Cotton South, present only fragmentary bits of information about the Negro. Much of it is slanted and chiefly concerns itself with slavery and the Reconstruction period.

There will be, of course, seminars in constitutional law and in how to qual-

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ify as a voter. Mississippi seems to be agitated about this peaceful program and publicly is arming additional police and preparing for violence, which hardly will be started by the relative handful of students who will work at the Freedom Schools.

The irony of such a situation, and the danger of it, is further underscored by the fact that disfranchisement of the Negro voter and the abolishment of most of his citizenship opportunities began in Mississippi just before the turn of the century. Other Southern states picked up "The Mississippi Plan."

In 1901, an editorial in *The Atlantic Monthly* commented acidly on the cynicism of disfranchisement in the nation's new territorial acquisitions and in the Southern states. It was a time when Rudyard Kipling had chided Americans with his poem, "The White Man's Burden," imposed, as he saw things, by the acquisition of the Philippines. He bade them take up the burden of the new-caught sullen peoples, half-devil and half-child. The U.S. Congressional Hawaiian Commission, meanwhile, had recommended property and literacy tests as voting qualifications in this new territory. Senator John Morgan of Alabama, chairman of the commission, had said the commission had acted for "one assortment of inferior races." To reject the tests, the Senator said, "would be to turn the legislature over to the masses" and to "deprive the more conservative elements and property-owners of effective (sic) representation." Northern political sentiment, in the Congress and business areas, which favored the voting qualifications for the new possessions, was thus prevented from being critical of the ruthless rush of the Southern states totally to disfranchise the Negro. Indeed, Senator John L. McLaurin of South Carolina was so moved by a speech delivered by a Massachusetts statesman, Senator George F. Hoar, defending the American Imperialism and its methods, that he rose to thank his colleague from the Bay State for his "complete announcement of the divine right of the Caucasian to govern the inferior races."

The Atlantic, noting the application of the harsh and frankly disfranchising Mississippi plan to the Philippines, said: "If the stronger and cleverer race is free to impose its will upon new-caught, sullen peoples on the other side of the globe, why not in South Carolina and Mississippi? The advocates of the 'shotgun policy' are quite as sincere, and, we are inclined to think, quite as unselfish as the advocates of benevolent assimilation."

The two phrases are, in fact, two names for the same thing. Southern reaction, especially on the part of those engaged in disfranchisement, was one of almost incredulous joy at their good fortune. The business of disfranchising the Asian and African Americans went forward simultaneously.

In the South there was some opposition from Populist groups. Many individuals spoke out against it. Of these, John Spencer Bassett, historian of North Carolina, said of his state's brazen disfranchisement law: "At best, it is an enameled lie . . . one more step in the education of our people that it is right to lie, to steal, and to defy all honesty in order to keep a certain party in power."

Professor Bassett was prophetic. Having assumed the burden of a lie and of dishonesty clad as truth and virtue, the South and the nation moved from 1900 into a decade of savage violence. Race riots were many. Lynchings multiplied in numbers and brutality. Southern politicians, of whom Ben Tillman is perhaps the best example, lectured under the banner of Chatauqua, declaring the Negro to be subhuman and shouting "To hell with the Constitution if it says we cannot lynch to avenge the crimes against womanhood." Racist extremists reached a wide audience North and South. Edgar Gardner Murphy, then an Episcopal minister in Montgomery, Alabama, and one of the really remarkable men of his time and region, denounced this brutal and inhuman trend, saying that racist extremists had "proceeded from an undiscriminating attack upon the Negro's ballot to a like attack upon his schools, his labor, his life—from the contention that no Negro shall learn, that no Negro shall labor, and (by implication) that no Negro shall live." They ended by preaching, he said, "an all-absorbing autocracy of race, an "absolute identification of the stronger race with the very being of the state."

It is the fall-out from the decisions of this period in American history that slowly has poisoned and sickened the nation, and, more particularly, the South. The burden of guilt and fear, the acceptance of a system immoral and expensive in human and economic terms, made inevitable a lack of first-rate educational opportunity for the average Southerner. It doomed most of the people of the rural South to an existence so meager and unrewarding as to bring on, and yet be unable to sustain, the Populist revolution. The sharecropper tenant statistics of the 1930s revealed how great had been the cost in things temporal and spiritual.

That cost continues. In my opinion, it will be paid over and over for at least a generation to come, and it is perhaps fitting that it must be borne nationally. But, the South, inevitably, will pay the heavier share of it.

There is no quick adjustment of this debt. But it should be obvious that the sooner the Negro comes to the ballot, to education, and to jobs, the better. Then, and only then, can the bill be settled. As the Negro rises in the economy and the life of the community, the fears and myths will mainly disappear.

The ballot is the best tool.

That is where the major pressure will be placed this summer and in the months ahead.

The decade since May 1954 has brought great progress. It is too bad that the folly of resistance should obscure what has been accomplished.

—Ralph Mc Gill.

Education in Our Time

Neil V. Sullivan, superintendent of the Prince Edward County (Va.) Free Public School Association, which was established last September for Negro youngsters who had received no formal schooling since the Prince Edward County public schools were closed in 1959, tells this anecdote:

On the first day at one of our schools we had an assembly in the auditorium with a group of ten-year-olds who had never been to school. Our music teacher thought he should begin the assembly with "The Star-Spangled Banner." He played the national anthem on the piano and then asked the youngsters to tell him the name of the song. No one seemed to have the slightest idea. Every face looked completely baffled until inspiration struck one small boy who had apparently been watching television all summer. "I know what it is," he said eagerly. "That's the baseball song."

—From the *NEA Journal*, March, 1964.

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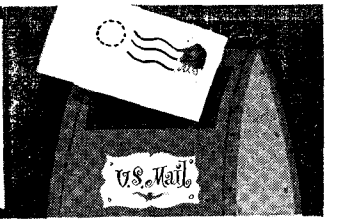
Letters to the Editor



Defining the Liberal Tradition

PAUL WOODRING'S EDITORIAL "The Future of Liberal Education" [*SR*, Apr. 18] mentions two points that need to be further emphasized in any discussion of the relative merits of liberal education and vocational training.

There is a strong tendency for the proponents of liberal education, especially in colleges that are in the process of expanding this area of their programs, to assume that certain courses will provide liberal education while others will not. Rather, the manner and emphasis of the teaching determine to what extent a course is "education for versatility."

Secondly, the editorial mentions liberal arts as a tradition. Institutions that are vocationally oriented tend to look upon education as a means to an end, rather than stressing the "delayed and intangible" values of education. But again, this is not caused by the subject matter but by the point of view of the faculty and administration. The liberal arts tradition could be developed in any school.

The liberal education is the result of a philosophy of education and of life that is held by the teacher and transmitted to his students; it is not something that is an attribute of any particular segment of the academic world.

BENJAMIN F. HUSTED,
Professor of Music,
Mansfield State College.
Mansfield, Pa.

Role of the Humanities

I APPRECIATED Dr. John F. A. Taylor's article "The Humanities in Land Grant Universities" [*SR*, Apr. 18] for its emphasis on the need of making the humanities relevant and effective today.

But Dr. Taylor is vague on whether the humanities *primarily* deal with man in the universal sense of mankind (natural man) or man as we observe him today, the individual whose identity "has been obscured by his corporate estate." Indirectly Dr. Taylor seems to play down the former emphasis in the humanities by attacking Christianity for its emphasis on "natural individuals."

Should it not be emphasized, however, that the humanities distill from history what mankind in various times and cultures has found to be the nature of things and the highest good of man? We can say of the humanities what Dr. Taylor says of the study of history in particular. The humanities are forms of "critical reflection on the human condition that discovers to us what we are."

If we recognize this as the basic nature of the humanities, *then* the task is to liberate man from the anonymity of industrial society by offering him a liberal education (that includes the humanities). Such an education in Whitehead's terms would impart "technique and intellectual vision."

J. DOUGLAS HICKERSON,
Union Theological Seminary.
New York, N.Y.

On Excellence in State Colleges

PROFESSOR BERNARD BAUM'S analysis [*SR*, Apr. 18] of the impediments to excellence in the state college system is perceptive, painful, and deserving of wide attention. He discusses them in terms of "three principal, interrelated factors" that "obstruct quality education in state colleges: the political pattern of control, the 'public school' conditioning of a dominant segment of their staff, and the narrow concept of social utility that permeates curriculum." He might have added that these factors are not only interrelated but mutually reinforcing and sustaining and that consequently only a major effort on the part of those who are really concerned with the "legitimate aims of higher education" can remove them. The problem is serious, and a solution, in view of the impending enrollment expansion in these colleges, is urgent.

The mitigating optimism, therefore, of Professor Woodring's accompanying article is in my opinion unfortunate. His hopes for the future of the state colleges seem to depend upon the recognition that some of them have produced outstanding men like President Johnson, that they exemplify the democratic virtues of diversity, that some of them have "magnificent new plants," and that they provide at low cost an education that many students would be unable to afford elsewhere. Few would deny that such achievements are meritorious, but Dr. Woodring seems to me not to come to grips with the real problem of whether or not, and how, the state colleges may be able to "educate for excellence."

ROBERT B. OGLE.
Mansfield, Pa.

IT WOULD APPEAR to me that Professor Woodring is right in insisting that state colleges have a goal distinct from that of a university or private college, but that he is on insecure ground when he seems to argue that research should be held essential to status, or even tenure, in a state college as it is in a university. Rather, the present situation of "old *vs.* new" in state colleges would imply that today's training in the average graduate school does not produce potentially successful faculty members for achievement of the necessary goals of a state college. Effective staff members in state colleges, I am convinced, must be themselves first-rate teachers rather than scholars. For we are training in these colleges not scholars but public grade and high school teachers, and these should learn by the object lesson of their own instructors at state colleges what good teaching means.

HENRY WINFRED SPLITTER.
Venice, Calif.

PROFESSOR BAUM in his article "The Problems are Enormous" was writing from experience as a professor in a state college. Apparently the experience has been unhappy. It appears to me that he generalizes overmuch. The problems that he identifies as problems of the state college or state university are not exclusive with state institutions. Is it to be assumed that there are no politics in private schools? Are private colleges immune to outside pressure, alumni interference, parental pressure, or phone calls from trustees?

One should never undervalue the importance of a school's basic philosophy, the traditions it has built, its organization and control, and its "standards." However, excellence either occurs in the classroom or it does not, and to some substantial degree whether it does or does not may be quite independent of college name, location, method of support, or type of administrative control.

M. E. GARDNER,
Homewood-Flossmoor High School.
Flossmoor, Ill.

LET ME EXPRESS my appreciation to *SR* for its articles "Can State Colleges Educate for Excellence?" by Professors Baum and Woodring. Professor Woodring presents what appears to me to be a balanced view that points up clearly the exceptionally serious problem of teacher education and academic excellence. I could not agree with him more in the judgment that the two need not and cannot be incompatible. As a new member on the staff of a small state college and one who recently experienced a graduate education at a university, I was impressed with the candor and, to a degree, the truth of Professor Baum's arguments.

But like any portrait painted with a broad brush, his generalizations conceal as much as they reveal. And I must say that one thing that has impressed me since I joined this particular staff is the apparent willingness to learn and even to experiment. The problems are indeed enormous; vested interests and resistance are there. But to suggest that "too many good professors are sensitive to the fact that in such soil neither mind nor spirit can flourish" raises some interesting questions both about the aims of the profession and about the criteria of "goodness."

THOMAS J. KERR,
State University College.
Oneonta, N.Y.

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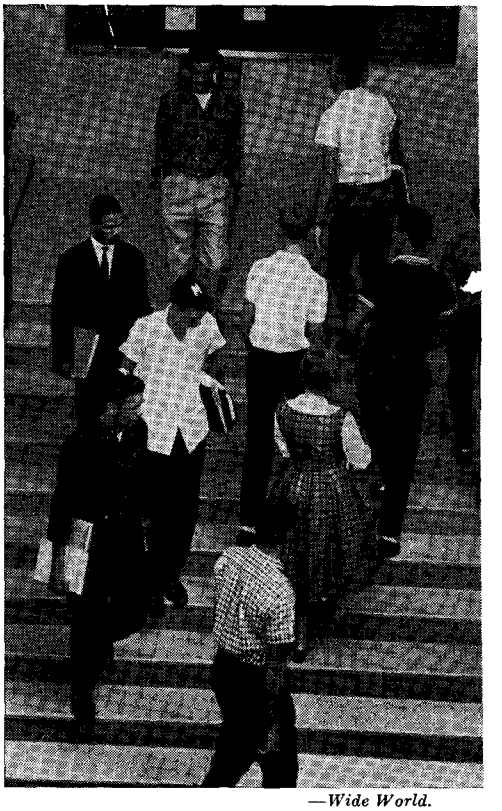
The Desegregation Decision



—*Wide World.*

"The practice of racial equality can alter attitudes when argument and moral suasion cannot."

By HARRY S. ASHMORE, *Chairman of the Executive Committee, Fund for the Republic, and Director of Editorial Research and Development, Encyclopaedia Britannica. Mr. Ashmore was executive editor of the Arkansas Gazette when in 1958 he and the Gazette were awarded the first double Pulitzer Prizes in history for distinguished reporting of the Little Rock integration controversy. Mr. Ashmore is author of three books: "The Negro and the Schools," "An Epitaph for Dixie," and "The Other Side of Jordan."*

ON the morning of May 17, 1954, the laws of seventeen of the United States, and the federal statutes governing the District of Columbia, required racial segregation in public education. By noon this legal vestige of slavery was invalid, the Supreme Court having proclaimed that the public schools of the vast region must be opened to Negroes.

Predictions were freely made on the day outraged Southern politicians promptly labeled Black Monday, and they ranged from roseate to dire. Perhaps the only prophecy that has stood the test of ten troubled years is that of a judicial expert who forecast that the *Brown* decision would launch a generation of litigation.

Cases before local, state and federal courts turning on the *Brown* precedent now number in the thousands, and the tide is still rising. The reason, of course, is that the landmark decision was far more than a directive to desegregate five local school districts. It was, as the nine justices in a rare display of unanimity clearly intended, the enunciation of a public policy intended to rid the nation of every manifestation of overt racial discrimination.

The structure of law erected upon the *Brown* precedent is largely judge-made. The Congress, hamstrung by Southern intransigence and a sharp national division of public opinion, only this year has seriously addressed itself to fundamental civil rights legislation. Still the cumulative reach of the court decisions is enormous, going far beyond the issue of segregation in education, which still remains central and unresolved.

In striking down the variety of legal devices by which Southern states have attempted to maintain their segregated schools, the Supreme Court has employed the Fourteenth Amendment as its constitutional instrument. In the process it has abrogated states rights to impose federal standards not only upon the organization of the schools but upon the conduct of a wide variety of public functions. Time after time the Court has affirmed the federal government's obligation to uphold the Bill of Rights, no matter where its guarantees are being violated, or by whom. In practice this has meant that the reluctant executive branch has had to exercise police powers in a fashion virtually unheard of before 1954. In three states the Justice Department has been pushed to the extreme of taking over law enforcement from local officials with a massive show of arms.

AT the end of the decade the implications of these developments loom far larger than the actual results. The citadels of segregation still stand across much of the South. But they are under constant attack now by an increasingly militant Negro leadership, solidly supported by the Negro rank and file. And the Rights Movement itself is the direct product of the *Brown* precedent. Negroes everywhere read the 1954 school decision as a declaration that the essential neutrality of the federal government in racial matters had come to an end. The law of the land now did not merely permit but affirmatively supported the minority's crusade for equality, and in Arkansas, Mississippi, and Alabama Negroes would see the federal presence literally standing between them and the resistant white majority.

Even before the leading edge of the Negro crusade impatiently departed the courtroom in favor of the sidewalk, events were forcing the Supreme Court away from its initial narrow application of the anti-discrimination precedent to official institutions and actions. The end of legal segregation did not mean the end of *de facto* segregation, and here the pattern in the nation at large differed little from that in the South. Below the thin crust of the Negro middle class, the Negro mass was walled off from the white community as effectively, and in some ways more inhumanely, in the ghettoes of New York, Chicago, and San Francisco as it was in the "niggertowns" of Richmond, Atlanta, and Memphis.

IT was in the private sector that the embattled Southern states proposed to erect their final defense against integrated education. The threatened last resort would be the total abandonment of the public system, with white children presumably attending white schools supported wholly by private funds. The obvious practical difficulties of the scheme have confined it largely to the oratorical level, but in Prince Edward County, Virginia, the attempt ac-

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tually has been made. In its current session the Supreme Court will decide whether the Constitution can be read to require a once-sovereign state to provide a free education for all of its children, whether or not a majority of white voters wants to tax itself for the purpose.

The great sit-in campaign, aimed at forcing Negro admission to accommodations called public although privately owned, also has forced the Supreme Court to take a new look at one of the most revered of all American institutions, private property. The issue here is whether an entrepreneur who makes a general offer of goods or services, whether he is operating Mrs. Murphy's boardinghouse or Harry Truman's haberdashery, can arbitrarily choose his customers. If the Court holds that he cannot, it will write a significant new definition of private ownership, with implications that go well beyond the immediate issue of race.

It is quite clear that some of the Supreme Court Justices have not been easy in their own minds about the great expansion of federal authority inherent in this progression. The unanimous vote in *Brown* has dwindled to five-to-four in some recent applications of the precedent, and it is by no means improbable that the anti-discrimination majority may actually become a minority in the key public accommodations cases presently looming large on the docket.

IF the Court should decide that it has, for the time being at least, reached the outer limits of the law, the *Brown* precedent will still stand as the great constitutional monument of our time. The Rights Movement, which it served as catalyst, is well past the point where it can be turned back by an adverse Supreme Court ruling. Indeed, it is being argued in a nervous Congress that the need for civil rights legislation is not to advance the Negro cause, but to control and contain it.

Underlying the surface tensions is a stern reality. The *Brown* precedent provides for, and the minority is avidly demanding, new relationships between whites and Negroes that are unacceptable under prevailing white attitudes. This is a national, not a uniquely Southern condition. Moreover the collision has come at a time when, in vital employment areas affecting most Negroes, the economic growth that could ameliorate the most immediate grievances has virtually come to a standstill.

Ten years ago, when the *Brown* decision came down, the shortage of manpower was such that the automobile manufacturers were sending teams south from Detroit to recruit Negro workers. This meant that an ambitious colored man at one stroke could escape the overt oppression of his Southern homeland, vastly improve his income and living standards and, perhaps most important of all, find a place in a skilled labor group where his status was equal to that of whites. This year the industry, harvesting the fruits of automation, will produce 25 per cent more automobiles with 80 per cent of the 1954 work force, and Detroit, with a restless mass of unemployed Negroes, is one of the tinderboxes of racial unrest.

Experience with the theoretically open school systems of non-Southern cities also has compounded Negro frustrations. With most child-bearing white families safely ensconced in solidly white neighborhoods, the effort to redistribute children to obtain an effective pattern of integration has required such drastic, essentially artificial devices as bussing children of both races long distances across crowded cities. Even where these experiments have been conscientiously supported by school and municipal officials, success has been limited and white dissatisfaction wide-

How the Court Saw It

"Today, education is perhaps the most important function of state and local governments. Compulsory school attendance laws and the great expenditures for education both demonstrate our recognition of the importance of education to our democratic society. It is required in the performance of our most basic public responsibilities, even service in the armed forces. It is the very foundation of good citizenship. Today it is a principal instrument in awakening the child to cultural values, in preparing him for later professional training, and in helping him to adjust to his environment. In these days, it is doubtful that any child may reasonably be expected to succeed in life if he is denied the opportunity of an education. Such an opportunity, where the state has undertaken to provide it, is a right which must be made available to all on equal terms.

"We come then to the question presented: Does segregation of children in public schools solely on the basis of race, even though the physical facilities and other 'tangible' factors may be equal, deprive the children of the minority group of equal educational opportunities? We believe that it does."

—Chief Justice Earl Warren, in the unanimous decision of the United States Supreme Court in the case of *Brown v. Board of Education,* May 17, 1954.

"A Clear Abuse of Judicial Power"

"The unwarranted decision of the Supreme Court in the public school cases is now bearing the fruit always produced when men substitute naked power for established law.

"The Founding Fathers gave us a Constitution of checks and balances because they realized the inescapable lesson of history that no man or group of men can be safely entrusted with unlimited power. They framed this Constitution with its provision for change by amendment in order to secure the fundamentals of government against the dangers of temporary popular passion or the personal predilections of public officeholders.

"We regard the decision of the Supreme Court in the school cases as a clear abuse of judicial power. It climaxes a trend in the Federal Judiciary undertaking to legislate, in derogation of the authority of Congress, and to encroach upon the reserved rights of the States and the people.

"The original Constitution does not mention education. Neither does the 14th amendment nor any other amendment. The debates preceding the submission of the 14th amendment clearly show that there was no intent that it should affect the system of education maintained by the States."

—From "The Southern Manifesto," a document signed by 101 Senators and Representatives from eleven Southern states and presented to Congress on March 12, 1956.

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spread. In enlightened New York, state court decisions handed down in Brooklyn and Malverne have sustained white parents protesting against having their children arbitrarily transferred across neighborhood boundaries to predominantly Negro schools. In these cases the anti-discrimination precedent has been held to mean that a white child cannot be denied the school of his choice on racial grounds, and this irony also is on its way to the Supreme Court.

Integrated neighborhoods would, of course, produce integrated schools, but the black and white patterns of housing have remained largely inviolate. The small Negro middle-class has gained significant new mobility even in suburbia, but the great majority of colored Americans remains ghetto-bound, and its efforts to break out are encountering retrograde action.

All of this is commonly cited as evidence of a widespread backlash of white public opinion brought on by the excesses of the Negro rights demonstrations. Rather, it seems to me, it is simply a belated revelation of prejudicial white attitudes that have always existed and can no longer be cloaked beneath Fourth-of-July pieties. Sensitive white Americans are discovering, with shock and dismay, what Negroes have long since learned by experience—that white tolerance dissipates rapidly when the abstractions of racial equality are translated into practices that threaten the established system of caste. At the extreme we see Northern communities reacting in the traditional pattern of the South, where fear is often translated into anger, and anger into brutal repression.

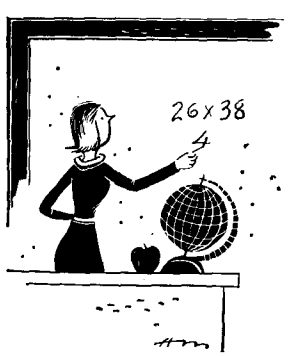
ON the other side, we are nearing the end of the time when the Negro cause could advance from goal to clearly defined goal, making a record of steady, measurable progress that would sustain the tactical demands of the leadership for discipline and restraint. Principles of equality of treatment have been established, and written into law, but only in peripheral areas has practice been brought into conformity. Negroes have been guaranteed the right of admission to an integrated community, but nowhere in this fair land does an integrated community yet exist—and so the demands for freedom now echo a general frustration that often renders them as incoherent as they are passionate.

It is possible to read these manifestations as the harbingers of revolution, and it is fashionable to do so. In each of the past ten springs the approach of warm weather has brought forth predictions of massive racial violence, first in the South and now in the great cities outside the region. Certainly no one could deny that in the present state of tension a major race riot with widespread bloodshed is possible and may even be inevitable. But there remains the remarkable fact that we haven't had one yet, and with it the salient question: If the situation does get out of hand in a given city, or cities, what happens next?

NO Negro leader can doubt that any outbreak of violence, whether spontaneous or organized, would be summarily put down by overwhelming white force. Thus the Negro revolution, if there is to be one, is practically denied the revolutionary's usual weapons—sustained campaigns of terror, sabotage, and guerrilla warfare. Nor does subversion offer any hope for the Negro revolutionary. While there is significant sympathy for his cause in the white power structure, nowhere is there any effective body of radical opinion that could be counted on to support the drastic remedies proposed by Black Muslims on the right, or the Freedom Now Party on the left.

We have, in fact, already had a reverse demonstration of the radical dilemma. In the South white activists have attempted to head off the Negro movement by mob violence, as in Little Rock and Oxford; by terror, as in the assassination of Medgar Evers; and by sabotage, as in the recurrent dynamiting of property owned by Negroes and sympathetic whites. Organized efforts on any significant scale have brought down the full weight of the federal government, in the person of armed U.S. troops. And so far at least those who have transgressed the red line of violence and have been caught have found themselves largely abandoned by respectable segregationists.

Finally, it seems to me the Negro movement is inherently devoid of true revolutionary character simply because its members do not seek to remake the community, only to join it. Social scientists, probing happily in the rich new territory of the Negro subconscious, turn up abundant evidence of alienation. Still the drive seems to be to obtain only what has been denied—a secure place in the larger commonalty whose standards, shabby though a moralist might find them, are those set by the white majority.



If I am correct in my view that a revolutionary resolution of the American racial issue is as unlikely as a sudden healing outburst of brotherly love, the prospect is for a protracted, wearing war of nerves. Most whites feel that they must give up something of value if Negroes are to gain their ordained place in society. I do not believe that this is so, but so long as it remains the conviction of the white community the drive for Negro rights will have the character of an adversary proceeding in which progress is possible but agreement in principle is not. This condition, inescapable now even for the white refugee in the most thoroughly restricted suburb, is ultimately intolerable and has its own force.

THE ten abrasive years since *Brown* ought at least to have shucked us of the more debilitating of our national illusions. Chief among these was the happy notion that if we officially declared the Negro equal he automatically would become so—or at least would be able to stride briskly down the path that has led to effective accommodation of other racial minorities. It must be apparent by now that, morally and practically, the Negro's problem is special. If he is to get his just due he will need something more than the collected works of Horatio Alger and the support of a benevolent interracial committee.

Once we wear out the usual arguments over state and local responsibility, the primary burden is going to fall, inescapably, upon the central government. The immediate palliative must be more welfare services, already a federal preserve, and more jobs, which only the most addicted consumers of NAM propaganda now believe can be provided by the private sector in the range and quantity required by Negroes dispossessed by automation—three out of every five, according to the Urban League.

These unhappy facts belatedly have been noted in Washington. War on Poverty has become a slogan and inexorably will become a program. I do not know whether in the vagaries of a campaign year we can expect any more than warmed-over New Deal panaceas. But as Sargent Shriver's Poor Corps marches forth to battle, its intelligence reports clearly indicate that the mission is only incidentally to relieve resident and displaced white Appalachians. The primary attack must be upon the squalid Negro slums that stretch from sea to shining sea.

For the future, we still must look to

(*Continued on page* 90)

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THE FIVE WHO SUED

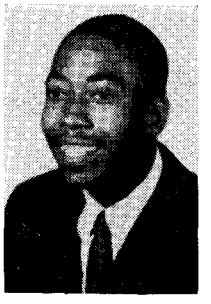
THE United States Supreme Court's historic decision of May 17, 1954, outlawing racial segregation in the nation's public schools and colleges was based on five cases that had come to the court from Kansas, South Carolina, Virginia, Delaware, and the District of Columbia. All five cases were brought by the NAACP's Legal Defense Fund. The first four attacked state laws requiring segregation in public education, and the fifth attacked federal statutes governing the operation of schools in the nation's capital.

Actually, there were two decisions on that day. The first, known as *Brown v. Board of Education*, disposed of the state cases, and a companion decision, *Bolling v. Sharpe*, dealt with the District of Columbia case.

The plaintiffs in the five cases are pictured here as they look today, with a brief biographical sketch of each.

ETHEL LOUISE BELTON was a seventeen-year-old senior at Howard High School in Wilmington, Delaware on May 17, 1954. She later attended Delaware State College, a predominantly Negro college in Dover, and the Goldey Beacom Business College. She has been private secretary to Louis L. Redding, the attorney who handled her school segregation case, and is now a dental assistant and secretary. She married William James Brown in 1955 and is the mother of three children: Andrein Geromie, seven; William James, Jr., five; and Brigitte Louise, four.

LINDA CAROL BROWN was attending McKinley Elementary School in Topeka, Kansas, as an eleven-year-old at the time of the Court decision. Her family subsequently moved to Springfield, Missouri, where she was an honor student at the integrated Central High School. She spent one year at Washburn University of Topeka and then received secretarial training at Clark's School of Business. A pianist and organist of talent, she is married to Charles D. Smith and is the mother of a one-year-old boy who is named after his father.



SPOTTSWOOD T. BOLLING, JR., was a fifteen-year-old student at Shaw Junior High School in Washington, D.C., when the Supreme Court handed down its historic decision. He later attended Spingarn Senior High—where one white student was enrolled in the 1,600-member student body during his junior year. This spring he is a senior at St. Augustine's College, a predominantly Negro college in Raleigh, North Carolina, where he is majoring in physical education and where he has participated in student civil rights demonstrations.

DOROTHY DAVIS was seventeen years old and a student at Moton High School in Prince Edward County, Virginia, at the time of the Supreme Court's decision. She later attended Virginia State College, a predominantly Negro institution in Petersburg, Virginia, where she took a nurse's training course for two years. She is now a practicing nurse, living in Jamaica on Long Island, New York, with her husband, Leon Bost, and their three young children.

HARRY BRIGGS, JR., was a thirteen-year-old seventh-grader in Clarendon, South Carolina, on May 17, 1954. He subsequently attended Scott's Branch High School, where he was a student council member and athlete. Briggs never attended a desegregated school and never had an opportunity to go to college. Since moving to New York City about five years ago he has worked at a number of jobs, from short-order cook to garage attendant. He is married and has a three-month-old daughter, Patricia.

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How Do the Teachers Feel?

When southern schools desegregate, the attention of the country is focused on the children, both Negro and white, who are the principal actors in the drama of historic change. But the teachers who carry on their professional duties in these classrooms, often in spite of strong personal feelings, also play a vital role in the social revolution that is desegregation. Their story is told here by Robert Coles, a child psychiatrist who spent two years in the deep South establishing a close acquaintanceship with the first Negro children to attend white schools in Atlanta and New Orleans, with their white classmates, and with their teachers. Dr. Coles is consultant to the Southern Regional Council, which sponsored the research on which this article is based. Financial support for the project was provided by the New World Foundation and the General Education Board. Dr. Coles is also Research Psychiatrist, Harvard University Health Services.

BY ROBERT COLES

HE WAS a teacher weary enough at that moment to be openly competitive with his students: "Every one worries about the children, but I think desegregation is harder on us than anyone." A tall, soft-spoken, rather reserved man born forty years ago in a small town in southeast Georgia, he had his say with those few words and changed the subject rather directly. He taught history in a high school, and now he was taking part in history simply by staying at his job in one of the four schools in Atlanta that together admitted nine Negro youths in the autumn of 1961. It was history for him, too. He put it this way: "I almost had to pinch myself that first day when they came down the hall; and when the girl walked into my classroom I have to admit I was as confused as the boys and girls. You could hear a pin drop. In all my years of teaching I've never had a class so quiet. And it lasted for weeks. . . . It was real strange, the way she'd come in and a kind of stillness came over all of us. . . . Talk about learning; we sure have been getting some."

Such direct expressions are not rare over the South today. Our country has given most of its attenton to the legal and political struggle there; and when the sheer horror of conflict has pressed hard during riots or violence we have noticed particular children and their families. Largely overlooked, as always, are the overwhelming majority of people, white and Negro alike, who have been strongly if unostentatiously affected by desegregation; and among them school teachers surely qualify.

For several years I have been speaking with Southern teachers, individually and in groups, and I have learned much from them. I had first thought they would tell me about the *children*, tell me how the Negro and white children in freshly desegregated schools were managing. I can recall the first meeting I had with a group of teachers in Atlanta. We had been talking about how nervous but curiously excited the children seemed. Many white boys and girls were incredulous at first—an entire way of life was vanishing before their eyes, for some none too soon, for most in surprisingly casual fashion. A teacher bent on summarizing told us how a white boy had approached him at the end of the first day of school and said words to this effect: "I'm against it, but it's probably better than fighting a civil war. Maybe they should have tried this in 1860." That moment of generational pride may have set loose the next comment from one of the teachers: "You can't study desegregation just through the eyes of the children. In fact I'll bet many of these youngsters say one thing at home, when they're near their parents, but when they're at school it can be another matter. I find myself torn like that. I never wanted this, but now we have to live with it, and whatever I say at home has nothing to do it with what I have to do every day I come to work."

—*Wide World.*

"Many Southern teachers have found their sentiments about desegregation changed by the experience of teaching Negro children."

His warning was valuable. Enormous legal and political effort has finally enabled the entrance of the smallest handful of Negro students in certain Southern white schools. Where this has happened we say desegregation has been accomplished, and while it is happening we concentrate our attention upon the Negro students and their watching white classmates. Sometimes mobs in all their densely packed filtration of malice and fear command our attention. When they have been dispersed we feel we can lose interest and even concern. Desegregation is proceeding quietly, we are relieved to know. In a matter of days, only rarely in a matter of months, cities and towns unknown or dimly known and kept in the mind's storage—Clinton, Little Rock, Oxford—come to a flash of scandalous and arresting recognition soon followed by a relapse to their former neglect, which is qualified only by the significance of their new place in history.

The teacher in Atlanta was indicating that desegregation was more than a problem of getting a few children into a school building, that it affected their parents and teachers, too. A teacher in Little Rock was making the same point, and in addition trying to fit the whole

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problem into some historical context: "Most people never thought of us (Little Rock) and then people couldn't forget us if they tried. But after the troops turned the mobs away people slowly started forgetting us again. You'd think that was all there was to desegregation. I think there's more going on in Central High that's important now than five years ago, but no one knows about it the way they know we had trouble here once . . . the real news is what's happening to the attitudes of the students of both races, and the teachers, too."

Perhaps the struggles of the young are more fashionable in America. In any event, Southern school teachers have had their share of tension, fear, and marked uncertainty in the past few years of slowly spreading school desegregation. Not very often do professional men and women find themselves unexpectedly or unwittingly in a severe social crisis that challenges the delicate and often undefined relationship between personal beliefs and occupational activity. Every day our private feelings shape or at least affect our work, but seldom do either private feelings or indeed the everyday commitment to one's job become national issues. In the words of a teacher in New Orleans, "The crowds outside wanted *me* to boycott the schools, too; and I was with them, then, to be truthful. I mean I was opposed to desegregation. But I had my job as a teacher, and I just couldn't walk out of the building like that."

Many Southern teachers have faced similarly perplexing choices. An entire life can be brought into a new focus under such confusing situations. Some have been forewarned. A high school teacher in Atlanta, a delicately boned lady with a bun of graying blonde hair that always made me imagine its unfolding, once told me of *that* summer: "I just came home and decided I'd never go there again. It wasn't the Negroes being in college with me; it was everything about New York . . . the rudeness there was shocking . . . and I think the nigras up there have much worse manners than they do down here. You see, they've been told to go there and get away from the 'terrible' South, but when they've done it and gone north they find they're in the worst ghettos in the country. They're much worse off than they'd be in a cabin in the country. And even in our large cities like Atlanta people don't live like that. Even white people in those slums up there must be affected."

Her experiences that summer were not unusual for many people who come to New York from small towns all over America. She dwelled at length on the racial aspects of her time there, but I often felt that had she come from any small town, East, West, or North as well, her reactions might have been somewhat similar. Her important early years were spent on a small south Georgia farm. She had left that by the age of seventeen to go to college in Atlanta, a magnet for towns all over the Southeast. She describes it best; "I lost a lot of my prejudices the way you have to in a big city. I mean all living becomes more impersonal. Before, I knew the nigras I hated and the ones I really loved. Now, I didn't much care about any of them, one way or the other. So, when they desegregated the busses, I thought, 'why not?' But when they started talking about desegregating the schools it became much more personal again. I kept on thinking about my reactions in New York, and how just sitting in the same cafeteria with a nigra made me feel so upset. . . . It was getting close to home again when I thought of teaching nigra children. I just couldn't really picture it happening."

YET, she had eventually "adjusted" to the presence of Negro school teachers in a classroom with her. She left New York, in her words, "friendly with them." They were, after all, pleasant, well spoken, educated women, whose tastes were quite a bit like her own. She had always thought that given more education Negroes would deserve most rights held by whites. That kind of thought had helped her when her American idealism collided with her Southern rearing. Now she had sweated through that collision in real life and afterwards felt rather happy at its outcome.

On the other hand, a summer's time in New York had largely been forgotten. It happened far away, and out of the ordinary context of her life. But Negro children in her classroom, in her state of Georgia, seemed hardly believable to her, and she opposed the idea. In retrospect one day she tried to tell how she felt: "I just didn't believe it would work. I've known nigras all my life, and I didn't think they would adjust to our schools. I have nothing against them. I just thought their minds weren't like ours. And I *still* think many of them have a long way to go. . . . Yes, I'm ready now to let those who can do it come to our schools. That's where I have changed. . . ."

I have watched this teacher struggle for two years with herself, her past, and her present situation; with her life as it has daily unfolded itself over this time. New York City arrived in her backyard two years ago, and she had to go through another startling confrontation, another adjustment of an irrational past to a very real, very demanding present. Her *job* was to transmit and clarify the fact of American history. Her personal responsibility, she soon realized, was to settle in her own mind and realize in her daily deeds a teacher's proper relationship with her class. "I would say that at first there was a conflict between the two . . . between our prejudices as human beings and our roles as teachers." She told me this after that conflict had really ceased to exist for herself.

Many Southern teachers, much like this one, have found their sentiments about desegregation changed by the simple yet enormously influential experience of teaching Negro children. Others have been persuaded to new attitudes toward colored children by the ugliness, the rank and stubborn meanness of some mobs of "adult" whites. A teacher in a harassed elementary school in New Orleans spoke angrily about the riots she had survived: "Who can ever forget the looks on those faces? I always thought I was a segregationist, but I never heard such language, and they became so impossible after a while that they belonged in a zoo, not on the streets. That little nigra child had more dignity than all of them put together . . . it makes you stop and think." She had gone through a sobering experience; the horror of her own beliefs gone wild had struck her.

Not all teachers feel able or willing to risk even the possibility of such contact with new customs. Some have disqualified themselves, knowing full well the strength of their segregationist feelings. A very few have had to be separated from desegregated classrooms, so very few as to be remarkable. Just as with white children, fervent or frantic segregationists among teachers are a small number compared to the majority who are more attached to a habit or a "way of life" than bound and propelled by a passion. There is a difference between these two kinds of people that is clinically recognizable and critically important in our nation's social and political life. School officials in most Southern cities have appreciated the likelihood of trouble if Negro children appeared in the classes of really fiery segregationist teachers. Many of these educators have learned the wisdom of preparatory conferences and discussions before the onset of desegregation and during its first months. Teachers can come together to talk about their experiences. They can hear the reasons for the sometimes elaborate rules and regulations required in

(*Continued on page* 90)

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DILLARD'S PRE-FRESHMAN PROGRAM

"FOR SUCH A TIDE IS MOVING . . ."

Dillard University in New Orleans is an accredited coeducational undergraduate college with approximately 900 students who this year come from twenty-two states and six foreign countries. Dillard represents a merger of two older institutions, both founded in New Orleans in 1869, one by the Methodist Church, the other by the Congregational Church. While Dillard students are almost entirely Negro, the charter prohibits the University from discriminating on the basis of race, sex, or religion in the admission of students. Graduates of the University are readily accepted in better graduate and professional schools throughout the country. About one-third of the faculty is usually non-Negro. Dillard's Prefreshman Program is now a regular part of the freshman year and is being copied by other Southern colleges.

By FRANK G. JENNINGS, *Education Consultant to the New World Foundation and an Editor-at-Large of Saturday Review.*

IN the last days of June, 1959, forty-four boys and girls, fresh from segregated high schools in eight of the states of the Deep South, came to the campus of Dillard University in New Orleans. Their tuition, room, and board had been paid. Under a grant from the Taconic Foundation, they were to participate in an experimental program that sought to discover whether or not it was possible for them to develop what one of their instructors called "academic survival techniques." These students were, like so many other graduates from the segregated public school systems of the South, poorly prepared to engage in college-level work. By any objective measure they could not read very well, and the group as a whole was generally insecure in the use of language. This is not to say that they were a uniquely disadvantaged group. The top half of the Prefreshman Group, as they were called, scored within the upper 15 per cent of all incoming students at Dillard. This, however, is merely an indication of the difficulties that beset predominantly Negro colleges. They must somehow educate boys and girls who are sent to them from the inadequate, segregated high schools of the region.

A committee of the Dillard faculty had worked through the late winter and early spring to prepare a program for these students. It was decided that this was not to be a remedial program on the perfectly sensible grounds that not very much could be done in eight hot sticky summer weeks.

The emphasis was placed upon reading and good talk, not mere discussion,

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but it was hoped that an electric dialogue could be set up among students and between students and faculty. In order to provide substance for this talk a wide-ranging reading program was planned, one that included several local newspapers as well as the *Atlanta Constitution*, the *Christian Science Monitor*, the *New York Times*, *Herald Tribune*, *Washington Post*, and *Chicago Sun-Times*. The students assembled each weekday evening in the television room to listen to both the local news report and the Huntley-Brinkley Report. The reading room was stocked with hundreds of paperbacks, fiction and nonfiction, classical and modern, trivial and difficult, good writing and mere escape prose . . . more books than the students, in most cases, had ever seen.

The program was a tough one: some member of the faculty was with the students from 7:30 in the morning to 8:00 or 9:00 at night, seven days a week. During the first week there was much testing from the resident psychologist, but from the first day the students were confronted with books and the demand that they read. When they were told that they were expected to read perhaps as many as fifteen books during the summer program, they were shocked and some were frightened. They had not read that many books, some said, in their whole lives.

The curse was taken off reading right at the start. The instructors in charge of the reading program were people who read and liked books and were able to transmit their excitement about reading and ideas to the students as they talked about their own reading. This was to be what some educators call an "individualized reading program." The students were expected to select books on their own, to read and talk about them, and later to write about some of their reactions to their reading. For the first time in their lives the students had freedom to choose to read what they wanted—and many did not know how to want to read. But in the early summer of 1959 there was excitement in the air on Southern Negro campuses. The New Orleans buses had been desegregated in May of 1959. Martin Luther King had become more than a name to these young students. Beyond the fear, the uncertainty, the strangeness of campus life, was an urgency to do something for themselves, now that they had, apparently, some freedom of choice.

Every morning the students filed into the reading room to select new books, to break up into small groups to talk about what they had been reading and what they had been thinking about their reading. Every evening, after listening to the news programs on television—this was the time when Governor Earl Long was providing such rich and pungent TV fare for his constituents—they would talk about the wider world that they were discovering to be not so very far away, nor as strange as it had seemed. And very soon the students were taking it upon themselves to urge each other to accept the seriousness of this college enterprise.

There is no special magic in books, despite the biased reports of bibliophiles. What makes books make a difference in our lives is the sudden sharp connection they can provide between how we feel about the world as we experience it and how that world is mirrored in the words of someone elsewhere in space or time. This is why Hamlet is relevant to an adolescent in Brooklyn; this is why Oedipus can terrify and Captain Ahab can puzzle a quiet citizen of a prairie city. This is why these young Negro students could discover an immediacy in John Hersey's *Hiroshima*.

But it is precisely the lack of the opopportunity to test their own experiences against those reported in literature that accounts for much of the cultural and emotional poverty from which the Negro students particularly suffer. Limited as they often are in their high school years to puerile anthologies and eviscerated textbooks, not only do they develop severe technical reading disabilities, but their rapidly compounding ignorance in this area infects everything else that they are expected to do in school.

The Prefreshman Program wrought no miracles, it is true, but on the very first day an *esprit de corps* was established. There was a sense among the students and faculty members that something special might be happening. What began as a small group of instructors rapidly grew from about five to twenty-eight. Everyone wanted to "work with the kids." The speech instructor commandeered a dozen tape recorders and a whole library of spoken and musical recordings. "I don't want to change your speech to mine," he said. (He was from northern Wisconsin.) "All I want you to do is stop speaking sub-standard-Southern." He showed them how to record their voices, how to listen for distortions and mispronunciations, how to work in small groups to correct the worst of their abominations. He discovered that they loved to declaim poetry. Soon the language of Shakespeare, James Weldon Johnson, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Carl Sandburg, and Robert Frost was heard all over the campus.

The PFPs, as the students were now calling themselves, soon developed a healthy appetite for discussion of ideas and issues. The son of a preacher discovered *evolution* and was delightfully terrified. He would search out a fellow student to contend with over the nature and origin of man. He started reading the Greek myths and shortly he was wrestling with the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*.

The tape recorders were taken by the students as their own special tools. Whenever there was to be a talk or a discussion, one of the machines would be brought out and set up. "We got to be careful that we say what we mean when we say it." They became conscious, not only of the difficulties of making ideas clear, but also of the excitement and the satisfaction that can come when one knows fairly well what one wants to say and can say it.

One of the instructors, an editor with a national magazine, brought galleys and page proofs from a past issue of his magazine and showed the students what careful work goes into getting words on paper in their final public form. The PFPs thought that was a sensible way of doing things. They decided to produce their own weekly magazine. They

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Academic procession at Dillard University.

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Luther Foster of Tuskegee

Luther H. Foster, president of Tuskegee, with Miss Lilnial Jackson of Atlanta, a freshman student who helps out in Dr. Foster's office under Tuskegee's work-scholarship plan.

By JOHN SCANLON

IT WAS less than six months after Luther Hilton Foster took office as president of Tuskegee Institute in Alabama that the United States Supreme Court handed down its historic decision of May 17, 1954. Ever since that day, he has made it his business to see that Tuskegee keeps pace with the tremendous changes, challenges, and opportunities brought about by that decision.

To Tuskegee and the other Southern institutions of higher education attended largely by Negroes, the court decision meant an abrupt break with the past and a future filled with promise but clouded in uncertainty. The court, with one stroke of its judicial pen, abolished the traditional concept of the "Negro" college as a symbol of separate and unequal education, but in so doing it also created some problems.

What did desegregation hold in store for the Negro colleges? Would it mean, for example, that they would be shunned by Negro students who now had access to the previously all-white state colleges and universities of the South? Would it mean that some of the Negro colleges would fail the harsh test of survival of the fittest? By and large, the small private Negro colleges were not as adequately financed as the white institutions and their academic standards were not as high; how, therefore, could they compete with white colleges in the new "one standard" era ushered in by the Court decision?

Luther Foster was one of the Negro educators who perceived immediately that desegregation would bring about profound changes in the nature and pattern of higher education for Negroes. He knew that for Tuskegee this meant a need to critically re-examine the Institute's traditional program of vocational and professional education. He therefore proposed, and the Trustees approved, an intensive self-study designed to pinpoint Tuskegee's strengths and weaknesses and to chart a course for the future. The study took two years, and out of it came several important changes.

Chief among them was the establishment of a College of Arts and Sciences, with two principal functions. The first was to provide the vast majority of Tuskegee students with a common course of study and a common set of intellectual experiences. (Many of the departments of the new college were previously dispersed among the Institute's technical and professional schools.) The second function of the college was to offer a full four-year program in the liberal arts. This reflected Dr. Foster's firm belief that in the new "one standard" world of higher education Tuskegee's liberal arts program should be not only the academic foundation of the professional courses of study, but also a program of learning in its own right.

Also as a result of the self-study, intensive efforts were made to strengthen the professional programs in the Schools of Nursing, Veterinary Medicine, Education, and Engineering, and gradually to phase out subcollegiate programs for which demand had about run its course at Tuskegee. Special attention was focused on Tuskegee's continuing concern with meeting the needs of students who arrive on campus with inadequate preparation for college work.

Although the changes made at Tuskegee under Dr. Foster's administration make an impressive record, he maintains that their real significance lies in their reflection of a revolution in rising aspirations among current Negro students. "Tuskegee," he points out, "was founded with a very clear purpose—to provide a basic education for young people who aspired to lead lives of maximum usefulness, a goal which they and their parents were convinced depended mightily upon education. That basic purpose remains today, but the aspiration levels of our students have risen, and so has the level of intellectual development needed to realize the new aspirations."

Dr. Foster's own aspirations as a college student were for just such a career as the one he has pursued. He was born in Lawrenceville, Virginia, and raised on the campus of Virginia State College in Petersburg, where he attended the college's experimental school. His father was business manager, and later president of Virginia State; young Foster decided early in life to emulate his father. He studied at Virginia State, receiving his Bachelor of Science degree in 1932. From there he went to Hampton Institute, working in the business office and taking courses in business, his major interest. After Hampton, he went to Harvard and won a master's degree in business administration in 1936.

Then he worked for four years as budget officer at Howard University. "By this time," he says, "I was convinced that I wanted to be a college business officer, but I felt the need for additional training, so I went to the University of Chicago to take some courses in educational administration." He stayed there a year, married Miss Vera Chandler, a social worker, and then, in the fall of 1941, went to Tuskegee as business manager. He has been at Tuskegee ever since, with the exception of a year's leave of absence in 1951 to finish his work for a Ph.D. in educational administration at Chicago.

As president of Tuskegee, he has done his job with quiet effectiveness. He is a calm, soft-spoken man who speaks matter-of-factly even when dis-

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MANHATTAN PRINCIPAL AT WORK

—*Photos by Thecla.*

Principal Henry T. Hillson of George Washington High School.

By LEWIS W. GILLENSON, *Editor and Publisher of Esquire Books.*

THE schools of a large city must inevitably deal with the problems that rack the city as a whole. The vast differences of income and of ethnic and social background create paradoxes and injustices difficult to control. Changes are swift and tensions are high. Rapid shifts of population can transform stable neighborhoods into slum areas almost overnight. With this deterioration come housing shortages, unemployment problems, petty crime, broken families, *de facto* segregation, language barriers, and general hostility. At the center of this upheaval, of course, are the neighborhood schools.

Can a school survive as a vital institution under these conditions? It can if it has a principal like Henry T. Hillson. As head of George Washington High School, the largest secondary school on Manhattan Island, Hillson has proved that the school can not only survive but prevail. With dedication and massive energy he has brought discipline and pride to both faculty and students. With the help of the Board of Education's Demonstration Guidance Project, he has raised academic standards, curbed the dropout rate, and taught the community at large of the dignity of the school.

Until the Forties, George Washington exuded the opulently middle class tone of the upper tip of Manhattan. Eighty per cent of its graduates moved on to higher learning. Seldom overcrowded, mostly homogeneous, it was considered a lush high school for student and administrator.

After the war, however, the area erupted with jarring suddenness. Negro Harlem crept northward, the middle class departed the area in great waves, many foreign-born moved in. By the time Hillson arrived in 1954, the pattern was set. George Washington had become an integrated school, and the flight of many whites, anticipating depressed standards or simply prejudiced, began. Many students who could pass the exams commuted to advanced-level schools; others went to specialized schools. Still, a hard-core nucleus remained enrolled at George Washington.

Fresh in his new appointment, his first as a principal, Hillson recognized the insidiousness of the trend and set out to contain it. He spoke before synagogues, churches, parents' groups, civic organizations, anyone who would listen, and urged them to keep their children in George Washington—that it was basically a sound school. "I promised that we would lift the quality of education as high as possible, that their children would get a good education in a stable school environment. But they had to help keep it stable," he said.

He buttressed his campaign with a vigorous recruiting drive for the Parents' Association. At that time, the PTA rolls showed an anemic membership of about twenty. Today, under a barrage of leaflets, pamphlets, bulletins, and exhortations before civic groups, 1,800 members now belong to the Parents' Association. A turnout of 300 to a meeting is not unusual; sometimes it hits 700.

At every meeting, the lanky figure of the fifty-five-year-old principal, with his deceptively youthful ruddiness and frank manner, keeps reselling his goal of quality. His evangelism fanned a spark of interest among parents and faculty with only an occasional exception. A subtle revolving door operated for those teachers who made racial slurs, refused to check absenteeism, and were otherwise recalcitrant. Today, Hillson's faculty, over-all, shares his sense of mission.

A principal's job in most large cities is complicated by a virtue held sacred by almost all in education—the tenure system. It provides security and a mathematical kind of equality. But it makes no provision for skill.

"Not being able to reward excellence makes you grit your teeth," says Hillson. "We have no control over a teacher's willingness to do extra-curricular work. We can pay coaches extra and throw a few dollars to people who handle the newspaper and the yearbook—$475 a year—but nothing for people running clubs. And more than 25 per cent of our faculty handle extra-curricular activities. They're here after hours; many take

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work home. The few drones punch in, then fly when the bell rings. They get paid no less for their indifference."

It is those who work hard all day and those who are willing to stay who make the school, says Hillson. They perform not for self-aggrandizement, but for professional pride, an ideal somewhat denigrated by the teacher's preoccupation with his economic plight. The unions, who battle this cause, have tended, Hillson believes, to neglect professional standards in favor of cold, trade-union economics.

To those who know him well, such sentiments must echo strangely. For twenty-five years, as a teacher, a social studies department chairman, a political liberal, and a principal, he was a sternly committed union member serving in high echelons of Teacher Guild leadership. He resigned recently in regretful protest.

"I can't agree to the constant eroding of excellence that the teacher unions seem to countenance. Making war between teacher and supervisor makes for poor unionism and poor education."

Hillson's candor has occasioned discomfort among social workers, labor unions, civil rights agencies, and political sinecurists within the school system—sometimes even among his superiors. For example, on the subject of dropouts, he believes and says, "If the school has little to offer a kid, then he *should* drop out in favor of something that will offer him more. But give him more—a job or help. Compel an angry kid to stay in school and you might build a juvenile delinquent." Such statements challenge the axioms of social workers and the trade unions.

CIVIL rights leaders bridle when he asks, "Should you bus a Negro kid from one place to another *just* so he can sit next to a white kid? I would like to know what kind of a kid he'll sit next to and, more important, what kind of education he will get there. No Negro child should be forced to remain imprisoned within an intolerable ghetto. But white children also should not be forced to move into someone else's ghetto. No good educational atmosphere comes from such coercion. With strong effort, let's build more schools in the upper middle class areas and let the underprivileged child who wants to go there do so."

Yet Hillson is recognized, not as an exhibitionist looking for an argument, but as an intense, practical man alive to his job and to the convictions that his position obliges him to express.

Now and again, like every other conscientious administrator, he must be prepared to violate a rule to get his job done—sometimes in absurdly petty areas.

"The personal involvement of the top man himself is impressive."

The lunch room cash registers broke down; instead of going through the interminable wait following in-channel requisitioning, he "broke" rules and used cafeteria funds to buy the machines. Technically he suffered reprimand—although lightly administered by understanding supervisors.

The paradox of the principal's authority rests with its startling contrast. For a cash register or a set of door hinges, he is on a dependency dole. But in the educational and social character of his school, he may roam wide and free. And here Hillson has ventured far in his ambition to make of George Washington an enclave of quality in a resistant setting. With a population of 60 per cent white and the remainder Negro, Puerto Rican, and a *mélange* of peoples from sixty different nations moving in and out of the seven-mile north-to-south district with staggering rapidity, the area should, by all social worker tenets, vibrate with tension. Instead, from 8:00 A.M. when the first of the two sessions begins until 4:30 P.M. when the day ends, the school is surprisingly relaxed and amiable. When discipline lapses occur, deans, teachers, and the principal himself act swiftly and firmly.

"We have learned that the best answer to discipline problems rests not with the police or social workers," says Hillson, "but with ourselves. Unruly kids have contempt for weakness."

The personal involvement of the top man himself must be impressive. He is never too busy to serve in any crisis. Once the nutritionist nervously urged that he get to the cafeteria quickly; dozens of kids were pouring milk into the sinks with epidemic effect, shouting that the milk was sour. Hillson raced to the scene of potential riot. "Here, you drink it," said one youngster. Hillson took a gulp and reported that it was perfect. Then he marched up and down the huge cafeteria sipping and pacifying. A potential mess was averted.

Recently Hillson learned that three of his students were involved—off school grounds—in petty gambling that erupted into intimidation, threats, and a belt on the nose.

"Normally," says Hillson, "a pure police case. But this is the kind of stuff we give a whirl here first." He called everyone into his large, walnut-paneled office with its heavy rugs, early American lamps, bookcases, private bathroom—a setting fashioned for a corporation executive or district attorney. When the father of one of the youths interrupted, Hillson turned, placed a large palm between them, and said quietly, "Let him talk." The denouement came with apologies and face-saving assurances. Hillson leaned forward in his seat. "Let me explain something before you all leave," he said. "This is pure violence. A student of this school has been assaulted. We won't have it. The slightest repetition of this and you go to the D.A." He turned slowly to the father of one of the culprits. "Do you understand, sir?" The father nodded silently. Hillson rose, paused for a moment, and said in his even, reedy voice, "That's all."

He later recalled an unpredictable byproduct of the case. The parents of one of the accused owned a lunch room. The shop-keeper generously invited the victim to his place for an occasional free refreshment. "Sounds good, doesn't it," says Hillson, "except that I got an agitated call from the victim's mother. Seems she's a very Orthodox Jewish woman and, though she's happy that her son is safe from harm, she is terribly disturbed that he is eating in a non-kosher restaurant. Would I please do something."

IF the deterring mace of authority governs the school's deportment, the positiveness of academic achievement creates its riches. A most telling example came with an experiment called the Demonstration Guidance Project, which began in 1957 and ended in 1962. The Board of Education picked Hillson's school to conduct a program that would attempt to stop the progressive deterioration, intellectually, of minority group children and to prove that with individual counseling in areas of health, family life, psychology, and intensive care and patience in classroom instruction, most of them would be infinitely bettered. The 365 original pupils were mostly underprivileged; the results were exciting. Some who had never intended to go on to higher education changed

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their minds. Many raised their academic levels far beyond expectation. Most grew and kept growing throughout the entire period of the program. Potential dropouts stayed in; slow achievers began to achieve. Many from the group rose to high rank in grades, leadership, and the creative arts.

The project drew national applause. Hillson believes that it was one of the great factors in lifting school morale. "Even average kids feel a sense of status when people praise their school," he explains.

At every turn Hillson keeps pushing academic standards to their limits. He insists that all honor students take a full complement of majors in the senior year whether they need them for graduation or not. Students compete for the honor of speaking at graduations by creating ideas, not just by scholarship. At the ceremonies Hillson himself distributes all honors. The school newspaper publishes names of all those who have achieved over 80 per cent. Reward for effort, he insists, must be acknowledged. "It's easy to shake hands with valedictorians, but it's just as important to applaud the large middle group."

He has invested all academic processions with drama befitting an Ivy League convocation. Everyone wears a cap and gown; the band is carefully rehearsed; 900 students march into the stadium abutting the main building from a quarter-mile away. The community is richly impressed. The solemn procession exudes dignity and respect for the intellect.

In this phase of his work Hillson and his staff pride themselves on making few concessions. "It's awfully tempting," he says, "to pass a kid just because he's underprivileged. Your heart goes out to him. But it's a temptation we must resist. It's patronizing. By keeping standards high and firm, we build a constancy of respect. I made that point at the last commencement before hundreds of Negro parents."

At a school such as George Washington with its convoluted mixture of races the extra-curricular activity can complement the curriculum. For example, the fifteen members of the foreign student commission scour the school for students who need language help. A Greek boy, recently emigrated, was taken in hand by two other Greek boys who speak English well, and he was helped with his studies. "Numerically, our big problem," says Morris Rubin, director of student activities, "is obviously with the Spanish-speaking peoples. But we also help Israelis, Germans, Italians, some French, Poles, Slavs, and Chinese."

Through their lively student activities program, George Washington children are collecting clothing for West

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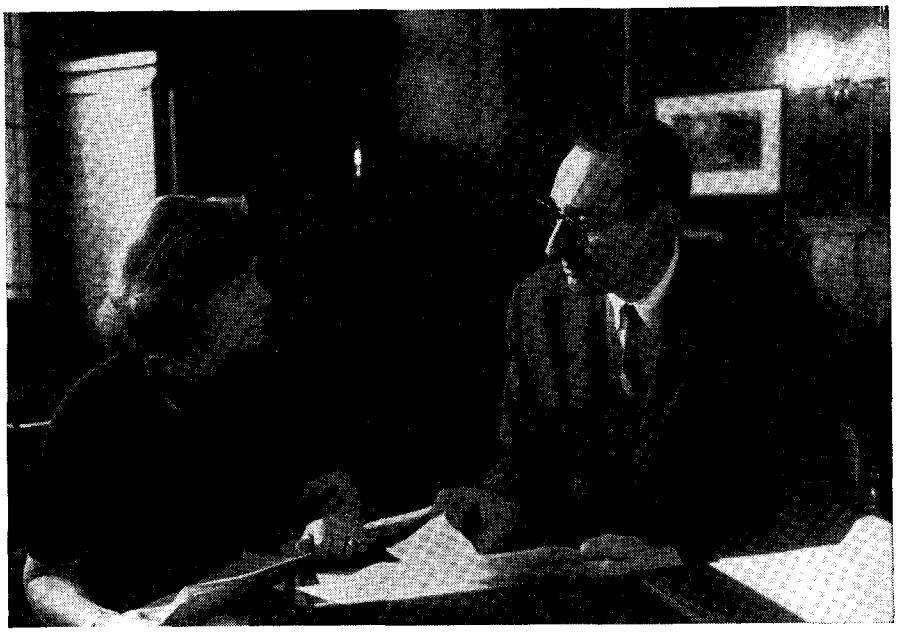
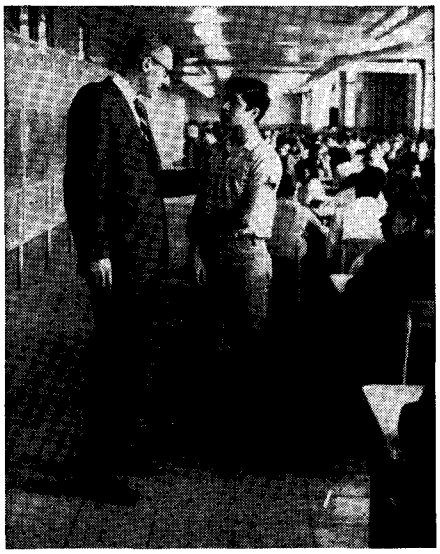
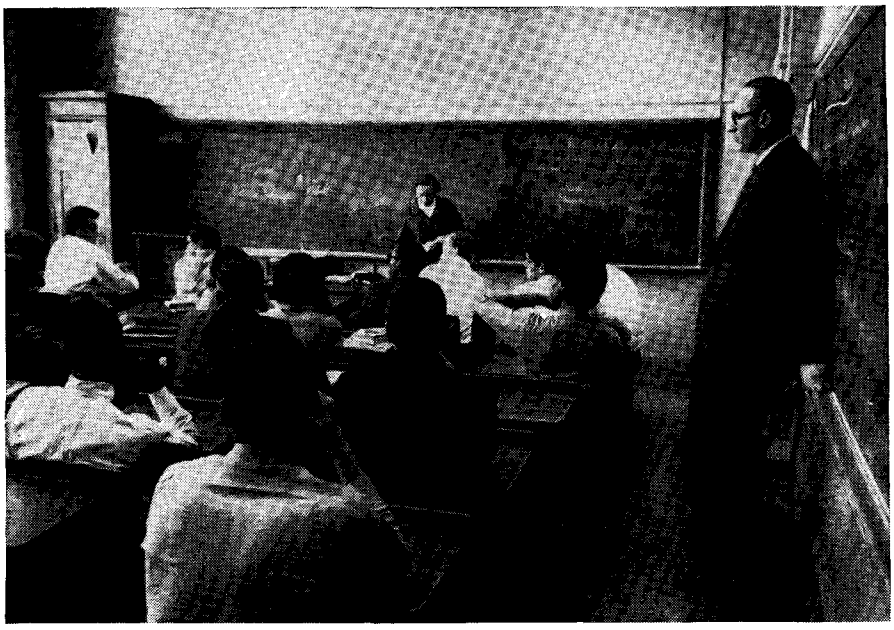




"If the deterring mace of authority governs the school's deportment, the positiveness of academic achievement creates its riches." (above) in the office; (right) with a student; (below) in the classroom.



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THE QUIET REVOLUTION

—*Photo by Maria Peralta.*

"The youngsters are responding with a flush of enthusiasm and a dream of wider horizons."

BY JOHN F. WARNER, *a free-lance writer and former teacher.*

TOO often lost in the drama of freedom rides, student sit-ins, boycotts, and picketings is the work of a calmly efficient project known, simply enough, as the After School Program. After School Program functions at the core of what has been called "The Quiet Revolution" of civil rights—education for the Negro.

Initial impetus was provided by the Northern Student Movement (itself an outgrowth of Southern freedom rides), because it believes that "education is a crucial factor in the race program." In Philadelphia two years ago twenty white college students spent their summer vacation tutoring Negro high school youngsters. Pleased by the results, NSM quickly moved to expand its tutorial services to several other major cities. New York, Hartford, Baltimore, Detroit, and Boston all now have flourishing tutorial schools, each administered by a full-time, salaried staff.

Moreover, a host of other groups, stimulated by NSM's pioneering, have since organized their own versions of After School Programs. One of the most remarkable of this latter type is that sponsored by Reverend Cornelius Hastie, thirty-three-year-old white rector of St. James Episcopal Church in Roxbury, Massachusetts, in the heart of Boston's Negro ghetto. In the parish hall of his century-old church Father Hastie shepherds an After School Program that is both imitative of, yet far superior to, a tutorial center.

In effect, Father Hastie has developed two separate programs. One, an "afternoon school," provides two hours of formal class work four days a week for seventy Negro children in the Roxbury district. From kindergarten through the eighth grade, in classes of from four to twelve in size, the children receive instruction in reading, arithmetic, geography, and history. Weekly visits to the Roxbury branch library and an occasional trip to the Children's Museum in Boston supplement the regular "curriculum."

The other half of the program is a tutorial session for high school students. For two hours each Wednesday evening twenty youngsters get specialized and expert help in English, Latin, French, history, or bookkeeping.

Father Hastie began his afternoon school two years ago, about the time that NSM came to Boston. Nearly eight years at St. James's had convinced him that the best way to stop prospective school dropouts was to work with younger children. But more than this, he saw a need to strengthen the education his Roxbury youngsters were getting.

"These kids," he emphasizes, "needed the opportunity to progress further in their school work than they were being asked to. The public schools were not doing enough."

Averaging better than forty pupils per room, Roxbury's classes were the largest in the city. Their schools had a rapid and constant turnover of teachers ("One second-grader had had five different teachers in a single year"). Antiquated buildings and out-of-date textbooks were an added disgrace.

Nor have conditions changed much since then. Money spent per pupil in Negro-dominated schools is still less than the city average—10 per cent lower in textbook expenditures, 20 per cent in health expenditures. Negro-dominated schools have a higher percentage of provisional teachers: the 1963-64 budget called for 50 per cent more provisional teachers in the three Negro junior high schools than for the remaining Boston public junior high schools. Only "about" forty of Boston's 3589 teachers are Negroes (the school department has no figures on the number of non-whites it employs). There is no Negro principal in any of the city's schools.

PART of the school problem is caused, Father Hastie feels, by the great increase in Boston's Negro population. In the past two decades it has increased three-fold, to more than 30,000. A great portion of these "immigrants," as he has dubbed them, came from the South. Largely unskilled and uneducated, they were soon forced to join the ranks of the unemployed. Their children, too, found the adjustment difficult—in some cases impossible.

The other part results from *de facto* segregation in the public schools. Rox-

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bury, with its sister-ghetto Dorchester, houses nearly all Boston's colored population. Consequently, half of the Negroes attend schools that are 90 per cent Negro; the remainder are in schools that are 50 per cent Negro.

So far the Boston school department has proved agonizingly slow in admitting that a problem does exist. Only recently, William O'Connor, the newly-elected chairman of the school committee, publicly answered the critics of Boston's public school system by stating:

"Our problem is not inferior schools but inferior students."

TO that, Father Hastie counters: "Why is it that in all of Boston last year only two Negroes could pass the Latin school entrance examination? The only answer I can find is, they aren't being properly prepared."

Ultimately, he feels, improved educational facilities for Boston's Negroes will become a reality. This year, for example, a handful of guidance counselors—the first ever—have been assigned to several of the city's junior high schools. Meanwhile, however, a whole generation of Negro school children was being educationally short-changed. "They asked for bread, and they were handed a stone; they asked for fish, and were handed a serpent," is the way one clergyman eloquently described the situation. To Father Hastie, an After School Program represented immediate relief.

Several weeks of intensive spade work followed in the summer of 1962, as he visited every family in his congregation to ask their support.

"You know," he says smilingly, "many people would say parents as poor and uneducated as many of these in Roxbury are couldn't care less what happened to their children. But that's not true. They see education as a way out of the maze."

He got his support, and his idea became a reality. After a somewhat rocky beginning that autumn—a shortage of money, textbooks, and trained faculty contributed to their initial checkered existence—St. James's afternoon school gradually emerged into the flourishing program it is today.

While Father Hastie is sponsor of the After School Program at St. James, it is Miss Pauline Phelps who acts as principal of both the afternoon school and the evening tutorial session. A native of Maine who once taught retarded children in Boston's public schools, Miss Phelps joined Father Hastie's congregation five years ago, after her own church had moved to the suburbs with the last of the white exodus from Roxbury.

LARGELY to Miss Phelps fell the problem of staffing the afternoon school faculty. With school hours established at 3:00-5:00 P.M., locating qualified adults proved impossible. Her solution: "We trained our own teachers." Simply enough stated, but astonishingly difficult to accomplish—for every teacher in the afternoon program is a high school girl. From a list of candidates in the Roxbury district Father Hastie and Miss Phelps selected seven. Then Miss Phelps, who holds a Master's degree from Boston State College, gave an intense course in reading skills, including phonics. Working from a variety of materials—Science Research Reading Programs, Follett texts with "integrated" pictures, and "the Dick-Jane-Sally" books ("but we make up our own stories for those"), she built a carefully structured remedial reading program that her girls administer admirably. "Why shouldn't they?" Miss Phelps queries. "They're all bright, cooperative girls who are interested in teaching."

These youngster-teachers, who are paid $8.00 a week for their labors, are supported by a group of fifteen volunteer college students from Wellesley, Harvard, and Boston University. The volunteers provide individual tutoring one afternoon a week for any child having a particular problem.

Finding qualified people to help with the Wednesday evening tutorial program proved to be no such problem.

Now ten in number, the tutors (who receive no money) include two Ph.D.s, several other candidates for that degree, a practicing psychologist, and even a librarian (from the Harvard Medical School).

Each tutor handles up to three students for one hour, after which the youngsters meet with another for the second half of the session. From among the subjects offered, the students make their own selections.

"Occasionally we'll simply help with homework," one history tutor says. "That is, when they have it. Somehow they seldom get home assignments. But we really try to supplement their understanding of the particular period they happen to be studying in school. And," she adds disdainfully, "with some of these ancient texts that's not simple."

THE ninth-grade history textbook her youngsters use is *Countrymen's Edition of Morey's Ancient Peoples*, a 1933 publication of the American Book Company. Still in wide usage in the Boston schools, *Countryman's Edition* is perhaps best known for its terse summary of world peoples:

> The most usual way to classify the various races of people in the world is by *color*. Thus we have (1) the black, or Negro, race; (2) the yellow, or Mongolian, race; and (3) the white, or Caucasian, race.
>
> The black race is found chiefly in Africa, Australia, and the neighboring islands. It includes many peoples that have done practically nothing for the civilization of the World.

One of the strengths of the evening session is its foreign language program. The tutor who handles Latin and

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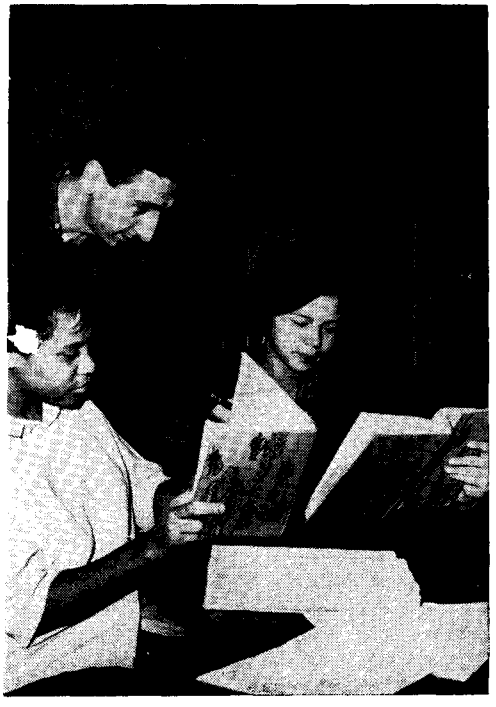
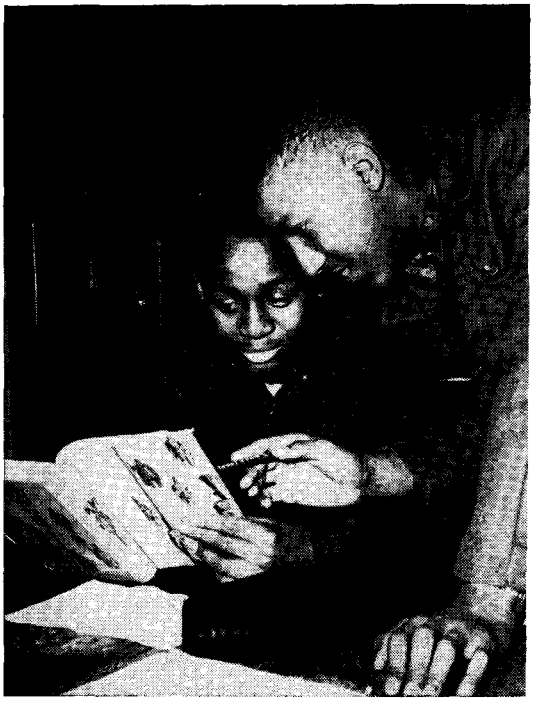


"They see education . . .



. . . as a way out of the maze."

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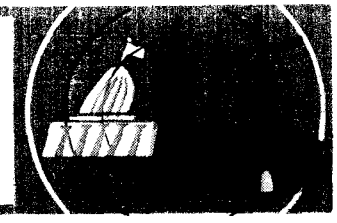
While School Keeps



The college admissions crush, which was accurately forecast many months ago by the College Entrance Examination Board, suddenly, last month, became stark reality for many college-bound students. As the replies to student applications fanned out across the nation, there were honor students who found themselves rejected by every college to which they applied. National Merit Scholars with top credentials failed of admission to the colleges of their choice. Leading high schools that had long placed their best graduates in one or another of the nation's top institutions found this year that in some cases the answer was "No." The first contingent of the country's postwar bumper crop of babies had arrived at the college gate—and some found it closed.

The harsh realities of this year's admissions picture were most sharply drawn for those students who felt—or whose parents felt—that the status of a prestige college is a prerequisite to good education. Too many factors must be taken into account in the selection of a freshman class at the highly competitive institutions today for any student to be certain of winning in the great spring game of academic roulette.

For the relatively small group of the nation's most esteemed institutions, however, the experience of turning down a high proportion of exceptionally capable applicants was not new. Many of them have for years been rejecting 50 to 80 per cent of the applicants whose records indicated that they would have a successful scholastic career if admitted. What is new is the vastly increased admissions pressure at the good private colleges of the second rank and at the state colleges and universities.

But when the dust has settled and the statistics have been compiled, we will find that upwards of a million and a half young people have been accepted at some institution for next fall's freshman class. For those who have not, there are still a number of possibilities open. Many of the state colleges and universities of the Midwest, South, and West, for instance, do not close the admissions door until much later than most private colleges, even for out-of-state applicants. Although the most prestigious universities, such as California, Michigan, and Wisconsin, are likely to exhaust their out-of-state quotas quite early, many fine colleges and universities will continue to accept qualified applicants for some weeks. A second possibility is offered by the admissions centers described below.

The College Admissions Center (610 Church Street, Evanston, Illinois) offers students an opportunity to have their applications reviewed by a wide range of colleges and universities that are still welcoming students. Sponsored by the Association of College Admissions Counselors, the center accepts student registrations and supporting credentials in a fashion similar to a college admissions office. Registration forms may be obtained from the student's high school guidance office or from the center itself. (The registration fee is $15.) The records of individual students are then made available to representatives of colleges and universities using the center's services. The institutions themselves get in touch with the students in whom they are interested and invite them to apply. In the past, 99 per cent of all students registered at the center have been contacted by one or more colleges.

All colleges using the center's services are accredited. Most are small, private, coeducational institutions, but some are state and city institutions, and they range in size from an enrollment of 200 to more than 10,000. They also represent every part of the country and include the whole range of liberal arts, engineering, education, and other specialized institutions.

The College Admissions Assistance Center (41 East 65th Street, New York, N.Y. 10021) offers a similar nationwide service that makes student records available to representatives of colleges and universities. Sponsored by the Council of Higher Educational Institutions in New York City, the center requires that all applicants apply to, and be rejected by, at least one institution before registration. The fee for registration is $15.

The Admissions Assistance Center recommends that students check the status of colleges that contact them in one of the standard sources of information. All give certain basic information about individual colleges, and each gives some details not contained in the others. Two such sources are:

► *The College Handbook*, published by the College Entrance Examination Board, Box 592, Princeton, N.J.

► *American Universities and Colleges* and *American Junior Colleges*, both published by the American Council on Education, 1785 Massachusetts Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C.

For guidance counselors, as well as for parents of students in the lower high school grades, a brief new report on current trends in college admissions may be enlightening. A report of the Committee on School and College Relations of the Educational Records Bureau (21 Audubon Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10032), "Admission to American Colleges" (28 pp., 50 cents) attempts to answer the question "What criteria do college admissions committees actually consider most important today—and how do these differ from a decade ago?"

Summarizing data received from 560 institutions, both two-year and four-year, the report offers some conclusions that are surprising and others that are less so. Some examples:

► "On the average, the colleges say that about 75 per cent of their applicants for admission are well enough prepared to meet their standards. However, the percentages indicated by individual colleges vary all the way from 20 to more than 90 per cent. The areas in which *weaknesses* of entering freshmen are most frequently mentioned are *English, study habits,* and *study skills.*"

► "It may be inferred from the replies of the colleges that the *transcript of marks* is the most important criterion in admission decisions, the *principal's* or *counselor's recommendation* the next important, *aptitude test scores* the third most important, and *rank in class* the fourth most important criterion."

► "This survey indicates that about one college in twenty-five turns down half or more of its applicants because of lack of room, but for the country as a whole *lack of room is as yet not a primary reason for the rejection of applicants.* Approximately three out of four junior colleges and three out of five four-year colleges indicated that they did not reject any applicants for this reason."

"Admission to American Colleges" holds a mirror up to the complex process of college admissions in a most illuminating fashion. —JAMES CASS.

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The One-Page Catalogue

Hanging on a wall in the faculty club of New York University, the nation's largest private institution of higher education, is a framed copy of the document reproduced below—a constant reminder that academic life was a lot simpler a century ago.

UNIVERSITY OF THE CITY OF NEW-YORK.

THE Annual Course of Instruction in the Institution, will commence on Monday, the 3d of October, under the direction of the following Professors.

REV. JAMES M. MATHEWS, D. D., CHANCELLOR.

DAVID B. DOUGLASS, Professor of Civil Engineering and Architecture.
S. F. B. MORSE, Professor of the Literature of the Arts of Design.
REV. HENRY P. TAPPAN, Professor of Intellectual and Moral Philosophy and Belles-Lettres.
ROBERT B. PATTON, Professor of Greek Language and Literature.
REV. JOHN PROUDFIT, Professor of Latin Language and Literature.
CHARLES L. PARMENTIER, Professor of French Language and Literature.
LORENZO L. DA PONTE, Professor of Italian Language and Literature.
MIGUEL CABRERA DE NEVARES, Professor of Spanish Language and Literature.
CHARLES RABADAN, Associate Professor of do.
ISAAC NORDHEIMER, Acting Professor of German Language and Literature.
REV. GEORGE BUSH, Professor of Hebrew, and Oriental Languages and Literature.
CHARLES W. HACKLEY, Professor of Mathematics.
WILLIAM A. NORTON, Acting Professor of Natural Philosophy and Astronomy.
LEWIS C. BECK, M. D., Professor of Chemistry and Botany.
HON. B. F. BUTLER, Professor of Law, and Principal of the Law Faculty.*
L. D. GALE, M. D., Professor of Geology and Mineralogy.
ISAAC NORDHEIMER, Professor of Arabic, Syriac, Persian, and Ethiopic.
REV. CYRUS MASON, Professor of the Evidences of Revealed Religion.

* The other Professors in the Law Faculty will be appointed within a few weeks; and the course of legal instruction will be commenced simultaneously by Mr. Butler and the other Professors early in May, 1837.

SCHEDULE OF THE RECITATIONS, AND OTHER EXERCISES, DURING THE WEEK.—(Prayers in the Chapel at half past nine o'clock A. M.)

HOURS.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SAT.
From 10 to 11 A. M.	Latin. Belles-lettres. Natural Philosophy. Architecture and Civil Engineering. * Geology and Mineralogy.	Latin. Belles-lettres. Natural Philosophy. Greek. Architecture and Civil Engineering. Geology & Mineralogy	Latin. Belles-lettres. Natural Philosophy. Chemistry. Architecture and Civil Engineering. Geology & Mineralogy	Latin. Belles-lettres. Natural Philosophy. Chemistry. Architecture and Civil Engineering. Geology & Mineralogy	Latin. Belles-lettres. Natural Philosophy. Chemistry. Architecture and Civil Engineering. Geology & Mineralogy	
From 11 to 12 A. M.	Mathematics. Latin. Greek. Psychology and Moral Philosophy.	Mathematics. Greek. Latin. Psychology and Moral Philosophy.	Mathematics. Greek. Latin. Psychology and Moral Philosophy.	Mathematics. Greek. Latin. Psychology and Moral Philosophy.	Mathematics. Greek. Latin. Psychology and Moral Philosophy.	Declamation in the Chapel.
From 12 to 1 P. M.	Greek. Mathematics. Logic. Philosophy of Rhetoric and Criticism. Natural Philosophy.	Greek. Mathematics. Logic. Philosophy of Rhetoric and Criticism. Chemistry.	Greek. Mathematics. Logic. Philosophy of Rhetoric and Criticism Natural Philosophy.	Greek. Mathematics. Logic. Philosophy of Rhetoric and Criticism. Chemistry.	Greek. Mathematics. Logic. Philosophy of Rhetoric and Criticism. Latin.	
From 1 to 2 P. M.	Evidences of Revealed Religion. Hebrew. New Testament as a Classic. Elementary Drawing.	Belles-lettres. Chaldaic and Syriac.	Evidences of Revealed Religion. Hebrew. Elementary Drawing.	Belles-lettres. Chaldaic and Syriac.	Evidences of Revealed Religion. Hebrew. Elementary Drawing.	
From 2 to 3 P. M.	Rabinical Hebrew.				Rabinical Hebrew.	
From 4 to 5 P. M.	Arabic.	Hebrew.	Hebrew.	Hebrew.	Arabic.	
From 7 to 8 P. M.	Persian.		Sanscrit.	Persian.	Sanscrit.	

* The class in Geology will commence in April.

NOTE.—There are also classes in French, Spanish, Italian and German, taught at such hours as will be found most convenient to the students and professors.

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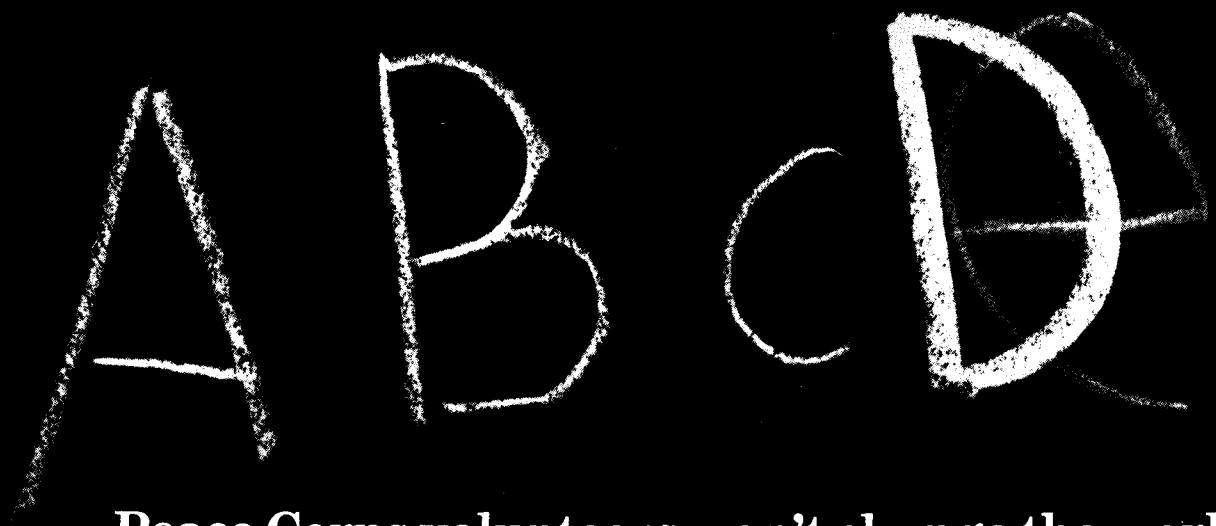

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It's not an easy job, or a glamorous one. There are failures and frustrations. You can work for months—even years—and rarely see results you're truly happy with.

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BOOK REVIEW

Education as a Professional Concern

Democracy and Excellence in American Secondary Education, *by Harry S. Broudy, B. Othanel Smith, and Joe R. Burnett (Rand McNally. 302 pp. $4.75), is a proposal for a single-track, nongraded curriculum devoid of electives for the secondary school. The reviewer is an Associate Professor of History and Philosophy of Education, Brooklyn College, New York.*

By MAXINE GREENE

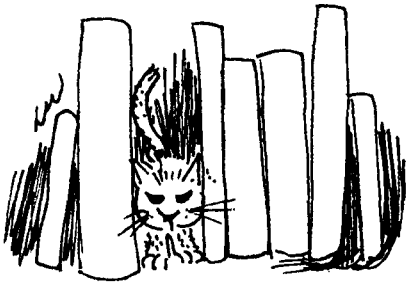
THIS informed, innovative, and sensible book is a sign of how far we have come from the panic and polemic of the post-Sputnik days. In retrospect, the Great Debate about education begins to seem like cracker-barrel conversation, more expressive of anxiety and prejudice than of interest in the public school. Professors Broudy, Smith, and Burnett make it entirely clear that education, like measles and law-suits, should be a professional concern.

They would not deny, however, that the Sputnik trauma had its uses in stimulating certain representatives of the learned disciplines to turn their attention to the schools. The consequences are embodied in a wide variety of research projects and inquiries, some having to do with curriculum, some with the structure of particular subject matters, and others with the nature of cognition. The present book is an effort to impose order upon what has become a manifold of theory and discovery. It is, too, a rather daring attempt to integrate what has been learned into a unified, comprehensive "study of curriculum theory," which can be meaningfully related to a conception of secondary education appropriate for the mass culture of today. The three writers, all philosophers of education at the University of Illinois, may well have seized the initiative held for so long by men like Jerome Bruner, Jerrold Zacharias, and other creative scholars and investigators "outside" the field of education.

Democracy and Excellence in American Secondary Education, therefore, may become a kind of landmark in the development of education's respectability as a discipline or field. The unwieldy title (chosen, I suspect, with someone's tongue in cheek) suggests the scope of the integration the authors have tried to achieve. "Democracy" evokes the memory of John Dewey and other reformers who worked out conceptions of curriculum in the light of a theory of democracy and social change. "Excellence" evokes more recent spokesmen who have tried, with varying degrees of precision, to promote a "cognitive" orientation in the schools, to "firm up" mastery of the fundamentals, to counter "mediocrity."

The book's argument arises out of an initial consideration of the novel educational requirements of modern "mass society." If the desired outcomes of citizenship, vocational competence, and self-cultivation are to be attained, the authors say, what is needed is "a comprehensive and systematic view of the curriculum for common, general education. . . ." Their point is that specialized secondary education, on whatever level, has become irrelevant in our society. The pace of change, the increase in technological specialization and automation, the continuing expansion of knowledge necessitate, they believe, common conceptual learning for all young people. Although they recognize the traditional uses of education—those they call the associative, the replicative, and the applicative—they consider the interpretive use of schooling to be the most significant today. "Interpretation," in this context, means the imposition of form on experience in order to render it intelligible. It implies the making of "cognitive maps," the categorizing or codifying of reality by means of language, the arts, and the academic disciplines, as a necessary prerequisite for other sorts of learning, for problem-solving, and for the many kinds of action demanded by the modern world.

This is not really new, but it has not been so pointedly said with respect to secondary education. Nor have "designs" for secondary curriculums been developed with such careful regard for what is known about how to relate sequentially ordered subject matters to individual capacities for handling them. These writers have applied recent studies of concept-development and readiness in a field customarily left to tradition or to accident, and this, in itself, is considerable. Necessarily, they have broken with the tradition of using psychological criteria in curriculum-building, as well as with the tradition of using social utility or other sociological principles as determinant.



Concerned with the logical relations between elements of knowledge, they turn to criteria of logical significance in their determination of curriculum content. They conceive of content as an organization of concepts, no longer as an agglomeration of subjects; and the decisions they make with regard to content are based upon considerations of which concepts are most basic to all the fields of knowledge, which play crucial roles in organizing particular fields, which have instrumental value in attaining specific cognitive ends.

More innovative even than the break with criteria defined by the "public" philosophy, and, to me, more unsettling, is the inclusion of "calculative concepts" as potential organizers of experience. "It is a major task of the curriculum-builder in these times," write the authors, "not only to work out the ways in which individuals should behave, but also to formulate the content which is entailed by such behavior." And so they include in the content of their proposed curriculum prescriptive rules, regulatory and moral norms. They propose to use art forms as sources of "exemplars;" they plan to reshape student preferences by "changing their value reference groups."

"Oh brave new world. . . ." Grateful as I am for their clear presentation of the implications of recent research, pleased as I am by their making such plain sense about the secondary school, I would challenge the writers when they talk of liking and judging "properly," when they speak of the moral life as somehow "given," translatable into concepts that can be logically ordered and taught.

Near the end, it is true, a discussion of problem-solving strategies begins, "molar" problem-solving, not specific. As the culmination of the curriculum, its function is to make possible an interpretation of the entire learning process, to test the "maps" against the actual territory of life itself. Perhaps, after all, there will be room for student innovation and adventure. Perhaps, knowing what is "proper," equipped to question and explore, the students are at length expected to affirm themselves. The design itself puts rationality to a crucial test. In our existing naughty and irrational world, it must surely be worth a try.

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New Books

Team Teaching—Bold New Adventure. *Edited by David W. Beggs with introduction by Harold Spears. Unified College Press* (3600 *Washington Blvd., Indianapolis* 5, *Ind.*). 192 *pp.* $4.95. This new teaching method is defined and its concepts and techniques evaluated by twelve men and women active in this field.

The University of Utopia. *By Robert M. Hutchins* (*Second Edition*). *The University of Chicago Press.* 103 *pp.* $1.50. A further examination of the University's responsibility in the approaching "wantless, workless world."

Children: the Challenge. *By Rudolf Creikurs, M.D. Duell, Sloan and Pierce.* 336 *pp.* $5.95. A child psychiatrist helps parents understand and deal with the problems and challenges of the children of today.

American Educational Theory. *By Charles J. Brauner. Prentice-Hall.* 341 *pp.* $5.95. By evaluating educational theories within their historical context, this study seeks a new point of view on the nature of education as an academic discipline.

Higher Education in North Carolina Before 1860. *By William Earle Drake. Carlton Press.* 283 *pp.* $5. A scholarly study of the ante-bellum college and the early foundation of higher education in this state.

Public Relations for Educators. *By Gloria Dapper. Macmillan.* 152 *pp.* $4. A handbook for administrators: how to prepare and release information about the school's activities.

France: A Study of French Education and Guide to the Academic Placement of Students from France in Educational Institutions in the U.S.A. *By Beatrice F. Hyslop. World Education Series* (*Publications Office, American Council on Education,* 1785 *Massachusetts Ave., Washington, D.C.* 20036). 119 *pp.* $1.

Correction

Intergroup Relations. A Resource Handbook for Elementary School Teachers, Grades 4, 5 and 6. *The University of the State of New York, State Education Department* (*Albany, N.Y.*). 48 *pp.* Listed in New Books [*SR*, April 18] as available at no charge. This booklet is free only within the State of New York. Out-of-state requests are filled at a charge of 50 cents per copy.

Ebony's Ten Most Trusted Whites

LAST MONTH *Ebony* magazine, a general-circulation publication aimed primarily at the Negro public, asked 105 prominent Negroes to identify the ten white men who most merited the trust of the Negro community. Some replied that no whites qualified; others that countless white men—for varied reasons—have contributed positively to better relations between the races; still others that such a list would be merely a popularity contest among the well known. But sixty-nine ballots contained the names of men who have contributed directly and effectively to the cause of civil rights. These individuals are listed below in the order of voting preference.

CHIEF JUSTICE EARL WARREN of the U.S. Supreme Court wrote the historic decision handed down on May 17, 1954 which declared racial segregation in the public schools unconstitutional. Since that day, ten years ago, the Supreme Court under his leadership has struck a whole series of blows against segregation in every area of American life.

RALPH MCGILL, publisher and editor of the *Atlanta Constitution,* has, as *Ebony* says, "been both the prophet and the conscience of the South in his editorial support of the Negro cause, helping through the years to create a favorable climate for racial progress."

ROBERT F. KENNEDY, Attorney General of the United States, is recognized by the Negro community as a "fighting attorney general." During his relatively short tenure in office, the Justice Department has filed more than fifty court suits in eight Southern states to outlaw discrimination against prospective Negro voters.

JUSTICE HUGO BLACK, of the U.S. Supreme Court, after his appointment by President Franklin D. Roosevelt in 1937, was accused of being a former member of the Ku Klux Klan. Admitting the charge, the new justice set out on a course that has earned him a formidable reputation as a champion of human rights.

BRANCH RICKEY, baseball consultant, was owner and general manager of the Brooklyn Dodgers when in 1945 he signed Jackie Robinson to a contract. In doing so he shattered the unwritten rule against Negro players, not only in baseball but also in other professional sports.

PRESIDENT LYNDON JOHNSON, although a Southerner, as majority leader of the Senate steered the 1957 and 1960 civil rights bills through Congress, spearheaded the Kennedy Administration's fair employment drive, and has vowed to complete President Kennedy's civil rights program.

JACK GREENBERG is the successor to Thurgood Marshall as Director-Counsull of the NAACP Legal Defense Fund. As a thirty-year-old member of the NAACP's legal staff in 1954, he argued one of the five Supreme Court cases that led to school desegregation.

JACOB JAVITS, U.S. Senator from New York, has long been one of the Republican Party's most vocal advocates of civil rights, and was a leader in the fight to liberalize the party's attitude in the 1960 campaign.

LILLIAN SMITH became one of the rare symbols of integration in the South a decade before the Supreme Court decisions. Her first novel, *Strange Fruit,* published in 1944, and her nonfiction works, *Killers of the Dream* and *Now Is The Time,* have made her "one of the most widely read writers on race relations."

GUNNAR MYRDAL, Swedish sociologist and economist, shocked the U.S. public in 1944 with publication of his classic study of the American Negro, *An American Dilemma,* which charted the conflict between national ideals of liberty, justice, and equality and the practice of racial segregation.

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Dillard

Continued from page 75

called it the *Torch* with the expected motto, "Keep the torch of learning burning." In it they recorded the daily business of the classes and discussion groups, the trips that were taken in and about New Orleans, the most popular books being read, and the usual social gossip of students anywhere. What this activity soon forced them to learn was that writing is not only fun but it is very hard work. They were forced to do their own editing, having a model of the work that professionals do. Soon they became conscious not only of spelling errors and of the grosser grammatical blunders, but even of some of the niceties of style. Putting out the *Torch* did not make writers of any of the students. It did not, in its six weeks of existence, lead to the correction of any of the very bad writing habits. It did give the students an understanding of what serious writing is about, and what is required of those who would express themselves clearly and effectively on paper.

Several faculty members who were not directly involved in the program offered a series of student seminars where the subjects ranged across the whole of the college curriculum. The idea was to expose the students to professionals thinking out loud about their subject. Thus the head of the philosophy department talked with them about the relation of art and music and introduced them to the problems involved in deciding on the merits of a work of art. Mostly the students reported that they liked the pictures he showed and the music he played to make his points, but some were intrigued by the idea that anyone could talk so learnedly about such matters.

But always and regularly the students read and talked about what they read. Soon they were feeling free enough even to argue about their likes and dislikes. Soon they were comparing one book with another and testing ideas and situations found in a play or a poem with those discovered in a novel or an essay. Although at no point was any attempt made to formalize either the reading or writing "instruction," the aim was to move the students to begin to develop substantial and effective work and study habits. They read and wrote for increasingly longer periods. They learned something about the virtues of rewriting when several instructors who wrote and published regularly showed them how much of real writing rewriting actually is. The end of the eighth and final week came unexpectedly and unannounced.

On the morning of the last day the editor who had worked on the reading program was given a tape by one of the boys and asked not to play it until he returned home. The tape was used earlier by one of the boys for speech practice. There still remained a fragment of Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar" in which he *misreads*, with exquisite pertinence for the discussion which was later recorded, the following lines:

> Sunset and evening star,
> and one clear call *from* me!
> And *let* there be no moaning *at* the bar
> When I put out to sea,
> *For* such a tide *is* moving . . .

The poetry reading breaks off, followed by the odd microphone sounds that attend the beginning of a taping session done by inexperienced hands, but the earnestness of the business that they had undertaken makes the difficulties of poor acoustics and high background noise all but unnoticeable.

This tape was an accidental by-product of the work habits acquired during the program and of the seriousness with which these boys now faced the beginning of their college careers. They had become used to using tapes whenever they met to talk over the books they had read or the ideas they were wrestling with. And since the evening they spent together trying to develop a plan for an organization to help them help themselves was one of very high seriousness, it was quite natural for them to turn on the tape recorder as they sat down to talk. It was just as natural for them to give their instructor the tape as a combination memento-report card, their way of saying what the program meant to them.

THESE five boys in the Prefreshman Program met to talk about ways of maintaining the life and effectiveness of the group and to try to put into operation some of the principles of cooperation and mutual support they had learned. They decided to form a club and to call it "The Torch" after the little mimeographed magazine they had produced and published during the summer. The purpose of the club, which they tried to spell out during this long evening of discussion, was to give support to the students who needed help in their work and to give comfort to those who were frightened or homesick. These boys (sixteen and seventeen years old) were very sensitive to the difficulties of leadership that they wanted to assume but understood should only be invested in them from the consent of the group as a whole. They began their meeting by reviewing what they considered some of the major disabilities that they as young Negroes labored under. They came from segregated high schools where the teaching was generally poor. They came from communities where the values of education were subordinated to those of "making the right impression," "looking good," "minding your own business," "looking out for yourself."

Early in the evening of this taping session Nathaniel said:

> ". . . I know from myself that one of our problems, one of the Negroes' problems *is* that we are irresponsible. . . . That's one of our characteristics, irresponsibleness, and that's the thing we have got to fight against."

To this Abner replied:

> "No, they're not fully irresponsible. You find some people like that. They need some kind of inspiration, some kind of push, to make people do what they know they can do."

The discussion began with an attempt to state the reason why the boys wanted to organize their club. Claude said:

> "Some of our fellow students are going to be a little more afraid of college than we are, and they're going to need help. We gotta see that they get it. That's the purpose of this club."

The boys decided that they should put together some quotations from their reading to provide some of the "inspiration" Abner wanted. They began with a quotation from "this Luther King." As Haywood reported, it went this way (he was recalling what he read from King's *Stride Toward Freedom*):

> "We fear because we do not know.
> We do not know because we do not understand.
> We do not understand because we are not informed.
> We are not informed because we do not communicate.
> We do not communicate because we are separated. . . ."

And that was why the group would have to get together. Then Abner said:

> "This is an old question, but it's still good, you know, about together we stand, divided we fall? . . . We that's why we want this club so we can get together and push forward to our goal, I mean as probably leaders, see what I mean?"

Gerald thought that they "could make a motto out of the words 'unity, strength, progress' so we can influence progress in the other students." They all agreed that those words could make a good motto and Haywood added:

> "There's this other quotation from Aristotle:
> 'Those who have meditated on the art of governing mankind are convinced that the fate of empires depends on the education of the youth.' "

"You know," said Abner, "we're really

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wasting a lot of minds in this country—our minds." This led to the only reference to segregation on the tape when Claude, who had spoken very little, said:

> It'll probably be the older people who'll hinder the progress of this integration and it's up to us the youth of this country to do something about this condition.

After a long pause during which only assenting noises were heard, Abner, in a deep, warm, concern-filled voice said very slowly:

> The average Negro, when he's educated, he says 'I'm going to educate *me*.' But he doesn't know that that's not going to help me, not going to help *my* race. Our race has got to help our race.

Then very excitedly,

> Who knows how far this thing (the club idea) will grow? Something like this might push the whole Negro race up as a whole. . . . We have got to help, we just must help all students. (Then another long pause.) The least person is the most important!

In the fall of 1959, thirty-six of the forty-four members of the Prefreshman Program entered the Dillard freshman class. One boy was lost to another college where he was given an athletic scholarship. A girl was prevented from enrolling because of a death in the family. Thus, for a variety of reasons, eight of the summer students did not return to the Dillard campus in the fall.

The thirty-six who did enroll in September 1950 were matched with an equal number of students from the rest of the freshman class. This provided a "control" group against which to measure performance. Both groups were watched during their college careers and by the end of their junior year it was possible to make the following generalizations about the students of the Prefreshman Program:

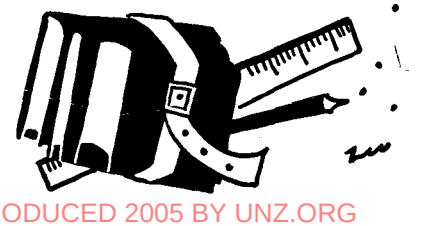
1. The summer program appeared to have been effective in raising the academic marks above those of comparable students who were not in the program.
2. Participation in the PFP clearly resulted in higher vocabulary level for the group.
3. The program raised the essay writing performance of the group.
4. On the *Cooperative Reading Test* the group showed gains above the expectations by the end of the third year.
5. Gains were also made in cultural achievement beyond those of comparable students, but this, like the reading gains, was best seen only by the end of the third year.
6. College dropouts were reduced by over 50 per cent.

The people who have worked directly with these students are, understandably, reluctant to claim any special efficacy for the experimental program. But both the students and these educators have a feeling that something of significance did occur. What this was is neither mysterious nor miraculous. The students did work hard, perhaps harder than they would have had they not been exposed to the program. They did become a cohesive, recognizable group that apparently did offer its members some support and some security, but there is an additional suspicion that the "jet-assisted take-off" did work.

Five of the students graduated with honors. One, a girl who was considered to be least well equipped to do so, not only graduated with honors, but has gone on to the Peace Corps and is now serving in Turkey. Two of the boys won traveling scholarships in a national competition and spent a summer in the Soviet Union and the Iron Curtain countries, where they handled themselves with dignity and sophistication. Two of the girls won traveling scholarships to Africa. And now, after graduation, more than half of the students have gone on to graduate schools and other post-graduate study.

Shortly before graduation these students met with one of the instructors who had worked with them during the summer program. The discussion turned to Negro education in general. Much of what they said echoed the fears and frustrations they had brought with them from their inadequate high school years. They were thankful for the opportunity they had been given, they had developed the expected and moderate loyalty to their *Alma Mater*, but they were not at all confused about their need for more and better education.

Dillard University is one of the leaders among the small but increasing number of Negro colleges that are engaged in an "overhaul" of the curricula. Some of the students who left its New Orleans campus in June of 1963 will also contribute, perhaps mightily, to the overhaul. For what those five boys said to each other on that July night in 1959 is a better indication of the temper and the strength of Negro youth today than the amazed and reluctant approbation they have won from their elders. They know that the time is now— "For such a tide *is* moving. . ."



Foster

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cussing such an emotionally charged subject as race relations in Alabama. But a visitor soon senses that underneath the mild exterior there is quiet dignity and strength. He is respected by his faculty and students and by his colleagues in education. His outside activities are broad. He is a director (and former president) of the United Negro College Fund, the Southern Regional Council, the Southern Education Reporting Service, the Episcopal Society for Cultural and Racial Unity, and the College Retirement Equities Fund.

UNDER his leadership, Tuskegee has prospered financially and academically. The present enrollment is just short of 2,500 (1,203 men and 1,279 women), an increase of about 25 per cent over ten years ago. Nearly all of the students live on campus, and about 21 per cent receive some sort of scholarship help.

Tuskegee is becoming increasingly selective in its admissions policy. This year it had 1,613 applications for the 775 places in its freshman class. About 75 per cent of the entering freshmen were in the top quarter of their high school graduating classes, and a fairly large number were valedictorians or salutatorians. (Despite their impressive high school records, however, many of the entering freshmen have serious academic deficiencies in reading and in mathematics—a reflection of inferior preparation received in predominantly Negro elementary and secondary schools. This is a matter of continuous concern to Dr. Foster and his faculty; this year Tuskegee will inaugurate a pre-freshman summer program to assist future freshmen in their collegiate work.)

A few months ago, Tuskegee completed a blueprint for the decade ahead. This blueprint calls for a modest expansion in the size of the Institute and significant improvements in its academic strength. To reach the goals set forth in the blueprint will cost $40,000,000, and a campaign to raise this amount is already under way. Dr. Foster is confident that the money will be raised and that ten years from now Tuskegee will be able to hold its own against any kind of competition in the "one standard" world of higher education. And so is General of the Army Dwight D. Eisenhower, the chairman of Tuskegee's National Advisory Council. In a brochure published recently to call attention to the fund-raising campaign, the former President of the United States observed: "True excellence may be many years away, but its attainment is surely an ever-present goal at the Institute."

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Manhattan Principal

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Virginia miners, have adopted foreign children, saw four Korean youngsters through college, have raised money through their parents and their community for college scholarships (the school scholarship fund is now up to $40,000).

The impetus for this vitality, explains Estelle Wiedman, the assistant principal in charge of guidance, "is the man at the top. He just loves this job and this place. He cares and just about everybody in this building knows it."

The origins of this intensity are somewhat explained by Hillson's background. During his undergraduate days at Dartmouth he had wanted to become a college social studies teacher. But in those early Depression years few such jobs were to be had. So Hillson joined his father's business selling table tennis equipment. He recalls, "One day in Binghamton I told a customer that I felt like an animated catalogue, and I decided to get out." He took his Master's degree at Columbia University, then got into the New York school system in 1937 as a substitute. That year he earned $1,300 a year, a third of his earnings as a salesman. He has always applauded his choice, and his attitude at his school reflects that enthusiasm. His office door remains conspicuously open. He is quick, light-hearted, informal, but always definitive, not given to caprice. His ten-hour day is seldom touched by either solitude or musing detachment.

As a result of the Demonstration Guidance Program and the quality academic standards achieved at George Washington, so heavily populated with the underprivileged, Hillson's influence is strong with admissions officers of colleges throughout the country. One of the greatest satisfactions comes when he or his college guidance officers succeed in personally interceding for a student to secure admission for him in a fine college.

"So long as I can remember," says Hillson, "I can never recall a time when so much help was available for underprivileged kids. Good schools beg for Negro students. It's still heartbreakingly inadequate and we've got a long way to go."

In the largest city of the nation education must invariably reflect the community. The city's politicians must try to satisfy more pressure groups than a sensible program justifies. They seldom can, of course, and nobody knows it better than the schoolman on the firing line. If the occasionally imposed bureaucracy frustrates action, an articulate, impatient man such as Henry Hillson can enjoy other compensations. His superiors, though frequently tangled in tape not necessarily of their own making, lack neither for good sense nor objectivity. When faced with the vitality of a Henry Hillson, they give him good rein. Withal, the system has this built-in virtue, and it is for this reason that so much can be done by one individual.

The "system" provides for freedom's tyranny and its blessings. The blessings for Hillson involve the opportunity mostly to do what he thinks is right. He flatly refuses to allow varsity football because "it brings in the outside loafers, and with it, drinking and trouble." He encourages modern dance classes "because we have teachers who like it, the kids love it, and I'm personally interested in it."

However, the most positive, the most exciting, the most elevating freedom is to raise the level of learning. This ambition is exemplified by the drama of George Washington commencements. Recently, it poured a day before the exercises were due to take place. The stadium was flooded, and without drainage there was little hope of holding the ceremony on the field. Hillson commandeered the baseball team to dig holes and canals to let off the water. Then the custodians poured gasoline over the soggy gridiron and set it afire. The flames roared and hissed away the water.

Early the next day the field was dry; the long procession of academically-clad graduates solemnly marched into the stadium. The crowd of 5,000 parents applauded generously as the principal of George Washington High School spoke before them. To himself, as to them, he could have said, "This is what we have all been working for."

Quiet Revolution

Continued from page 81

French just returned this year from two years of teaching in Europe, and the youngsters have an enviable opportunity to improve their conversational French. "It's been a real help," declares one. "Our ninth-grade class has thirty-five kids, and we just got a new teacher after Christmas. So we mostly have written exercises."

Father Hastie operates his entire After School Program on a shoe-string budget. Because St. James has recently reverted to "mission status" (with a congregation of about one hundred people, it is too small to be self-supporting), he relies on various outside sources for contributions. The Episcopal diocese, other churches who enroll children in the program, and several college fraternities in the Boston area, all lend financial aid. Then there is the tuition charge: afternoon school pupils pay $1.00 a week; evening tutorial students, $1.00 a month. But "scholarships" are available. "Up to $.90," says Father Hastie, "because I believe an education should represent some sort of financial sacrifice, however small." The bulk of the money to operate his programs, however, is contributed by Henry W. Bragdon, who was Father Hastie's history teacher at Philips Exeter Academy.

A flourishing program? Indeed. But do the children actually benefit from the additional schooling? Both Father Hastie and Miss Phelps believe there has been a noticeable—if at times disheartenингly small—carry-over of instructional skills into the regular classroom situation. Even greater gains could be realized, they feel, but for "those large classes and the constant turnover of teachers." Nevertheless, the encouragement seen in slowly rising marks—as well as the cooperation they are now receiving from many of the children's regular teachers—has been gratifying enough to warrant continuing both programs, with an eye to future expansion.

But perhaps the best indication of the success of his After School Program can be seen in the youngsters themselves. Aware now that people are willing to help provide an education, the youngsters are responding with a flush of enthusiasm and a persistent, not-to-be-denied dream of wider horizons. In the words of one ninth-grade tutorial student: "A year ago I hardly even knew there was such a place as 'college,' and I'd never heard of the word 'scholarship.' But this year I'm taking the examination for Exeter. Even if I don't pass, I've learned those two words. I'll get to college."

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How Teachers Feel

Continued from page 73

the first tense days, when external threats and internal frictions are either predicted or threatened and must be prevented if lawlessness is to be avoided. Those teachers in real difficulty with the issue as it affects them and their work can be heard and recognized; and either helped to stay with the challenge or leave it.

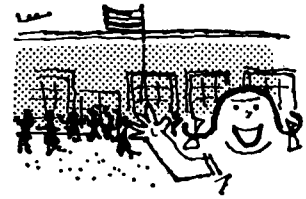
Much can be learned about teachers from listening to their students talk about them. I have only rarely heard complaints about teachers from either white or Negro children in desegregated schools; complaints, that is, that are not the usual ones that all students voice about particular teachers. Negro children whose outspoken criticism of certain white students and adults indicates no shyness in them have volunteered praise for their teachers. A Negro girl in Atlanta was completing a hard year. She was the first of her race to enter a high school located in a neighborhood known for bombings and the discontent that goes with social and economic insecurity. She leaned back and sighed when I asked her what she thought of her teachers. She had always answered similar questions with brief remarks like "They're fine," or "No trouble with them." The year was about ended, and she was more open and talkative with me. She was ready for a more extensive judgment, spoken quite earnestly: "I don't know how I could have done it without them. I know most of them didn't want us, but you never really felt it the way you did with some of the kids. Instead, some of them almost leaned backward to be fair to us. At first I was suspicious of them, but they really proved themselves to me . . . they kept the class in order and if they hadn't I couldn't have stayed there a week."

I have heard comments very much like this all over the South. Schools need law and order not only on the streets adjacent to them, but in their classrooms. No teacher can allow anything less, regardless of *who* sits before him. This minimum standard establishes a functioning school, and it has been the atmosphere in stable, orderly schools that has enabled the early stages of desegregation to proceed without major collapse in city after city of the South. A Negro boy in Charlotte, North Carolina, spoke very tersely: "As long as I can go to school and get an education, I can take all their looks and remarks." He was indeed being educated, by teachers less aware of his color than they may have once thought possible. One of them put it very simply, "At first he was a Negro, then he became just another pupil. I'm not against *him*, though I still feel loyal to the way we've always lived down here. It's two different problems, you know."

Such wedges and splits in attitudes and actions hopefully foreshadow the eventual yielding of sectional will to national allegiance. Interestingly enough, I have heard very few charges against teachers and their relationships with Negro children from whites, even strongly segregationist ones. Even in the most hateful or frightened, there may be the untouchable assumption that teachers have a professional integrity and responsibility that transcends many of the community's passing storms.

For teachers in the South, these past few years and the ones immediately ahead have been and will be personally and professionally difficult. Their roles as teachers have clashed with their private views on racial matters. Their capacities as teachers are constantly being challenged by the special demands of desegregated classrooms: how to manage white hostility, Negro anxiety, their own prejudices and fears as they come up against their sense of fairness or their ethical principles not only as teachers but as human beings. They will have mixed feelings, and like all of mankind, they will slip. A harsh word will be spoken, an overworked niceness will fail to conceal its source in annoyance. Despair from frustration will lead to nostalgia for what was, hate for what is, or gloom for what will be. All the while, these teachers will *teach*, and in so doing they will be loyal to man's first recorded moments, when the teacher became specially regarded as the one who binds the generations in knowledge and offers youth that increased intimacy with the world and its nature that alone allows for the accumulation of further knowledge, and with it at least the chance of a better life.

Long ago Socrates observed that the good teacher must know not only his subject but himself, the person who teaches, the one who informs and instructs. Out of its present conflict and hurt the South's teachers have shown themselves able to learn much about themselves never before possible. They are better teachers for it, and we are a better country for them.



Ten Years After

Continued from page 70

the law to fulfill its historic role of preceptor.

In the ten years since *Brown* the courts have offered us much valuable instruction. The first lesson is that racial justice can no longer wait for a glacial change in the hearts and minds of men. The second is that the practice of racial equality can alter attitudes when argument and moral suasion cannot, a lesson to be read in the eyes of the rising generation of white and Negro children as they gaze with wonder upon their elders' seizures of racial prejudice.

So we will come back finally to the public schools, that battered, bureauridden, harassed, dispirited system of universal education that was once our national pride and remains our national hope. They did it once before, the red brick PS on the city street and the red schoolhouse on the village green. They made room for the frightened children with broken accents, peculiar religions, undernourished lunch boxes, and lice in their hair; contained the cruel curiosity of earlier settlers; taught the lessons of democracy and saw that they were put into practice.

It is a flaccid, morally disoriented society that now dumps a similar, even heavier burden upon our ill-prepared teachers. We ask them somehow to create a new melting pot in a dispersed educational system that operates without a national policy, leaving its professional practitioners exposed to meddling politicians and sustained only by the ministrations of local board members who often look upon education as a well-intentioned hobby.

Ten years after *Brown* the American race problem cannot be neatly defined as a moral, an economic, a social, or an educational issue. It is all of these at once, and it cannot be resolved by a society that no longer pays much attention to its preachers; is content with prosperity at the top even though the lower levels of its social and economic structure are in disarray; and cannot muster the will to put aside the petty religious, professional, and regional interests that stand in the way of an effective public school system.

By frightening a sometimes complacent citizenry, and always prodding an atrophied national conscience, marching Negroes may be offering a great gift to the society that has rejected them. The ugly manifestations of racial bitterness are an injunction to get back to the hard job to which we once professed dedication, the creation of one nation, under God.

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Children's Books

Continued from page 58

Marco's concept of Asian geography and a beautiful Arab map of Venice (1657). Story and background are presented in the text. Young people (12-16?).

The Time of the Great Freeze. *By Robert Silverberg. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* 192 *pp.* $3.50. This is a science-fiction story that held my interest throughout and should hold the interest of young people. This story is set in the next ice age (which many believe will come) in a city that has gone completely underground, and where the inhabitants have lived for several hundred years under heavy layers of ice. (They had time to prepare for the advance of the polar ice.) The greater part of the action takes place as some of the subterranean New Yorkers emerge, to take advantage of the thaw and travel by solar sled across the ice to England, which is not frozen—presumably because of the Gulf Stream. The book is exciting and different though not convincing in all of its details. Ages 12-16.

Girl with a Pen: Charlotte Bronte. *By Elizabeth Kyle. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* 211 *pp.* $3.50. Chapter I of this interesting, fictionalized biography opens with Charlotte Brontë preparing for a visit from a wealthy schoolfellow—and shows us Haworth in all its bleakness. To relieve this, Anne is bringing in harebells from the moors, and Charlotte is putting out her mother's silver-backed, thin and worn hair brushes. We follow through the three girls' writings, including the choice of their pseudonyms, to the moment when the publisher meets "Currer and Acton Bell" (Emily stayed at home) and realizes that the three almost cloistered sisters have written remarkable books. Girls who come to Charlotte Brontë through *Jane Eyre* and to Emily through *Wuthering Heights,* will enjoy the biography. The publishers suggest it may lead them to the books. In any event, this seems to be a Brontë year, beginning for younger children of ten or twelve with *The Return of the Twelves.* No age level (14-16?).

England. *By Drew Middleton. Illustrated with photographs and maps. Macmillan.* 136 *pp.* $2.95. A well-known journalist provides here a brief introduction to England, past and present, with emphasis on today. One of the most useful chapters, "The English at Home," explains to Americans the somewhat complicated English school system. English law and government also have a chapter.

The author's last paragraph states that in his estimation the most impressive reminder of the past is "that grassy stretch beside the Thames called Runnymede," where the Magna Carta was signed. Recently, as we all know, one acre of that historic meadow was set aside as a memorial to John F. Kennedy. The British could have given him no greater tribute. Good, clear, black-and-white photographs. Age level not given. (Junior high school and high school?)

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LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA—August-January. 4 bedroom studio, piano. Box H-27.

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SOUTHERN VERMONT RENTAL. 8 room furnished house. 4 bedrooms, fireplace, modern kitchen. Acreage with trout stream. Secluded area, easily accessible. Box H-162.

For Summer Rental

MAINE. Private country house on beautiful hilltop, White Mountain view, cool paths through many acres pine forest. Comfortable, finely furnished house, large studio barn, 3 guest houses. Peace, solitude and every convenience. Near lakes. Owner will rent July-August to reliable people. Perfect for writer, composer. Box H-160.

PUTNAM VALLEY, N.Y.—Theatrical producer's year round house. 3 bedrooms, swimming pool. Commuting distance. June 26th through Labor Day. $1,750. Box G-786.

MAINE LAKE—SURRY. 5 acres, privacy, modern, 4 bedrooms. Boat, outboard, canoe. $150 week. Box G-798.

RENT SUMMER COTTAGES in scenic mountains, high elevation, unusual swimming pool, 2 hours N.Y., congenial group. Reasonable. Call collect Ellenville 932, or write Hansburg, Walker Valley, N.Y.

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CAPE MAY, N.J. Large, quiet, comfortably furnished house. $700 season. Box H-153.

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PUTNEY, VERMONT Accessible, secluded, hillside farmhouse; stream. Quiet, academic community. Season $650, utilities included. References exchanged. Box H-156.

HOUSE, WHITE MOUNTAINS. $400 season, $225 month. Photos. Box H-54.

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(Continued on page 94)

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HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Summer Rental

(Continued from page 93)

EAST DENNIS, CAPE COD—Sea captain's house. July. 6 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, freezer, washing machine, dishwasher. Box H-66.

CATSKILL MOUNTAINS, N.Y. — 10 room farmhouse, stone fireplace, 2 baths. 60 hillside acres, pond. Lovely valley view. Swimming, golf, tennis nearby. July 1st-Labor Day, $550. Evenings, 516-OR 1-0211.

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DESIGNER'S 5½ CO-OP. Spacious, 2 baths, 11′ x 16′ terrace, overlooking trees, single building. Elmhurst. School, playgrounds, subway. NR 2-0688 NYC.

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For Summer Rental

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SCENIC NORTH CAROLINA MOUNTAINS near Asheville. New, completely furnished, including utilities. Artist's studio apartment, $150 per month. Details. Box 552, Burnsville, N.C.

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CAMPS

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THE ASHCROFTERS, Mountain Camp for Boys. Rugged program of Mountaineering, Wilderness Survival, White Water Trips and extensive Pack Tripping. Ages 13-17 in 4 and 5 week terms. Dave and Sherry Farny, Box 4, Aspen, Colorado.

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PEMAQUID SEMINAR. 8th consecutive year: Stimulating and informal vacations for thinking people. Writing, lectures, discussions. Also pre-season rates. For 1964 *pamphlet write: Box 386, Damariscotta, Maine* 04543.

CRESTMONT INN, 95 Lake Drive, Eagles Mere, Pennsylvania. Complete family resort. New, heated SYLVAN pool, large natural lake. Programs for tots and teens. Par 3, 18 hole golf. Modern rooms, cottages. Fine meals. Moderate rates. June 19th-September 21st. Folder.

SNOWMASS LODGE, ASPEN, COLORADO. Relaxed ranch living in the incomparable beauty of the Colorado Rockies. Write Snowmass Lodge, Box D-802, Aspen, Colorado.

SCIENCE AND RELIGION? New answers to problems old and new. Vacation, education, cogitation. IRAAS, 280 Newton Street, Boston, Massachusetts 02146.

UNIQUE HIDEAWAY RESORT in deep woods directly on a sparkling lake. Ideal vacation spot for lovers of water and other sports, hiking, fine food, Hi-Fi music, true relaxation. Rustic lodge, cottages and honeymoon cabins. *Midway Tanglewood, Ballet and Jazz Festivals.* Open May 29th. Brochure T. CHANTERWOOD, Box 31, Lee, Massachusetts.

SEASHORE: Choice oceanside cottages or apartments. Season, half season, month, two weeks. Priestley, Real Estate, 3908 Long Beach Boulevard, Brant Beach, N.J.

YOU'LL APPRECIATE exceptional meals at superb Maine resort overlooking ocean. Swimming pool, beach, championship putting green. Opening 57th year June 12th. *The Lookout, Ogunquit 2, Maine.*

HORSEMEN! You have a home away from home in old Mexico! We are provincial—we are Colonial—but our horsemanship is fresh and sophisticated! Study basic dressage, cross country and jumping with the finest military instructors and have the vacation experience of your life in beautiful San Miguel de Allende. Free Brochure. Escuela Ecuestre S.M.A., Apartado 185S, San Miguel de Allende, Guanajuato, Mexico.

THE IMPROBABLE INN for artists (and compatible personnel) 21-40 years. Lodging, studios, one-world cuisine. $56 weekly. Bay Street Studio 333, Boothbay Harbor, Maine. Brochure!

PELICAN COVE MOTEL AND MARINA—Florida Keys. Immaculate oceanside apartments, beach, swimming, fishing, skindiving, shelling, birdwatching, loafing. Literate, congenial company on balmy tropical isle. Duncan Hunter, Owner, Islamorada. Phone 664-2811.

MOOSEHEAD LAKE. One of New England's famous resort hotels, cottages. AAA. Golf course, fishing, water skiing. Excellent Maine food. Cocktail lounge. No hay fever. Informal. Moderate rates, June to mid-September. Squaw Mountain Inn, Greenville Junction 8, Maine.

VACATIONS

CASUAL ISLAND VACATIONING. White sand beaches. Everything to do—or nothing. Box M-18, Chamber of Commerce, Longboat Key, Florida.

18-HOLE GOLF, surf bathing, appetizing meals feature fun-filled vacations. ATLANTIS HOTEL, Kennebunk Beach 13, Maine. Brochure.

RELAX. Enjoy your vacation—quiet, unspoiled land and waters of Maryland's eastern shore. Colonial charm, finest food. The Pasadena, Royal Oak, Maryland.

NATURE LOVERS, CREATIVE PEOPLE. Find peace, quiet, beautiful hill country, charming old-world home. No TV, individualized cooking. Near lovely, historic Cooperstown. "House on the Hill," Worcester, N.Y. 1-607-397-6218.

GREEN SHADOWS INN—Old Lyme, Connecticut. Comfortable country living.

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN, directly on beautiful tropical beach. Excellent International cuisine, best in *Mexico. $9.60 each, double occupancy,* A. P. *Mazatlan,* Sinaloa, Mexico.

WORLD-FAMOUS FISHING PORT and vacation area on cool, picturesque Cape Ann. Beaches, fishing, boating. For pictorial, informative folder write City Manager, Gloucester 5, Massachusetts.

BACK LOG CAMP, on Indian Lake, Adirondacks, New York, attracts those who love the unspoiled wilderness and actively welcome escape from civilization's noises and "advantages." July 3rd to September 8th. Reductions for families and longer visits. Brochure: Mrs. Henry J. Cadbury, Haverford, Pennsylvania.

BRANDON INN. Charm of yesteryear, convenience of *the modern. Restful. On village green near library.* 2-acre garden lawn. Elevator, sprinkler. Exceptional food. Folder. Brandon 2, Vermont.

LIGHTHOUSE INN, New London, Connecticut. Overlooking the sea, jewel box 52 room inn. Art gallery lounge, private beach, E.P. Brochure 1A.

VISITING THE NORTHWEST? Venturesome collectors discover exceptional quality, appealing prices of Oregon artists. The Image Gallery, 2483 N.W. Overton Street, Portland.

BLUEBERRY HILL! Apple blossoms! Nothing whatever to do. Lucullan food. The Mastertons, Brandon, Vermont.

SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO. The Duffys' by the Sea, a tropical guest house where convivial people sometimes solve world problems—but more often forget them. Excellent beach. Sympathique bar. Reasonable. Box 12232, Loiza Station.

ASOLO THEATER COMEDY FESTIVAL — 5th Season! Lady's Not for Burning. Twelfth Night, School for Scandal, Imaginary Invalid — in Ringling Museum's 18th century Italian theater. July 9th through August 29th. See all on one weekend. Write for package-plan brochure, folder on Sarasota County—Florida's Distinctive Resort Area. Wonderful beaches. Cool Gulf breezes. Chamber of Commerce, Box 308E, Sarasota, Florida.

SOMETHING ODD HAPPENS to Time here . . . instead of being remorselessly chopped off into irrevocable minutes and hours, it becomes elastic: compressible, extensible. It is like the time-sense of childhood; one enters this fourth dimension and lives in it, as opposed to being dictated to and paced by it. Here, a twenty-minute walk may take two hours and seem, both then and in retrospect, indefinitely short and indefinitely long. Most of us tend to spend Time, miserly minutes, profligate hours, but here there is no question of spending it; one merges with it, lives in it, enjoys it. The Island Inn, Box E, Monhegan Island, Maine. Mainland parking, garaging for all cars.

ABSECON. That's the name the Indians gave to the island on which we are located. It means "Place of the Swans." Many call the swan our most beautiful bird. Indian heap smart. Chalfonte-Haddon Hall, on the Boardwalk. Atlantic City, N.J. Within 400 miles of our hotel, call 609-344-5131 collect for reservations.

LIKE SWIMMING, GOLF, SPORTS, excellent meals? You'll thoroughly enjoy vacationing at this delightful country inn on 250 acre estate. Children's supervised summer program. Informal social events. $12-$22 day includes meals. Family rates. Open all year. AAA. For color folder, reservations, write Edwin Finch, Manager, The Northfield Inn, East Northfield 46, Massachusetts.

RIVERSIDE HOTEL-MOTEL. Informal seaside relaxation. Bountiful meals. Near beach, art colony, golf. Moderate rates. Color folder. Ogunquit 2, Maine.

VACATIONS

UP-ISLAND on Martha's Vineyard, you're away from frantic joy-mills, free as a gull. Picturesque harbor to paint, beautiful beaches, tennis, cycling, scholarly *retreats. Modern cottages* for 2 to 6 guests. New England home cooking at its best. Lower June rates. Menemsha Inn, Menemsha 5, Massachusetts.

PISGAH INN on Blue Ridge Parkway at Mt. Pisgah. High, cool, rustic comfort, Open fires, forest trails, marvelous views. Since 1920. R-2, Box 375ASR, Canton, N.C.

WHITNEYS' . . . Charming Inn off beaten path. Rooms, Cottages, Motel. All seasonal sports. Famous *food. AAA. Open most all year. Folder tells all.* Bill & Betty Whitney, Jackson 10, New Hampshire.

"GET AWAY FROM IT ALL" on an island in Maine. $75 weekly, $12 daily. For brochure write Mrs. A. Tardy, Box 774, Montrose, N.Y.

THE ARTS COME TO LIFE summers on the Goddard campus. Low-pressure life, professional staff to work with and learn from, Green Mountain scenery, weekly concerts. For amateur musicians, painters, craftsmen. Stay one week or more from July 1st to August 26th. ARS Recorder Seminar from July 19th to August 1st. Write Music and Art Center, Goddard College, Plainfield, Vermont.

VACATION IN NEWFOUNDLAND? Write Highlands Lodge, Highlands, Newfoundland, Canada.

WINDHAM HILL FARM, West Townshend, Vermont. Quiet country inn—books—music—good food. Folder. Phone area: 802-874-5951.

OGUNQUIT. Famous summer vacation center. Magnificent beach, majestic cliffs, camera fans' dream. Many activities. Artists' colony, summer theatre, deep-sea fishing, golf, movies. Hotels, guest houses, *motels, cottages, restaurants. For information write* Information Bureau, Ogunquit 15, Maine.

NANTUCKET, fascinating island 30 miles at sea, yet only one hour by air from New York or Boston: Miles of white sand beach, surf bathing (Water averages 72°), golf, sailing, all your favorite sports, varied entertainment. Modern hotels, inns, guest houses. Excellent restaurants. Free illustrated booklet. Information Service, Nantucket 16, Massachusetts.

WINDY HILL, *R.D. Box 160. Walden, New York.* Informal, friendly. Music, books, sports, natural lake. Telephone Newburgh: 562-1232. Open May 29th.

VACATION on scenic Maine coast. Folder: Lenz's Cottages, Waldoboro. 832-9018.

CANOE TRIPS OUTFITTED—everything furnished, $6.50 daily. Beautiful wilderness country. Free information: Border Lakes, Box 569, Ely, Minnesota.

GOOSE COVE LODGE on Deer Isle, Maine. In East Penobscot Bay. Sailing, fishing, hiking and picnics. Trained naturalist for nature lovers. An artist's paradise. Write for brochure. Dr. R. A. Waldron, Owner-Manager, P. O. Sunset, Maine.

LA ORILLA, Islamorada, Florida Keys. Villas for lazy living. Quiet, tropical Paradise. Day-Week-Month.

MONADNOCK REGION. Beauty, charm, relaxation, towering pines, swimming pool, shuffleboard, your own lodge, delicious meals. Open mid-May to mid-October. Write Palmer Lodge, Keene 4, N.H.

VACATION BY THE SEA. Scenic location overlooking ocean. Private beach. excellent meals. Modified American and European plans. All summer sports. Near shops, art colony, summer theatre. AAA. Folder. The Ontio, Ogunquit 7, Maine.

ENJOY YOUR VACATION with your family at a New England lakeside resort. All facilities. American plan or housekeeping cottages. Forrest Durkee, Wolfeboro 18, N.H.

COLONIAL CHARM midst wooded Litchfield Hills. Trout stream. Casual, intimate; luscious food. Swimming pool—horses, golf, lake nearby. Country auctions, summer theatre. Lewis & Mary Fisher, Bantam, Connecticut.

PRIVACY of lakeshore cottages, pines, delicious meals, *informality, extensive recreation program. June 20th* to September 10th. Color folder. AAA. Chute Homestead and Cottages, Box 10, Naples, Maine.

KANDAHAR LODGE, MANCHESTER, VERMONT. Beautiful vacationland 2150' high in the Green Mountain National Forest. Restful, friendly, informal, sports. Heated swimming pool. Excellent food, accommodations. New luxury rooms. Brochure. Sue & Alex Zoesch, your Hosts.

(Continued on page 96)

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VACATIONS

(Continued from page 95)

MOUNTAIN VACATION, Hendersonville, N.C. Laurel Park Lake Inn and Cottages, sand beach, boating, riding, playgrounds, golf, summer theatre. Literate, informal, friendly. Lower spring and fall rates.

WRITERS, ARTISTS—Monadnock Region informal vacation, conducive to work. Room, breakfasts, basket lunches, $55. THE CORNER STUDIO, 95 Cross Street, Keene, New Hampshire. Brochure.

HONEYMOONERS' DREAM, exceptionally beautiful mountain Tyrolean house, fireplaces, pool. Breen, Manchester, Vermont.

COMPLETE RELAXATION, good food, beautiful lake, golf near. Edgefield, Casco, Maine.

FAMILY VACATIONS! Aloha Manor on Vermont lake near White Mountains. Informal resort, also "Sleep Away" or Day Camp. Water sports. Pony. Crafts. Tennis. Trips. Golf and summer theatre near. Bungalows. Excellent food or housekeeping units. Booklet: Mrs. Gulick Pierce, 531 East 20th, NYC 10.

ON THE HERITAGE TRAIL . . . congenial White Mountain resort. Swimming pool, golf, tennis. Picturesque inn, charming Colonial cottages, modern motel units. Excellent meals. New England Inn, Intervale 9, New Hampshire.

THE CLIFF HOUSE AND MOTELS, Bald Head Cliff, Ogunquit 5, Maine. Swimming pool. Quiet, informal. Dining room, cocktail lounge. Social and sports activities. Reasonable rates without meals. May 30th to October 15th. Color brochure. Maurice Weare, Manager.

EAGLE MOUNTAIN HOUSE, Jackson 16, New Hampshire. Overlooks Wildcat Valley. Square mile estate with golf, swimming pool. All summer sports, social program. Excellent meals. June 26th-October 13th. Color folder.

LAKE MICHIGAN VACATION ESTATE, concerts, resident artist, cottages, apartments, studios; 1,000' beach, pools, tennis, children's program. May-September. Sleepy Hollow, South Haven, Michigan.

"OUT OF THIS WORLD"—An uncrowded lake area—Vermont's Northeast Kingdom. Main lodge, recreation buildings for dining, sociability, entertainment. Rates include rooms or cottages, memorable meals, pleasing service, boats on two lakes, every water sport, real fishing, tennis courts. Saddle horses extra. Write for color folder. Quimby's Club or Inn, Averill 4, Vermont.

GRACIOUS LIVING in beautiful seacoast village. Fine food, trips and entertainment. $12-$15.50 daily includes 3 meals. Folder. Paul R. Hurlburt, Whitehall Inn, Camden, Maine.

SNOWBIRD MOUNTAIN LODGE, Robbinsville, N.C. Exotic mountaintop location bordering Great Smokies. Elevation 2,900'. Small, secluded, informal—entirely modern. No cottages. Mid-May-November. American Plan $10.00-$12.50 per person double. Folder. Telephone 704-479-3433.

MEMORABLE MEALS and associations. Gregg Hill Lodge, Box 277, Stowe, Vermont. 244-8459.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street and Hotel Cordova, 521 Post Street.

WATERVILLE INN—For nearly a century a resort unchanged in its essential character. In the White Mountain National Forest. Comfortable Inn, golf course, swimming, tennis and miles of pleasant hiking trails along streams and cascades. Folder. Advance reservations requested. Waterville Valley, Campton, P.O., New Hampshire.

SHAWMUT INN. AAA. Oceanfront resort. Secluded, restful, informal. 40 rooms, 16 cottages. Chalet Motor Lodge. Heated pool. Fine food. Cocktails. Open May 22nd. Kennebunkport 19, Maine.

PICTURE-BOOK VILLAGE off beaten path. Relaxing historic Inn. Small-town events. Pool, 5 acres grounds, brook. Folder. The Tavern, Grafton, Vermont.

CHRISTMAS TREE INN. AAA. Deliberate informality. Lakeside resort with private cottages nestled in pines. Central dining room and lodge. Excellent meals. Sandy beach, good fishing. Open June to September. Bridgton 5, Maine.

GOOD FOOD, GOOD COMPANY, plus Par 3 golf course, sandy beach, water skiing, square dancing, cookouts, children's activities, all on premises. $12-$15 daily. Folder. Woodbound Inn and Lake Cottages, Box 32, Jaffrey, N.H.

VACATIONS

SERENE, SECLUDED, HILLTOP-HIGH, one of Vermont's finest inns: stately spruce, rolling meadows, distant views from a breezy terrace; ideal for sitting and sunning, reading and writing. Marlboro Music, golf, tennis, swimming and riding nearby. Spacious lounges and rooms; imaginative cuisine; friendly, informal atmosphere. From $55 weekly, American. The North Wind, Wilmington, Vermont. Jack and Marylou Taylor.

KINAPIC LODGE, Lake Kezar, Lovell, Maine. American-Jewish cuisine. Cottages, private bath. Golf, tennis, beach, water skiing. Couples, families $90+ weekly. Season May 28th-October 15th. Long Island phone TN 8-4057.

ALL GO HUNGRY ORDINARY, Franconia, N.H. Hiking headquarters groups, families, individuals and members A.Y.H. Glorious trails. Open all year. Reservations advised.

NOVA SCOTIA—Centrally located to explore Cape Breton Island and Cabot Trail. Normaway Inn & Cottages, Margaree Valley.

VERMONT — Scenic, Early American setting. Private cottages, Colonial Inn and Country Club that features 9 new holes of golf for 1964. Rates $14 to $23 daily, including meals at the Inn or "dine out" privileges. Limited number of lakeview and fairway residential properties available. Mountain Top Inn, Chittendon, Vermont. New York office: 500 Fifth Avenue, LOngacre 5-1114.

WEEKEND GUESTS, private island, Connecticut shore. One hour NYC. PLaza 8-2442 NYC, after 6 p.m.

SUMMER STUDIES ABROAD

SOUTH SEAS TRAVEL—Study cruises. Three Matson luxury cruises, each featuring a different 6 week university course on the South Pacific for credit or audit: Art on June 21st, Government on August 6th, Literature on September 20th. Program sponsored by the University of Hawaii and conducted by its professors. Sailings from San Francisco: following day from Los Angeles. Ports of call are Bora Bora, Tahiti, Rarotonga, New Zealand, Australia, Noumea, Fiji, Niuafo'ou, Pago Pago, Hawaii. Write: Matson, 215 Market Street, San Francisco, for complete information.

EXCITING!!! EUROPE—$195. That's all it costs for unusual delightful summer program at Universities of Madrid, Florence, Venice, Salzburg or Ecole Practique in Paris. Full month July or August includes room, meals, tuition, courses in languages, art, painting, music, dance, etc. sightseeing, many other features. All this for $195!! Low cost extensions to all of Europe. EDUCATIONAL TRAVEL ASSOCIATION, 590 Fifth Avenue, New York 36.

YOUTH TRAVELS TO MEXICO: Live in native villages, learn Spanish and travel; live with group or family. Coed 14-18. Dr Alex Lazes, 47 Stephenmarc Lane, New Hyde Park, N.Y. 516--GE 7-7514.

TRAVEL

FLY TO EUROPE AND TOUR RUSSIA by motor coach—eighteen days—New York and return—$595. EMPIRE STATE TRAVEL, 201 West 46th Street, New York 36. LT 1-1400.

BACHELOR PARTY®—Escorted Cruises and Tours—for single men and women. Travel with your own age group to Europe, Mexico, Caribbean, Hawaii, California, World's Fair, Orient, Around-the-World. Free 32 page catalogue. Contact Department SR, Bachelor Party Tours, 444 Madison Avenue, New York 22.

SOUTH AFRICA'S WILD COAST is the big-game fisherman's dream! See it yourself—together with great game reserves, mountains, tribal villages, cosmopolitan cities. Less cost per day the longer you stay. Superb literature from SATOUR, Dept. P, 610 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, or 9465 Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly Hills, California.

EUROPE—1964 SUMMER TOURS: 42 to 67 days in Europe, $1,235 to $1,599. Write Prof. Loring Knecht, KNIGHT TOURS (sr), Northfield, Minnesota.

LAND ARRANGEMENTS for those on charter flights to Europe. 30 days Economy Class, $175, First Class, $325. 42 days Economy, $235, First Class, $445. 60 days Economy, $325, First Class, $625. Land arrangements include hotels, with Continental breakfast, some sightseeing and assistance in planning itineraries. 21 day excursion New York-London-Paris-New York, August 6th to August 27th, jet air. $341.80. Land arrangements Economy, $130. First Class. $235. Student Travel, 7 East 47th, New York 17, N.Y. MUrray Hill 8-8680 or PLaza 3-7720.

TRAVEL

333 EUROPEAN HOTELS—Latest edition of seldom listed but modest and comfortable hotels in 140 cities covering 19 countries. Most extensive list available of inexpensive European hotels. Gives prices, addresses, telephones. Send $1 to: BON VOYAGE, Box 24684SR, Los Angeles 24, California.

MAINE WINDJAMMER CRUISES—Authentic old-time sailing. 6 memorable days cruising "Down East." $119—no extras. Free folder. Capt. Jim Nisbet, P.O. Box 404-D, Camden, Maine. Phone 207-236-2938.

PLANNING A VISIT to New York . . . on a budget? Then Beekman Tower Hotel is for you—because it offers everything you'll want and more! In the heart of midtown Manhattan's East Side—bright and cheerful guest rooms and suites overlooking the East River and near everything of interest. Two excellent but moderate priced restaurants plus famous Top O' The Tower Cocktail Lounge with its spectacular views of the city's fascinating skyline. Best of all are the attractive rates. Color folder on request. Dept. SR-5, Beekman Tower Hotel, 49th Street, at First Avenue, New York 17, Tel. 212-El 5-7300.

MEDITERRANEAN CRUISES—30-60 days, $400-$800. Private yacht. Box 283, Seal Beach, California.

GOING ABROAD?—Store your car safely in New York. Indoors, insured, inexpensive. Newbold Garage, 2000 Westchester Avenue, Bronx 62, N. Y. TAlmadge 2-9336.

CRUISE CARIBBEAN JUNGLE RIVERS, visit friendly Bushnegro, Amerindian stone-age villages; hunt; fish; tour quaint capital; stay modern hotels, guest houses. Write Surinam, Dept. SR-2, 10 Rockefeller Plaza, New York.

WORLD'S FAIR VISITORS: Furnished apartment, air-conditioned, 3 rooms, kitchen, TV. Fifth Avenue/50s; Central Park. Subways, theatres, restaurants. $85 week; $14 day. Box G-711.

EUROPE IN COMFORT and economy. $798-$1,600, 21-56 days, including Stratford. Dittmanntours, Northfield, Minnesota.

NEW YORK CITY, HOTEL BEDFORD, 40th Street, just east of Park Avenue. For the discriminating guest who prefers a quiet, friendly hotel right in the midst of town, near all shopping and entertainment. Just 1 block from the express subway to the World's Fair. Beautifully decorated rooms and suites, all with private bath, air-conditioning, TV and fully equipped kitchenettes. Superb restaurant and cocktail lounge. Family Plan available. Write Dept. SR for brochure.

EUROPE ABSORBED through prolonged stays in two selected countries. Edification and travel pleasure designed for bright mature girls 15-17. Groups limited to 8. Five weeks, $1,180. Further details, Box H-62.

MEXICO-U-PLAN-IT. A unique folder for the independent traveler. Hotel pictures, descriptions, rates and location maps. Sightseeing details. Restaurant and nightlife information. Contact Gramercy Tours, 444 Madison Avenue, New York 22.

VAGABOND VOYAGES UNDER SAIL—Longing for Tahiti? There's a South Seas Paradise within reach of your vacation schedule—and checkbook! Beachcomb tropic islands of Bahamas with me aboard magnificent 150-foot schooner. "TROPIC ROVER." Informal 10-day cruises, from $175. Capt. Sid Hartshorne, Dept. D-1, 2010 S.W. 16th Court, Ft. Lauderdale, Florida.

HENRY HUDSON HOTEL. 353 West 57th Street, NYC. Singles daily $8 up, doubles $13 up. Swimming pool, sun decks, steam room, restaurant, coffee shop. Air-conditioning and TV available. Convenient to New York World's Fair, Coliseum, Times Square, Radio City. Bus, subway at corner. COlumbus 5-6100.

"MEDITERRANEAN HOLIDAY" CRUISES offer the trip of a lifetime at amazingly low cost! Elegant Italian Line steamers—Colombo, Saturnia, Vulcania—feature unexcelled cuisine and service, thrilling ports of call, plus glamorous stay ashore in Italy. 23 to 43 days, from $595 each for room with bath. Monthly departures. For brochure, Columbia Tours, Inc., 590 Fifth Avenue, NYC 36, COlumbus 5-2600.

EUROPE—AN UNREGIMENTED TOUR! Discover this bargain. TOURS, 255-B Sequoia, Pasadena, California.

CRUISE THE MAINE COAST. Sail aboard the schooner "Stephen Taber." $125 weekly, special rates for June and September. For illustrated folder write Captain Jim Sharp, Box 561, Camden, Maine.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1571

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS

A. Contemporary Negro poet, critic, anthologist (*Frost On The Green Leaf*, etc.).

B. Sportive; given to jest.

C. What beamed on the long, long trail (2 wds.).

D. How Hamlet described what he wished his mother to see, of herself, in "a glass" (followed by "part").

E. One who draws aimless sketches while mentally occupied with something else.

F. Mathematical entities denoted by figures 8 lying on their sides.

G. Queen of Ethiopia and mother of Andromeda, too boastful of her beauty.

H. Any of five Hawaiian kings, under the last of whom the famous leper colony at Molokai was started.

I. Serious flagging of energy.

J. Exterior edge of a thing such as a leaf, bivalve, etc.

K. Cathedral town which served Trollope as setting for his many "Barsetshire" novels.

L. Aggressive attitude.

WORDS

189 103 169 78 44 156 211 52 165 6 83

213 61 118 27 14 141 143

16 176 60 205 181 105 68 33 167

25 28 171 203 90 94

2 30 214 116 87 96 154

192 41 56 29 148 42 120 178 184 85

58 187 132 43 7 109 17 144 121 13

173 104 84 111 108 11 180 177 206 57

49 5 12 76 197 158 161 93 112

127 188 183 54 164 3 135

134 163 100 4 10 115 195 53 207 75

210 50 151 74 66 106 22 88 46

DEFINITIONS

M. Strident; disagreeably harsh.

N. In danger of toppling over because of improper distribution of weight (comp.).

O. Describing the common motive power often temporarily applied at the stern of a small boat.

P. Elicited (2 wds.).

Q. Modern name for the Biblical country known as Minni.

R. When "our army" lay "on the heights of Killiecrankie".

S. An Italian method of selecting magistrates by drawing lots.

T. Teutonic and Norse goddesses who presided over the fates of men and gods.

U. One of the more trusting little wild birds who frequently make friends with New England summer visitors.

V. Regions remote from cities and towns, esp. back from the coast.

W. Constituent principles.

X. Condition of anything inherently wanting suitability for something.

Y. To beat black and blue.

WORDS

130 91 117 162 147 65 32

139 15 99 82 174 72 198 24

101 194 155 215 40 137 209 113

73 185 153 107 31 64 8 18 175 45

172 21 182 48 122 67 199

170 1 186 81 159 196 128 193 204 62

190 168 124 20 98 47 157 79 140 129 69

26 166 179 212 216

126 63 77 95 71 89

80 149 9 59 152 36 200 145 138 160 114

35 39 146 86 110 23 97 119 142 51

133 34 202 208 191 92 37 201 55

150 125 102 123 19 70 38 136 131

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

						1 R	2 E	3 J	4 K	5 I	6 A	7 G	8 P	9 V		10 K	11 H
12 I		13 G		14 B	15 N	16 C		17 G	18 P	19 Y	20 S	21 Q	22 L	23 W	24 N		25 D
26 T		27 B	28 D	29 F	30 E	31 P	32 M		33 C	34 X	35 W		36 V	37 X	38 Y	39 W	40 O
41 F		42 F	43 G		44 A	45 P	46 L		47 S	48 Q	49 I	50 L	_	51 W	52 A	53 K	54 J
55 X	56 F	57 H	58 G	59 V	60 C	61 B	62 R		63 U	64 P		65 M	66 L	67 Q	68 C	69 S	
70 Y	71 U	72 N	73 P	74 L	75 K	76 I		77 U	78 A	79 S	80 V		81 R	82 N	83 A	84 H	85 F
86 W	87 E	88 L	89 U	90 D		91 M	92 X	93 I		94 D	95 U	96 E	97 W	98 S		99 N	100 K
101 O	102 Y	103 A	104 H	105 C	106 L		107 P	108 H	109 G		110 W	111 H	112 I	113 O	114 V		115 K
116 E	117 M	118 B	119 W	120 F	121 G	122 Q	123 Y		124 S	125 Y	126 U		127 J		128 R	129 S	130 M
131 Y		132 G	133 X	134 K	135 J	136 Y	137 O	138 V	139 N	140 S	141 B	142 W		143 B	144 G	145 V	146 W
147 M	148 F		149 V	150 Y		151 L	152 V	153 P	154 E		155 O	156 A	157 S	158 I		159 R	160 V
161 I	162 M	163 K	164 J	165 A	166 T	167 C		168 S	169 A	170 R		171 D	172 Q	173 H	174 N		175 P
176 C	177 H	178 F	179 T		180 H	181 C	182 Q	183 J	184 F	185 P	186 R		187 G	188 J	189 A	190 S	191 X
192 F	193 R	194 O	195 K		196 R	197 I	198 N	199 Q	200 V	201 X		202 X	203 D	204 R		205 C	206 H
207 K	208 X	209 O		210 L	211 A	212 T		213 B	214 E	215 O	216 T						

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 12 of this issue.

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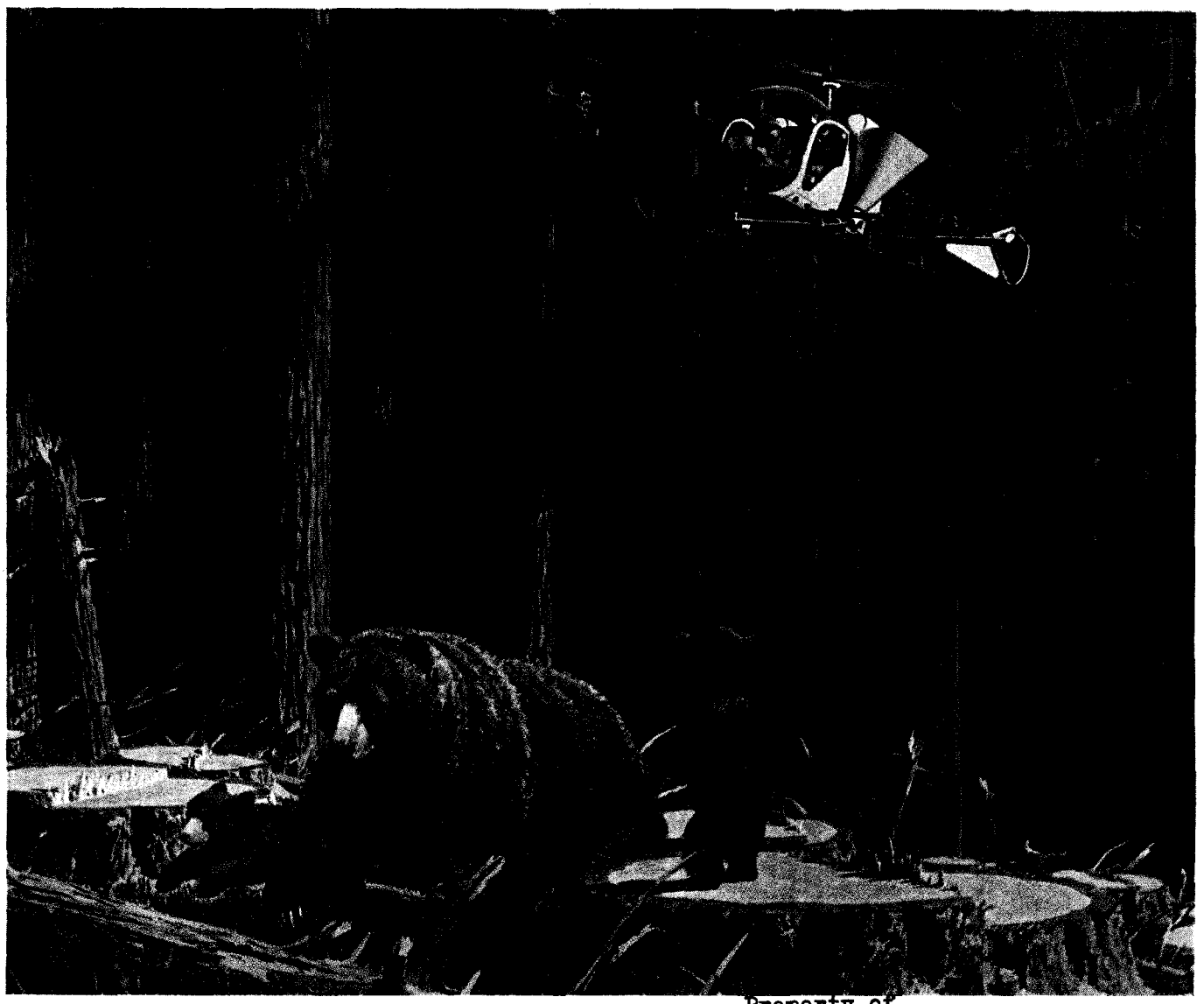

Helicopter spreads seeds for a new forest on a Weyerhaeuser tree farm

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Delivered by air . . . new homes for your grandchildren

There are strange sights and sounds in the woods these days, as these bears will attest. But it's all a part of growing timber as a crop on Weyerhaeuser tree farms.

In this case, a noisy whirlybird is disturbing the quiet of the forest as it spreads the seeds of a future timber crop on the recently harvested land below. One day soon a new forest will spring to life—thousands of trees to serve the needs of your children, and their children as well.

Last year, a half billion seeds were sown by air on our tree farms and about 15 million seedlings also were planted. What does this mean to you? Think of it this way. The land Weyerhaeuser foresters seeded by air, alone, should yield enough lumber and other materials to build nearly 100 thousand homes for coming generations.

Tree farming is a long-range business that is measured in terms of centuries. The investments are heavy, the risks are great, and it's a long, long wait before a new crop of trees will yield a financial return. Such a business would be utterly impractical under an unrealistic tax climate.

Fortunately today's tax structure, in most instances, recognizes the problems inherent in growing timber crops in 60- to 80-year cycles. As a result, 27 thousand firms and individuals have found it possible to practice tree farming on 64 million acres of private land. This assures an endless flow of wood, water, wildlife and other benefits.

Send for our colorful free booklet, "From tree farm to you." It describes modern forestry in greater detail. Write Weyerhaeuser Company, Box A5, Tacoma, Wash. 98401

From Weyerhaeuser tree farms—
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